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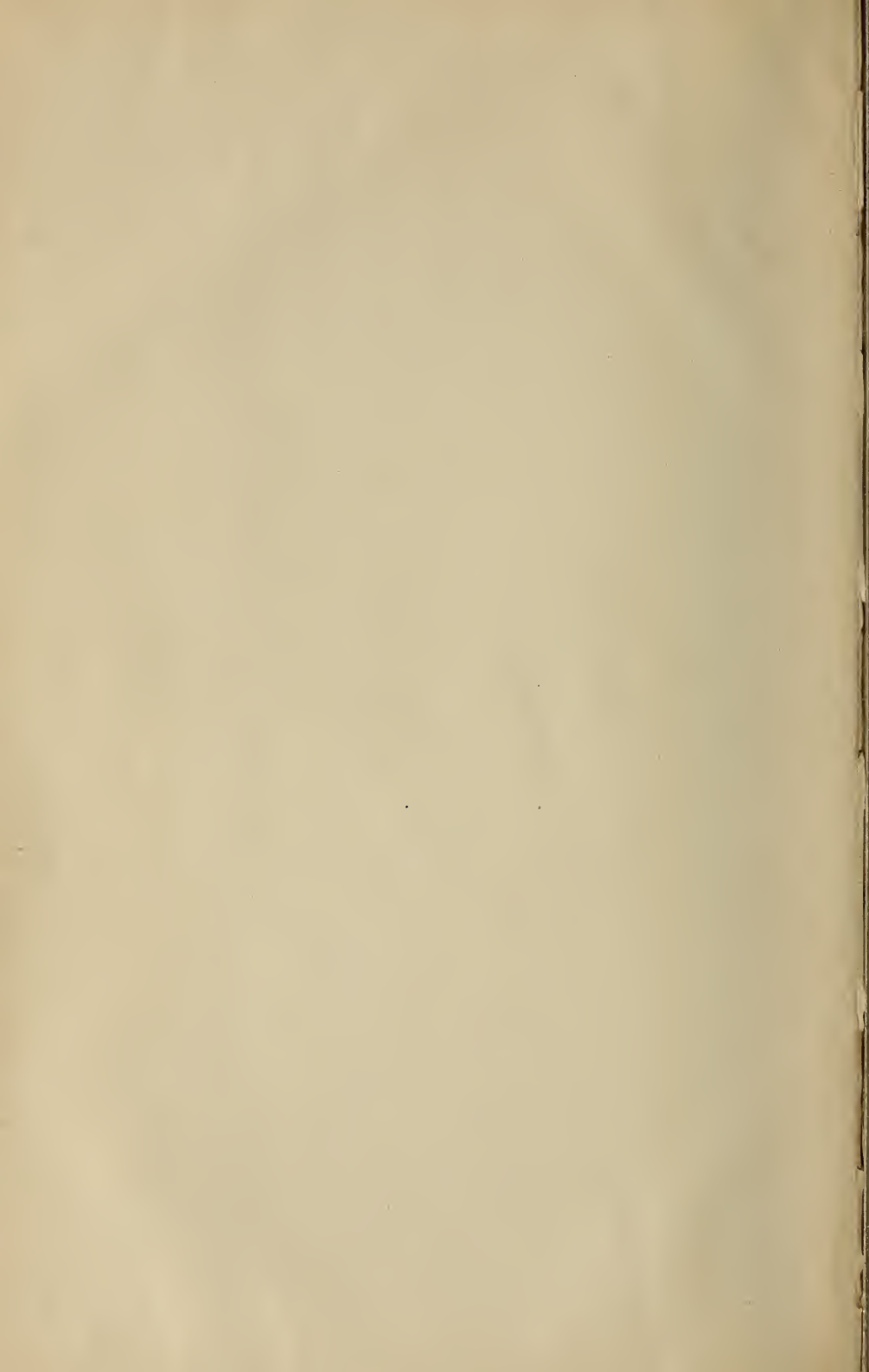
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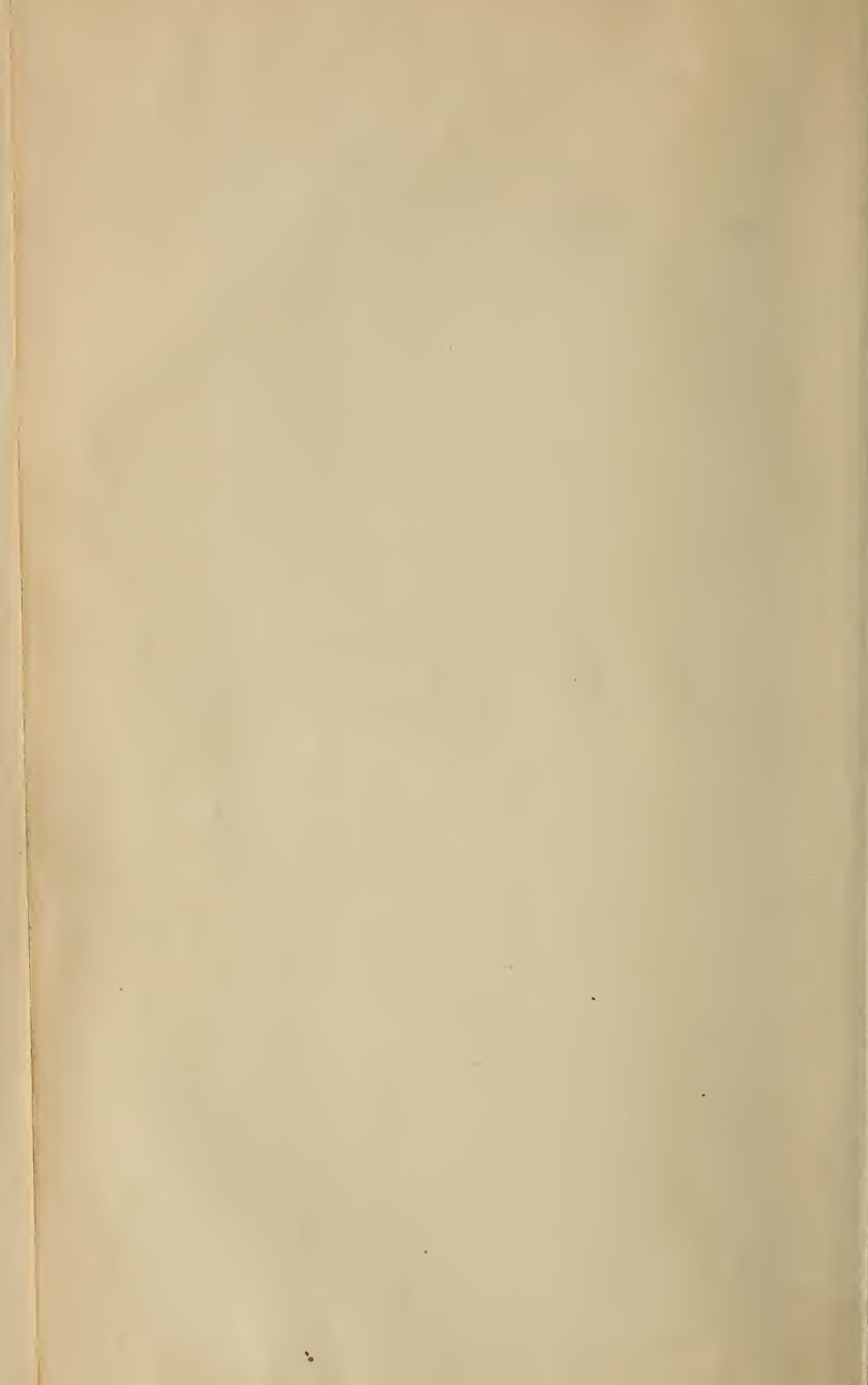
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







MARTIAL

AND

THE MODERNS.

BY

ANDREW AMOS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE RUINS OF TIME,
CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES II. &c.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Book consists of a translation into English prose of select epigrams of Martial arranged under heads, with examples of the modern uses to which they have been applied. It is addressed to the few persons who may have similar tastes with the Author; to them he hopes it may prove both agreeable and instructive. It is the confidence, fortified by past experience, of the realization of such a hope which has imparted a charm to what otherwise would have been an unsocial literary enjoyment. The objects towards which this inquiry has been directed are, those of ascertaining how much a classical author, whose works have fallen into neglect, may have contributed to forming the character and advancing the progress of English literature? how far the use of his writings, whether rational or pedantic, pertinent or misplaced, is illustrative of the education, tastes, and modes of expression that have prevailed, at any period, among our eminent countrymen? to what extent we may reckon that a valuable portion of the compositions of our distinguished

authors have been culled from his pages? what skill has been exhibited in the modern adaptation of his thoughts or language? Collaterally, it is conceived that numerous matters extracted from Martial's writings will be found in this work, that are interesting independently of their conversion to any modern use.

The causes why Martial's works are seldom read in the present day, are various. A large part of his epigrams have reference to odious vices which, in his time, were undisguisedly dilated upon in poetry, and which render his book unfit to be placed in the hands of youth. In some editions of Martial, indeed, epigrams of this nature are entirely omitted: the Delphin editors have transposed about a hundred and fifty of them to a separate sheep-fold, but they have been very far from making a clearance of this Augean stable. Such epigrams, however, it may be observed, are not without a use, as furnishing remarkable proofs of the prevalence of those abominations, which, as appears from the Scriptures, were objects of aversion and reprobation among the early Christians. Moreover, it may be observed, that, out of the very epigrams defiled by gross images, several of our eminent writers have derived reflections in aid of morality and religion, as it were, refined gold out of heaps of impure dross. Nor can we forget that several of our own authors of repute, as, for instance, Shakspeare, Swift, Prior, Fielding, and others of great name, have left many a line which every friend to decency would wish to blot.

Further, as Martial flourished nearly a hundred years after the Augustan period, he does not afford so choice a model of the purity of the Roman language as some earlier classical writers. For this reason we are told that Navagero, a great Italian scholar in the pontificate of Leo X., used, annually, to burn a volume of Martial's works, by way of incense to the Manes of the Augustan poets. It may appear to many, that, of late years, in this country, education has been directed rather to the philology and diction of the Roman authors, than to their information and reflections; to exercises which, indeed, invigorate the mind, but of which the scope is rather that of the husks than of the fruits of knowledge. Besides, at our Universities, students are regarded as *examinable beings*; and classical examinations are a species of *andrometer* better adapted to the niceties of language, than to degrees of proficiency in modern uses of ancient literature.

It will be allowed, moreover, that, in the period of youth, compositions which exalt the sentiments and inspire the imagination are the most congenial and digestible food of the mind; whereas that which is the principal subject of Martial's writings, viz. human nature portrayed under the multiform circumstances of civilized life, is more peculiarly suited to the requirements of persons of ripe years, and conversant with the *mores hominum multorum*.

To those who might be desirous of reading Martial, as an author treating of human character, and the

manners of ancient life, much difficulty often occurs in the interpretation of obscure and controverted passages; and the sense of an epigram is very frequently unintelligible, owing to its having some pointed allusion to particular persons or circumstances the memory whereof is altogether lost by lapse of time. Poets who seek lasting marble must choose lasting topics: it is not enough that they comply with Waller's condition of "carving in Latin or in Greek."

Martial has received some prejudice from its being supposed, in modern times, that every epigram had its sting, and was always an attempt, more or less successful, at some flash of wit; whereas, the term anciently signified an inscription, of which the recommendations are that it should be brief, and simple, but not necessarily facetious. It is true that Martial labours to give to the last line or two of his epigrams a sharper edge than was the practice of Catullus, who followed more closely the patterns of the Greeks; yet he expressly repudiates the notion that epigrams are merely subservient to wit. Martial's works, however, may, sometimes, excite admiration for this quality; but, more frequently, for their humour, irony, ridicule, good sense, and sagacity.

With regard to the execution of this work;—a selection has been made, out of between fifteen and sixteen hundred epigrams, subject to two conditions; first, that every epigram selected should have been applied to some modern use; secondly, that each epi-

gram and the instance of its modern use, or, at least, one or the other, should contain matter of interest to the general reader. The only part of this plan which may be thought to operate unfairly to Martial's reputation, is, that some epigrams are excluded which have more merit than some which are inserted, and this, simply for the reason that no modern use happens to have been made of them. But, on the other hand, it is not Martial, but the modern use of Martial, which is the paramount subject of this book. Moreover, the test, however imperfect, of a modern use, is so far practically an indication of merit, as that all, or nearly all, the best epigrams of Martial will be, probably, allowed to have found a place, agreeably to that test, in the present collection, and that there are few epigrams omitted in which there is much talent, and little grossness.

It has been thought convenient for the development of the subject of the book to arrange it under heads of chapters that correspond with the original purport of the epigrams; exhibiting, at the foot of each epigram, the modern use or uses to which it has been applied. No small collateral benefit, it is conceived, will result from the present plan, viz. that whereas Martial's multitudinous epigrams are usually huddled together, those that have been here selected will be found to contribute mutual aid, from their arrangement, towards the illustration of interesting subjects, and of each other.

The principal difficulty experienced in the preparation of this work has been that of distinguishing between modern uses, and parallel passages, or undesigned coincidences of sentiment or description. The instances cited will be generally found to carry Martial's ear-marks; but, on some occasions, it has been impossible to carry the inquiry beyond conjecture or possibility. In conjectural cases differences of opinion may be anticipated on the question, whether a particular quotation adduced is an example of a modern use, or is a parallel passage? as to which point, it is trusted, that due allowance will be made for diversity of literary information or taste, and that it will be borne in mind how much, in such an inquiry, depends on the familiarity of an author quoted with Martial's works, and on his practice of rifling their treasures*.

The epigrams of Martial selected for this work are all translated into *English Prose*; but there is a reference, at the conclusion of each, to the Latin original, according to the Delphin edition. It should be here mentioned, that the Author disclaims any merit for elucidating to the learned reader the text of Martial;

* The niceties of literary filiation may be exemplified by Pope's well-known inscription on the collar of the Prince of Wales's dog, viz.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, Sir! whose dog are you?

It is not generally known that in Sir William Temple's *Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation*, we find, "Mr Grantham's fool's reply to a great man that asked him whose fool he was? I am Mr Grantham's fool: pray, whose fool are you?"—Did Pope borrow from the fool?

the philologist will not, it is expected, find in this work any discovery to repay him for the task of reading it, and might sometimes meet with solecisms that would provoke his choler. It is, however, satisfactory, that the modern uses subjoined, especially the translations in prose and verse by eminent writers, afford, in many instances, a touchstone, by means of which any errors of the author can be detected and rectified. Considering that the work is addressed to students of English literature, and persons conversant with human nature, or desirous of becoming so, rather than to profound Latin scholars, it is conceived that most of its readers will be thankful for translations; it is not denied that the modern uses of Martial may sometimes be more apparent from the original epigrams than from any translation, to such as can swim without corks.

It is almost unnecessary to explain why Martial's epigrams have been translated, in this collection, into prose, rather than verse. It may be observed, that poetical versions of most of the epigrams best suited to poetry are adduced, at the foot of them, in the character of modern uses; such versions, when made by eminent authors, as Cowley, Ben Jonson, Addison, and Pope, being part of the standard literature of the country. Moreover, the generality of Martial's epigrams have not been penned in any very elevated region of Parnassus: he is almost silent upon the inspiring theme of most of the short poems of our

own literature, viz. love: his epigrams relate chiefly to transactions of private life which are not of a romantic or impassioned character, and to things as they are.

The Author's task has not been conducted in so strait-laced a manner, as to exclude, in a few instances, explanations and illustrations of the original epigrams, additively to examples of modern uses. It is hoped that such a course will be found to facilitate and enliven the progress of the reader, without impertinently diverting his attention from the main objects of the work.

ST IBBS, HITCHIN, HERTS.

March, 1858.

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MARTIAL AND THE MODERNS.

CHAPTER I.

PUBLIC SHOWS.

MARTIAL composed a book consisting of thirty-one epigrams on the subject of the Public Shows exhibited in those stupendous edifices that are said to have unpeopled Rome on the days of its festivals. These exhibitions took place in the amphitheatre, the theatre, and the circus. The reader will not fail to notice the frivolity of many of the amusements which diverted, and sometimes inflamed, the Roman people; and his humane feelings must be shocked, as well at the recital of death-combats between professional gladiators, as of the capital punishments of malefactors exposed to wild beasts, and otherwise tortured to death amid scenical decorations purposely adapted to the tragical spectacle. The cruelty to animals in the amphitheatre, though eclipsed by more savage atrocities, would not in the present day, in this country, escape the animadversion of a laudable Society instituted for their protection. Reflections will occur on the barbarity, in point of morals, of a nation, among whom a favourite poet could court renown by the celebration of scenes replete with horror and inhumanity.

An additional interest is imparted to the Roman public shows from the circumstance of the early Christians having been often exposed to beasts, as happened, according to our version, to the Apostle Paul, at Ephesus. On account of the cruelty of such spectacles, and of the idolatry

interwoven with them, the public sports of the Romans are frequently censured by the early Fathers of the Church. Indeed, the Fathers may be thought to have been sometimes transported by intemperate zeal against such abominations. Thus Tertullian, in a book written on the subject of public shows, anticipates, with glowing satisfaction, at the *Day of Judgment*, such a public show as neither a Consul, nor a Prætor, nor a Quæstor, out of their purses (*de sua liberalitate*) can afford. "At this show," he writes, "the charioteer of the circus will look red with the flames of his own wheels (*auriga in flammeâ rotâ totus rubens*); and other conflagrations, forming part of the same gratifying spectacle, will surpass, in the delight they afford, any thing that has been witnessed in the amphitheatre, theatre, circus, or any stadium in the world." (*Credo circo, et utràque caveâ et omni stadio gratiora.*)

With regard to the *modern uses* of the epigrams contained in the present chapter, they have been chiefly directed to purposes totally alien from Martial's object. This is, perhaps, more the case in the present than in any other chapter; owing, probably, to the circumstance, that, in England, we have differed more from ancient Rome in regard to our public shows, than in most other features of our morals and manners, notwithstanding that English literature comprises some lively descriptions of bear-baits and cock-fights.

EPIGRAM I.

THE HARE AND THE LION.

I.

O HARE! although you enter the vast mouth of the grim lion, he seems unaware that there is anything in it to feed on with his teeth. Where is the back on which he can spring? Where the shoulders on which he can cast himself? Where can he imprint a deep wound as on a fat bullock? Why do you futilely fatigue the king of the woods? *He does not feed except upon prey of his own choice.*—*Lib. I. Ep. LXI.*

II.

WHY, O hare! do you fly from the terrible mouth of the placid lion? That mouth has not learnt how to crush small animals. *Those talons are kept for large necks:* nor is the immense thirst of a lion to be quenched with a slender stream of blood. A hare is the appropriate prey of dogs, it does not fill a lion's gaping jaws. In like manner, the Dacian child is not terrified at the arms of Caesar.—*Lib. I. Ep. XXIII.*

The above two epigrams are selected out of a considerable number which Martial composed upon a subject that appears to have excited absorbing interest at Rome,—a Hare which, in the Amphitheatre, used to be pursued and caught by a Lion, who set it free again from its jaws without injury. Statius has also commemorated this once attractive spectacle.

A contribution from each of the above epigrams (as marked in Italics), composes the distich which was inscribed under the famous Lion's mouth of the *Guardian*:

Servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues,
Non nisi delectâ pascitur ille ferâ.

In the 98th number of the *Guardian* an intention is announced of erecting a *Lion's Head*, in imitation of the famous one at Venice, with a voracious mouth for receiving communications, at Button's Coffee-house in Covent Garden. In the 114th number it is stated that the *Lion's Head* was then erected, and a humorous description is given of the *Lion's* character and functions. In the Preface to the *Englishman*, which was a sequel to the *Guardian*, it is announced that the editor had purchased the *Guardian's* *Lion*; the *Lion's Head* is still in existence. It is remarkable that, in the first number of the *Guardian*, correspondents are directed to address their communications 'post-paid, to Nestor Ironside, Esq., at Mr Jonson's, in the Strand.' There are 175 numbers of the *Guardian*, in which Addison did not take a part until No. 67, and only once after that, until No. 97, when he wrote without interruption for twenty-seven numbers; this being the period of Steele's embarrassments. It will be observed that the *Lion's Head* was set up at the time of Addison taking the temporary management of the *Guardian*. Button, at whose coffee-house the *Lion's Head* was set up, was patronized by Addison; he had been a servant of Addison's wife's family; his Christian-name of *Daniel* is played upon, in the *Guardian*, in connexion with his *Lion*.

Ben Jonson appears to have adverted to Martial's epigrams on the *Lion* and *Hare* in an epigram in which he attacks the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones:

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
 And labors to seem worthy of that fear,
 That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
 Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
 Their marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
 Thou'rt too *ambitious*, and dost fear in vain:
 The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies,
 He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.

* * * * *

Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

In the lines of Ben Jonson just quoted, the epithet *ambitious* is, probably, borrowed from the same epithet applied to the hare in another epigram of Martial, in which it is addressed, 'ambitious hare!' (*ambitiose lepus*). The last of Jonson's lines seems to be

ingeniously concocted in part of the epigrams on the Hare and Lion, and partly of an epigram of Martial upon a poet of the name of Ligurra. Jonson's last line is preceded by the following:—

Seek out some hungry painter, that for bread
 With rotten coal or chalk upon the wall
 Will well design thee to be viewed of all;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

Ligurra is said by Martial to write verses on walls *carbone rudi putrique creta*, or, as Boileau has applied it to a contemporary poet, *charbonner de ses vers les murs*, and Martial parts with Ligurra in the terms, *Frons hæc stigmatè non meo notanda est.*

II.

LITTER OF WILD PIGS.

THE savage sow gave birth to the litter of which it was pregnant, on being made a parent by the fatal wound it sustained. The young offspring did not tarry with their stricken mother, but ran off. Wonderful is the subtlety which may be developed by accident!—*Spect. Lib.* XIV.

The phenomenon of the stricken sow and her litter in the Amphitheatre is the subject of three epigrams of Martial. In one of them he adverts to the double function of Diana, killing beasts and presiding over child-birth. In another, the poet discovers an analogy to the birth of Bacchus, who was saved from his mother Semele's womb when she was burnt, and completed the period of gestation in Jupiter's thigh.

The concluding reflection of the epigram concerning *Accident* is, perhaps, not particularly appropriate or edifying; but it is remarkable for its modern use, as having been employed by Lord Bacon. King James was under great alarm lest the Earl of Somerset, at his trial for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, should make revelations.

He accordingly enjoined Bacon, then Attorney-General, to suggest in writing all the contingencies which he conjectured might occur at the trial, together with his opinion as to the best way of encountering them. Lord Bacon prefaces his letter containing the result of his anticipations and suggestions with a salvo, that accidents might happen beyond the reach of human foresight: upon which point he observes, "I cannot forget what the poet *Martial* saith, '*O quantum est subitis casibus ingenium!*' signifying that accident is many times more subtle than foresight, and overreacheth expectation."

III.

THE LION THAT WORRIED HIS KEEPER.

THE lion injured his keeper with an ungrateful mouth, and dared to tear the hands with which he had been familiar. But he suffered a punishment worthy of his crime; *he would not endure blows, he endured darts.* What morals become the people of that Prince who imposes a milder disposition on brutes!—*Spect.* x.

The inhumanity and adulation of the above epigram would not have been obtruded on the reader, but for the curious use made of it by Jeremy Taylor. In a *Discourse on Ecclesiastical Penance*, he observes that self-affliction is the fruit of repentance, and that they who refuse to endure it, may probably endure something worse, quoting from Martial (as in Italics),

Et qui non tulerit verbera, tela tulit.

IV.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

WHEN Priscus and Verus each prolonged the combat, and Mars for a long time hesitated to declare a victory, the people made repeated supplications to the Emperor that the combatants might be dismissed; but Cæsar obeyed a law of his own. The law was, that the gladiators should fight on for the palm till one of them raised his finger (in token of being vanquished); but they were permitted to take refreshment, and receive gifts. Yet an end was discovered of this balanced conflict; *equals they fought, equals they gave up the fight*. Cæsar sent to each a *rod* of honourable retirement from the arena; to each he sent palms. Valor and skill bore off this reward. Thus it happened, what never happened except in your reign, O Cæsar, that where two fought *each was conqueror!* (*Victor uterque fuit.*)—*Spect.* XXIX.

Fuller, in his *Worthies of Wiltshire*, apparently applies the above epigram to illustrate his description of Landsdown Fight between the forces of Charles I. and those of the Parliament.

“This battle was fought on the confines of this county (Wiltshire) and Somersetshire, on the 13th of July, 1643. It was disputed by parcels and piecemeals, as the place and narrow passages would give leave; and it seemed not so much one entire battle, as a heap of skirmishes huddled together. It may be said, in some sort, of both sides,

Victus uterque fuit, victor uterque fuit.”

(Each was conquered, each was conqueror.)

A curious application of the above epigram was made by Dr Alabaster, in relation to two brothers of the name of Raynolds. William Raynolds was a Protestant residing in England, and his brother was trained up in Popery beyond seas. William took a voyage in the hopes of converting his brother to the Church of

England; a long conference between them ensued, wherein the brothers were so much convinced by the force of each other's arguments, that John returned to England a staunch Protestant, whilst William abided abroad, where he proved a virulent Papist.

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres,
 Traxerat ambiguus religionis apex.
 Ille Reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat,
 Iste Reformandam denegat esse fidem.
 Propositis causæ rationibus, alter utrinque,
Concurrêre pares, et cecidere pares.
 Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterque;
 Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
 Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt,
 Et victor victi transfuga castra petit.
 Quid genus hoc pugnæ est, ubi *victus* gaudet *uterque*;
 Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet?—

Which has been translated by Dr Peter Heylin:—

In points of faith some undetermin'd jars
 Betwixt two brothers kindled civil wars.
 One for the church's reformation stood,
 The other thought no reformation good.
 The points propos'd, they traversèd the field
 With equal skill, and both together yield.
 As they desired, each brother each subdues;
 Yet such their fate that each his faith did lose.
 Both captives, none the prisoners thence do guide;
 The victor flying to the vanquish'd side.
 Both join'd in being conquer'd (strange to say),
 And yet both mourn'd because both won the day.

Jeremy Taylor has given a relation of this memorable disputation between the two Raynolds brothers; he writes that "they disputed with a purpose to confute and convert each other, and so they did; for those arguments that they used prevailed fully against each adversary, and yet did not prevail with themselves. The Papist turned Protestant, and the Protestant became a Papist, and so remained till their dying days—of which some ingenious person gave a most handsome account in an excellent epigram, which for

the versification of the story, I have set down in the margin." Taylor does not give the name of Dr Alabaster nor the English version, which will be found in the second volume of the *Retrospective Review*.

Tertullian, in his treatise *De Spectaculis*, remarks on the inconsistency of the Roman People in exposing criminals to wild beasts, but rewarding a gladiator, whose daily vocation had been that of homicide, with a *rudis* (rod of honourable retirement).

V.

LAUREOLUS.

LIKE as Prometheus was chained to a rock, whilst a vulture with unassuaged voracity was devouring his vitals, so Laureolus, in the amphitheatre, was stretched on a real cross, presenting his heart to be torn by a Caledonian bear. He had probably been a parricide, or had killed a *master*, or had despoiled a temple of its secret gold, or had raised the torch of an incendiary to fire Rome. His guilt must have surpassed in enormity anything recorded in the annals of crime; since what was designed for a drama was converted into a most dreadful punishment.—*Spect.* VII.

Laureolus was a robber whose adventures were dramatised; they ended in the hero of the piece being crucified. The epigram illustrates a passage of Juvenal, in which that poet represents a patrician youth acting the part of Laureolus, and observes that he would have been deservedly nailed to a *real* cross: the hint was not lost on the caterers of Roman entertainments.

Barrington, in his *Observations on the Ancient Statutes*, whose agreeable and instructive work abounds with pleasant, though not always pertinent illustrations, makes use of the concluding lines of the above epigram, in adducing them to show that although, by the *Lex Porcia*, all capital sentences might have been remitted for that

of banishment, yet that capital punishments were inflicted for some crimes in the time of Martial. Barrington is commenting on the circumstance that the crime of murder received the indulgence of clergy for many centuries prior to the reign of Henry VIII. It may be observed that the *Lex Porcia* applied only to Roman citizens; and it does not appear that Martial's *Laureolus* was either born free, or obtained his freedom at a great price. Gibbon, moreover, notices that "the freedom of the City evaporated in the extent of Empire, and the Spanish malefactor who claimed the privileges of a Roman was elevated, by the command of Galba, on a fairer and more lofty cross."

The learned editor of the *Cambridge Tertullian* refers to this epigram of Martial as confirmatory of general representations in his author of the cruel exhibitions of the Roman amphitheatre.

VI.

ORPHEUS.

WHAT Rhodope is said to have witnessed in Orpheus' natural theatre, your arena, Cæsar, exhibited to you. The rocks crept, and the wondering wood ran, a wood resembling the grove of the Hesperides. There was present a promiscuous assemblage of all species of wild beasts, and many kinds of birds hovered over the poet. But he lay torn to pieces by a bear ungrateful for his music. Thus, what before was, probably, a fiction, we saw realised.—*Spect.*
XXI.

Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, observes "I might amaze the reader with an account of the wonders frequently exhibited in the Roman Amphitheatre. Titus himself who erected it, was not content with the usual exhibition of wild beasts, but produced the scenery of the countries whence they were imported, and astonished the Romans with an immense display of rocks and forests." Eustace

then quotes the first four verses of the above epigram, with the following version :

The wonders Orpheus wrought on Thracian ground,
Great Cæsar, in thy theatre are found ;
To music's sound tall rocks and mountains move,
And trees start up and match th' Hesperian grove.
The bestial tribes through distant woods that roam,
Here meet in crowds, and wond'ring find a home.

VII.

HERO AND LEANDER.

LEANDER! do not wonder at the waves of last night in the Naumachia sparing you: the waves were Cæsar's. When the bold Leander was in quest of the sweet object of his love, and felt oppressed by the swelling surges, he is said to have thus addressed the waters that threatened to overwhelm him: "Spare me whilst I hasten, drown me when I return."—*Spect.* xxv.

Martial relates a variety of spectacles exhibited upon water introduced into the amphitheatre, including sea-fights, in which there was often a great destruction of human life. On the subject of the speech put into Leander's mouth by Martial, after the Greek, Voltaire, in his *Questions sur L'Encyclopédie*, Art. *Epigramme*, among translations into French of epigrams by an unknown author, executed, in his opinion, with a brevity of which the French language had often been thought incapable, cites a French version :—

Leandre conduit par l'amour,
En nageant, disoit aux orages,
Laissez moi gagner les rivages,
Ne me noyez qu' à mon retour.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes Leander's speech from Martial as a strong symptom of *love-melancholy*. It is, also,

quoted by Rabelais, whose translator, Mr Ozell, in his edition of 1737, thus renders it:

Now, whilst I go, have pity on me,
And at my back-returning drown me.

Gibbon observes that the improbable tale of Hero and Leander is exposed by M. Mahudel, but is defended on the authority of *poets* and medals by M. De-la-Nauze. See the *Académie des Inscriptions*, Tom. VII. In Martial's distichs to accompany Saturnalian presents (*Lib. xiv. Ep. 181*), there is one containing the speech to the waves; it was intended to accompany the present of a marble Leander.

VIII.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA.

IF YOU deem that Mucius, who recently thrust his hand into the fire at a morning exhibition of the arena, to be a paragon of endurance and fortitude, you have no more sense than the inhabitants of Abdera. For when a man is commanded to burn his hand, and the tormenting pitchy tunic is presented to him as the alternative, it is a greater exploit than burning his hand, to say, "I will not burn it" (and so will have my whole body burnt instead of my hand).

Or (according to another interpretation)—

It is a greater exploit than that of the mimic Scævola, who burnt his hand in the amphitheatre, when the alternative is offered of the pitchy shirt, or taking frankincense in the hand (an alternative offered to Christians), to say, "I do not sacrifice" (I reject the frankincense, and prefer being burnt in the pitchy shirt).—*Lib. x. Ep. xxv.*

Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, observes, "Martial wrote a few years before the younger Pliny, and, as *his manner was*, made the sufferings of the Christians the subject of his ridicule. Nothing,

however, could show the notoriety of the fact with more certainty than this epigram of Martial does. Martial's testimony, as well indeed as Pliny's, goes also to another point, viz. that the deaths of these men were martyrdoms in the strictest sense: that is to say, were so voluntary, that it was in their power, at the time of pronouncing the sentence, to have averted the execution of it by consenting to join in heathen sacrifices."

Paley does not seem justified in his observation that Martial "made the sufferings of the Christians the subject of his ridicule." The testimony concerning those sufferings attributed by Paley to Martial is founded on the two last lines of the epigram :—

Nam cum dicatur tunicâ præsentē molestâ
Ure manum, plus est dicere, Non facio.

As a note upon the words *ure manum* (burn your hand), Paley writes "*forsan Thure manum*," (Fill your hand with frankincense, the word *fill* being understood).

Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisitions*, observes that the point of the above epigram of Martial is not obvious ; he writes concerning it, "It is to be understood that Martial was no friend to violence, and, least of all, to self-violence. He was not ambitious to think with the sages of Abdera, a city of Thrace, whose very air was thought to teem with stupidity or madness. He, therefore, pronounces it less bold spontaneously to burn a limb, than to refuse to do so, in a case where the torturing tunic, lined with various combustibles, must be expected as the immediate consequence. The last word of the epigram, which in the elliptic idiom of the Latin language is sometimes used in the sense of *sacrificing*, has given rise to the conjecture that Martial alludes to some Christian criminal, admired even by enemies, and placed on a higher pinnacle of self-devotion than Mucius, for refusing *facere*, to offer incense to the heathen Deities. At all events the drift is philosophical, in raising passive above active courage." It may be doubted whether Martial meant more than that the people, in their admiration for the mock Mucius, overlooked the circumstance, that, if he had not consented to burn his hand, he would, probably, have had his whole body burnt in a pitchy tunic.

In the 177th Number of the *Tatler*, the writer, in treating of the false glory of *Dedications*, observes, "The Roman, who was surprized in the enemy's camp before he had accomplished his

design, and thrust his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the king that there were many as determined as himself, who, against sense of danger, had conspired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude, and a dismissal with applause. But the condemned slave who represented him in the theatre, and consumed his arm in the same manner, with the same resolution, did not raise in the spectators a great idea of his virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an action no way differing from that of the real Scævola, but in the motive." It may be thought that it appears from some epigrams of Martial that the *Tatler* may have paid too high a compliment to the discrimination of a Roman audience. In another epigram on the dramatic Mucius we find,

Scire piget post tale decus quid fecerit ante,
Quam vidi, satis est hanc mihi nosse manum.

"After such an exploit, I cannot bring myself to know his former life: it is enough for me to have known that hand of his."

IX.

SCORPUS, THE CHARIOTEER.

LET mournful Victory break to pieces her *Idumean* palms,
O Favor! beat your naked breasts with unsparing hands;
let Honor change her garb; and, O sad Glory, cast your
crowned locks as an offering to the flames. O for our calamity, Scorpis, that you should fall in the prime of youth, and so prematurely yoke the black horses of Pluto! Why, though you made the goal of the Circus appear so short by your rapid driving, should you thus have abbreviated the course of your life?—*Lib. x. Ep. l.*

Addison, in his *Dialogues on Medals*, mentions the reverses of coins of Vespasian, in which Judæa is represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground under a palm-tree, in honour of the conquest of Jerusalem; the inscriptions on these Coins are *Judæa capta*, and *Victoria Augusti*. He observes, "Martial seems to have

hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of Judæa, and which had generally something of the palm-tree in them. It begins an epigram on the death of Scorpis the charioteer, which, in those degenerate times, was looked upon as a public calamity.

Tristis Idumeas frangat Victoria palmas.

Plange, Favor, sæva pectora nuda manu !”

X.

EPITAPH ON SCORPUS.

I AM that Scorpis, once the glory of the clamorous Circus, the object, O Rome, of your plaudits and source of your shortlived delights; whom envious Lachesis, when she snatched me away in my ninth trieterid (twenty-seventh year), mistook for an old man, because she took into account only the number of my palms.—*Lib. x. Ep. LIII.*

The mistake of Lachesis may not improbably have suggested a blunder of the *Parcæ* commemorated by Ben Jonson in regard to one of Shakspeare's *little Eyases* or children of the chapel, who acted plays.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen
 When fates turn'd cruel.
 Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had been
 The stage's jewel.
 And did act (what now we mourn)
 Old men so duly,
 As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
 He play'd so truly.

The idea of a person's life time being measured otherwise than by the number of his years has been adopted, if not borrowed, by many writers, as Bacon, Suckling, Young, Drummond; a lively illustration of it is made the point of a French epigram on a lady who was rarely seen except at midnight operas and balls.

Quelle age a cette Phyllis, dont on fait tant de bruit?

Me demandoit Cliton naguères.

Il faut, dis-je, vous satisfaire;

Elle a vingt ans le jour, et cinquante ans la nuit.

Martial's conceit is pushed to an extravagant length by Habington, in an epitaph on a son of the Earl of Ayr.

'Tis *false arithmetic* to say thy breath

Expir'd too soon, or irreligious death

Profan'd thy holy youth: for if thy years

Be number'd by thy virtues, or our tears,

Thou didst the old Methusalem outlive.

XI.

PARIS THE ACTOR.

TRAVELLER! whosoe'er thou art that treadest the Flaminian way, pass not unheeded this noble tomb of marble. The delight of this city, the wit of the Nile, art, grace, sportiveness and joy, the glory and the regret of the Roman theatre, and all the Venuses and Cupids are buried in this tomb where Paris lies.—*Lib. XI. Ep. XIV.*

The above epitaph appears to have been imitated in one upon Voiture.

Etruscae Veneres, Camænæ Iberæ,

Hermes Gallicus, et Latina Syren,

Risus, deliciæ, dicacitates,

Lusus, ingenium, joci, lepores,

Et quicquid fuit elegantiarum

Quo Voitureus hoc jacent sepulchro.

The Venuses of Tuscany, the Muses of Spain, the Mercury of France, and the Syren of Italy, smiles, delights, drollery, repartee, with every variety of elegance, lie buried in this tomb with Voiture.

Pope would seem to have alluded to this epitaph on Voiture in a letter to Miss Blunt accompanying a present of Voiture's works:

The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

La Fontaine's epitaph on Molière may, perhaps, appear traceable to Martial's epigram:

Sous ce tombeau gissent Plaute et Tércence,
Et cependant le seul Molière y git.
Leurs trois talens ne fournoient, qu'un esprit,
Dont le bel art réjouissoit la France.
Ils sont partis, et j'ai peu d'espérance
De les revoir, malgré tous nos efforts.
Pour un long temps, selon toute apparence,
Tércence, et Plaute, et Molière sont mors.

A similar idea is made the point of an epitaph composed in the reign of Henry III. on the famous Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in Leonine verse:

Nunc dantur fato, casuque cadunt iterato
Cimone sublato, Mars, Paris, atque Cato.

"Now that Simon is cut off, Mars, Paris, and Cato are given over to fate, and die a second death." Indicating, as it is said by the chronicler, that Simon was "the peerless man of his time for valour, personage and wisdom."

The following epitaph of Marullus on Pope Innocent VIII. may appear to have had its origin in Martial's epigram:

Spurcities, gula, avaritia, atque ignavia deses,
Hoc, Octave, jacent quo tegeris tumulo.

"Filth, Gluttony, Avarice, Indolence, all lie, O Innocent VIII., under the same tomb that covers you."

In Hearn's curious *Discourses* is an epitaph, of the time of Richard the Second, on Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, which apparently indicates an acquaintance with the above epigram of Martial:

Hic pudor Hippolyti, Paridis gena, sensus Ulyssis,
Æneæ pietas, Hectoris ira jacet.

"Here lie the modesty of Hippolytus, the beauty of Paris, the wisdom of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the wrath of Hector."

CHAPTER II.

LITERATURE.

MARTIAL'S literary epigrams relate to questions of judgment and taste, to authors, critics, patrons, reciters, readers, plagiaries, Roman books, and distinguished literary characters. It is conceived, that it will be allowed, upon an inspection of the contents of the present chapter, that Martial's epigrams contain much that has served to suggest the reflections and fortify the remarks on the *Belles Lettres* and on miscellaneous subjects expressed by very eminent authors in modern times; and that they open a valuable mine of information to the literary antiquarian.

XII.

FRIENDSHIP IN LITERARY FAME.

O CIRINUS! you can, if you please, publish epigrams that might be read with mine, or in preference to mine; yet so great is your regard for an old friend, that my fame is dearer to you than your own. In like manner Virgil abstained from composing in the metres of Horace, though he could have surpassed him in the style of Pin-dar; and he yielded to Varius the fame of the Roman cothurnus, though he could have declaimed in a more powerful tragic vein. It is not uncommon for one friend

to bestow on another gold and land, but to make concessions of literary pre-eminence is a rare proof of friendship.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. XVIII.*

Watts has parodied the above Epigram in one addressed by him to Dr Hort, brought up in the same dissenting academy with himself, and who was, for a time, a dissenting minister, but who subsequently conformed to the established Church, and became an Archbishop; his learning and talents are not without a living inheritor.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
 So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
 That with her *Martial* Rome would place Cirine,
 Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
 Yet modest you decline the public stage,
 To fix your friend alone amid th' applauding age.
 So Maro did: the mighty Maro sings
 In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things:
 And leaves the Ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings.
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
 Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
 And at his will could silence all the lyric quire.
 So to his Varius he resigned the praise
 Of the proud buskin and the tragic lays,
 When he could thunder in a loftier vein
 And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.
 A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
 And compliments will every friend bestow;
 Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
 Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
 And yields the tenderest point of honor, wit.

Dryden, in his *Essay on Satire*, makes use of the above epigram in one of the most fulsome and mendacious panegyrics ever published. In this he writes, that the Earl of Dorset's *Lyric Poems* "are the delight and wonder of this age and will be the envy of the next, that as Shakespeare surpassed the ancients in tragedy, so did the Earl of Dorset in satire." Of himself (the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*) Dryden writes, "I must avow it freely to the world, that I never

attempted anything in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation which my own partiality can give to my productions is, that they are copies, and no further to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your Lordship, some sweet graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation. Your only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true,—that you have written, and out of a vicious modesty will not publish. Thus Martial says of Virgil, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry, but out of deference to his friend he attempted neither. The same prevalence of genius is in your lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace.”

Jeremy Taylor writes, with reference to the above epigram of Martial, “I account that one of the greatest demonstrations of real friendship is that a friend can sincerely endeavour to have his friend advanced in honour, in reputation, in the opinion of art or learning, before himself.” He then quotes the four concluding lines of the epigram, which he renders thus:

Land, gold, and trifles many give or lend,
But he that stoops in fame is a rare friend.
In friendship's orb thou art the brightest star:
Before *thy* fame *mine* thou preferrest far.

XIII.

SOLID BOOKS.

WHOEVER thou art that readest of Œdipus, of Thyestes loving deeds of darkness, of Medea, of the Scyllas, what do you read else than of monsters? What profit will you derive from the rapes of Hylas by the nymphs of Atys, of Endymion by the Moon, or from stories of Icarus's falling wings, and of Hermaphroditus's hatred of the enamoured waters? *Why do you take any pleasure in the absurdities of the wretched volumes which contain such fables? Read this book, which you may truly call your own.* You will not meet here with Centaurs, Gorgons, or Harpies; my page savours of mankind.—*Lib. x. Ep. iv.*

A memorable use has been made of two lines of the above epigram, as marked in italics, being a twin motto with a passage from Cicero of Sir Edward Coke's famous *First Institute*, more commonly known by the name of *Coke-Littleton*. The lines are:

Quid te vana juvant miseræ ludibria chartæ?
Hoc lege, quod possis dicere jure, meum est.

Use has also been apparently made of the above epigram in Dr Barrow's well-known commendatory verses prefixed to the second edition of the *Paradise Lost*, dated 1674, in Milton's life-time. Martial's epigram commences:

*Qui legis Œdipodem, caligantemque Thyesten,
Colchidas, et Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis?*

Dr Barrow's verses begin:

*Qui legis Amissum Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?*

The expression, "my page savours of mankind," in the original "*hominem pagina nostra sapit*," has been frequently made use of in modern times. The motto of the 49th Number of the *Rambler* is taken from this passage of the above epigram:

Hominem pagina nostra sapit,
Men and their manners I describe.

The paper purports to be written by a frequenter of a Coffee-house in which he usually spent his day; the manners he portrays presenting a curious contrast with those of the present times. He describes the class of persons who resorted to his Coffee-house at different periods of the day; commencing his observations at six o'clock in the morning. A certain haberdasher is a political oracle there till within a quarter of eight. About this time he is interrupted by students of the Inns of Court, some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; whilst others come in their *night-gowns* to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thence. Among the lawyers, a gentleman in a *strawberry sash* takes the lead over the rest; he had subscribed to every opera during the last winter. To these succeed a class who come to the Coffee-house to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. Eubulus is the great authority of the place during the middle of the day. Having given an account of the several dynasties from day-break till dinner-time, the writer reserves for another occasion "the monarchs of the afternoon."

The same motto of *hominem pagina nostra sapit*, is taken for the 136th Number of the *Connoisseur*, with a version:

To paint mankind, our sole pretence;
And all our wisdom, common sense.

The writer says, "we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring." The Paper contains some useful remarks on the use and abuse of a "knowledge of the world," observing that the expression "as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on the world's vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and that those who consider themselves best acquainted with the world, are either the dupes of fashion or slaves of interest." "A knowledge of the world is, also, supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations." The author's views are illustrated by drawing the characters of two *men of the world*, Sir Harry Flash, who can calculate odds as well

as "Hoyle or Demoivre," and his brother Richard, an alderman, who understands "the rise and fall of stocks better than any Jew."

The same passage is taken for the motto of the 71st Number of the *Adventurer*, with a version:

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

The Paper consists of a collection of letters from correspondents upon miscellaneous subjects, which the writer, in his own opinion, thinks more interesting than "the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Barsac, as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature." The reader, after a perusal of the *Adventurer's* specimens will, probably, be of opinion that they are inferior to Pliny's paintings, both of the manners and of the mind.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, applies the distich of Martial in which the words *Hominem pagina nostra sapit* occur to his own book; and he gives the following version of it:

No Centaurs here, nor Gorgons look to find,
My subject is of man, and human kind.

XIV.

UNIFORM BRILLIANCY.

You wish to give an exquisite turn to *every thing* you say: speak sometimes merely well; speak sometimes neither well nor ill; speak sometimes ill.—*Lib. x. Ep. XLVI.*

The original Latin lines of this epigram are quoted by Archbishop Whately in his *Treatise on Rhetoric*, by way of giving point to the following remarks, which are an amplification of Martial's pithy advice.

The Archbishop is cautioning his readers (as his marginal note indicates) against "uniform brilliancy." He writes, "An author should guard against the vain ambition of expressing *every thing* in an *equally* high-wrought, brilliant and forcible style. The neglect

of this caution often occasions the imitation of the best models to prove detrimental. When the admiration of some fine and animated passages leads a young writer to take those passages for his *general* model, and to endeavour to make every sentence he composes equally fine, he will, on the contrary, give a flatness to the whole, and destroy the effect of those portions which would have been forcible if they had been allowed to stand *prominent*. To brighten the dark parts of a picture, produces much the same result as if one had darkened the bright parts; in either case there is a want of *relief* and *contrast*; and composition, as well as painting, has its lights and shades, which must be distributed with no less skill, if we would produce the desired effect."

In a note to this passage, the Archbishop cites the distich which constitutes the above epigram, with the *omnia* in Roman text, the rest being in Italics, thus:

*Omnia vult bellè Matho dicere; dic aliquando
Et bene; dic neutrum: dic aliquando malè.*

XV.

RELEVANCY.

My lawsuit, which now is being tried by the Court, does not relate to manslaughter, or poison, or violence, but is about three little goats. I complain that my neighbour has stolen them from me: the judge requires this to be proved. You, Posthumus, my advocate, talk about the battle of Cannæ and the Mithridatic war, and Carthaginian perjuries, Sylla, Marius and Mucius, all with a stunning voice, and the whole gesture of your hand. After this, Posthumus, it is time to say something about my three little goats.—*Lib. vi. Ep. XIX.*

This epigram is ingrafted into Dr Parr's Preface to *Bellenden* (in Latin); wherein he reviews the political characters of the states-

men of his day (1787), and especially the attacks of Pitt upon Lord North, on account of the American war, even after its termination. The following translation of the passage in Dr Parr's Preface was published in 1788:

"The American war did certainly commence and was afterwards conducted under the most unhappy auspices. This has constantly been, in the hands of the minister, a most tremendous instrument of torture, directed against the security and fame of an individual. But to contemplate, without ridicule, incidents which have found admission into our Senate requires no small strength of muscle. Somewhat of the most minute importance has been the proposed subject of debate: the chosen band has been assembled and the young men composing it have indulged in obstreperous clamour; all has been noisy mirth and tumultuous commotion. After a while a *certain person*, in the pride of office, makes his entrance; instantly he rises from his place and losing gradual remembrance of the unimportant matter to be discussed, he begins a terrible story of blood and wounds; talks of Sylla and Marius, of the atrociousness of Punic perfidy, with the loudest vehemence of voice and action: he calls heaven and earth to witness that the American war was the sole occasion of the matter in question, however insignificant; he pretends that of the American war Lord North was the one and only cause."

The learned reader will find in Dr Parr's Latin preface a much closer approximation to Martial and his goats than in the translation. Dr Parr writes, "*Res quædam agenda est de tribus capellis*; and, afterwards, the *Certain One* (Pitt) *trium capellarum paululum immemor*, multa de vi et cæde, multa de Syllis et Mariis, multa de Cannis et perjuriis Punici furoris lingua personat audacissima et manu tota. Deos Hominesque testatur bellum Americanum in causa fuisse cur Titius *istas tres capellas a Caio furatus sit*."

XVI.

PROLIXITY.

WHEN you asked with a loud voice for seven *clepsydræ* (hour-glasses of water), the unwilling judge assigned them to you. You talk very tediously for a long time, and you lie half on your back, drinking warm water from glass goblets, that you may at length satisfy at once your talking against time, and your thirst, you had better now drink out of your own *clepsydræ*.—*Lib. vi. Ep. xxxv.*

Becker, in his *Gallus*, in an excursus on the Roman Clocks, refers, for an illustration of the uses of the *Clepsydræ*, to the above epigram, and to another in the eighth book, in which a man exposed his taciturnity by asking for too many *Clepsydræ*. These epigrams illustrate several of Pliny's Letters.

Barrington, in his *Observations on the Ancient Statutes*, in treating of a Statute of Henry VIII. concerning fines *pro pulchrè placitando* (imposed for mistakes of pleading), notices that, in some countries, advocates have been subjected to penalties even for prolixity, as by ordinances of Charles VII. of France and his successors. He observes that "the Roman advocates used to make a sort of agreement with the Court, how many hours they might have liberty to speak in defence of their clients, as appears by the following epigram of Martial." He then quotes at length the above epigram.

XVII.

ROUGHNESS AND OBSCURITY.

You approve of no verses which flow in a smooth measure, but only such as fall over crags (*salebras*, from *saltus*, requiring a leap) and lofty rocks. In your opinion the epitaph beginning "Here lies Metrophanes, the *colu-*

mella of Lucilius," has greater charms than the epic of Homer. With *astonishment* you pore over whatever the ancient poets Accius and Pacuvius vomit forth, and prefer to modern forms of speech, such as *terræ frugiferæ* (of the fruit-bearing earth), the obsolete words *terraï frugiferaï*. —*Lib. XI. Ep. XC.*

Watts, in the Preface to his poems, observes, "I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added anything to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abases the true relish, even where it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to *astonishment* with obsolete words and figures:

Attonitusque legis, terraï frugiferaï.

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness: so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce them gustful." These remarks of Watts have a close resemblance to what Dryden writes in the Preface to his second *Miscellany*, "Can I not admire the height of Milton's invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound?"

Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, when treating of *Ingeniorum discrimina* (the diversities of genius in authors) notices those writers who have the fault reprehended in the above epigram, to which he makes express reference. He inflicts his ridicule upon them, and also upon those who run into the opposite extreme, and whom he calls *Women's Poets*. And in a later part of his *Discoveries* he writes, "You admire no poems but such as run, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling:

Et quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt,
Accius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
Attonitusque legis terraï, frugiferaï."

XVIII.

POETIC LICENCE.

NAME! born among violets and roses, by which the best part of the year is designated; which savours of Hybla and of Attic flowers; whose perfume is like that of the Phoenix's nest. Name! sweeter than blessed nectar, and by which Atys would rather have been called than by his own; whose owner tempereth with water the cups of the thunderer (Domitian), whilst to his voice, when heard in the Parrhasian palace, the Venuses and the Graces respond. I would wish not to express in an unskilful verse a Name so noble, soft, and delicate. But thou, O contumacious syllable, art repugnant to my endeavours! There are poets, indeed, who use the word *Earinon*, but they are Greek poets, to whom every licence is allowable. It may be proper enough for them to make the same syllable both long and short in the same line; but it is not permitted for us Romans to be eloquent after this fashion, we pay our homage to severer muses.—*Lib. IX. Ep. XII.*

The above epigram, and others of Martial upon Domitian's cup-bearer, are degrading examples of incense kindled at the Muse's flame: there is, however, a terseness in the last two lines which is adapted to quotation; as in a note to the *Pursuits of Literature*, with reference to Warton's edition of Pope's *Works*, containing Pope's imitation of the Second Satire of the first book of Horace, which Pope had not printed in his works himself, the author writes, "I, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage in full which the *Reverend* Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned with his name as editor of Pope's *Works*,

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis
Qui Musas colimus severiores."

Martial's *Musas severiores* may, perhaps, be thought to have been present to the mind of the learned Selden, on the occasion on which

he strangely appeared as a Poet, in commendatory verses to Brown's *Pastorals*.

So much a stranger my *severer muse*
Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's reed,
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
Of Pan, of Pallas, and her sister's meed.

XIX.

DIFFICULT TRIFLES.

I AM not so bad a poet as to take glory to myself for the composition of back-reading (*supino*) verses, like those invented by Sotades, nor of verses containing a Greek echo, nor of those making the beautiful Atys discourse in effeminate Galliambics. What, if you were to bid Ladas, the swift runner, against his will to race up and down the narrow uplifted plank of the Petaurum? (a theatrical machine for raising performers human or bestial in the air.) It is *disgraceful* to be engaged in *difficult trifles*; and the labour spent on frivolities is foolish. Let Palæmon write verses for the million (*circulis*); it is my wish to please select ears.—*Lib. II. Ep. LXXXVI.*

The commentators on Martial give examples of *supine* verses, and echoes, and explain the action of the *petaurum*. It must be observed in defence of *Galliambic* verses, that the only relic we have of them is in the Atys of Catullus, of which Dryden writes, that "no modern poet can put into his own language the energy of the Atys of Catullus." Voltaire observes that the ancients did not employ the *rondeau*.

The famous Selden, in a second poetic flight, borrows a compliment on Ben Jonson from the above epigram, viz.:

Carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat * * * Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
Te raris juvat auribus.

Rollin, in his *Belles Lettres*, observes that it is to be little acquainted with the value of time to employ it in the study of such difficulties and obscurities as are at the same time unnecessary, and often trifling and vain. A judicious master, he writes, will carefully avoid falling into this mistake, for it is a pitiful vanity to be over curious in knowing all that the worst authors have said upon a subject. He quotes two lines of Martial's epigram:

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

Which the translator of Rollin renders:

The deep and dull researches of the schools,
Are but the busy indolence of fools.

The motto of the 470th number of the *Spectator*, by Addison, is taken from the above epigram:

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

This Paper contains a censure on the various readings of classic authors, which, as Addison complains, sometimes take up half the volume of a work. Addison quotes an old song consisting of four stanzas, and amuses his readers with burlesque *various readings*, which he imagines to be suggested in it by the critics.

The motto of the 177th number of the *Rambler* is:

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.

This Paper contains the description of a club of virtuosos. One, *Hirsutus* by name, is occupied in amassing all English books published in black letter; this search he had pursued so diligently that he was able to show the deficiencies of the best catalogues. He had long since completed his Caxton, had three sheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect Pynson but two volumes, of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy at whatever price, when Quisquilius's library should be sold. "When he was merry, he regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Foles*." *Ferratus* had just "completed his set of English copper, having received, in a handful of change, the only halfpenny wanting to his collection, and of which he

had been long in search." *Cartophylax* had been for seven years perfecting his series of gazettes, "but had long wanted a single paper, which, when he despaired of obtaining it, was sent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco." In the course of his strictures in this paper, Johnson does not, perhaps, give due credit to the labours of Archæologists; he observes, however, that "whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has, at least, this use, that it rescues the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious."

Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, composed on the occasion of the burning of his books and literary papers, writes concerning the *difficiles nugæ* of Martial:

Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned library of Don Quixote,
And so some goodlier *monster* (*Ep.* XIII.) had begot:
Or spun out riddles, or weav'd fifty tomes
Of Logographs, or curious Palindromes,
Or pumped for those *hard trifles*, Anagrams,
Or Eteostics, or your finer flams
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a hearse,
A pair of scissors, and a comb in verse;
Thou then had'st had some colour for thy flames
On such my *serious follies*.

XX.

FIT THEMES.

WHEN you ask for lively (*vivida*) epigrams, and propose grave (*mortua*) subjects, what result can you anticipate? You ask for the honey of Hybla or Hymettus to be produced, and you place before an Attic bee nothing but Corsican thyme.—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* XLII.

The motto of the 101st number of the *Rambler* consists of the two concluding lines of the epigram,

Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi vel Hymettia nasci,
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api:

with the following version :

Alas! dear sir, you try in vain
Impossibilities to gain;
No bee from Corsica's rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce.

The Paper contains an account of a member of society famous for his jocularities, and universally sought after in London circles. An admiring friend invites him into the country for the purpose of showing him off to neighbouring squires; but the scheme turns out a failure. The man of wit, after various unsuccessful attempts at electrifying a country dinner-party with his brilliancy, hears the guests, as at night they are walking homewards across his host's court, "murmuring at the loss of the day, and inquiring whether any man would pay a second visit to a house haunted by a wit." Dr Johnson concludes this account by remarking "that invention is not wholly at the command of its possessor; that the power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire; that all expectation lessens surprise, yet that some surprise is necessary to gaiety; and that those who desire to partake of the pleasure of wit must contribute to its production, since the mind stagnates without external ventilation, and that effervescence of the fancy which flashes into transport, can be raised only by the infusion of dissimilar ideas."

Becker gives his *Gallus Corsican* honey at a poor inn, for which infliction he quotes the above epigram.

XXI.

VICES, NOT PERSONS.

O, GALLUS! more candid than the ancient Sabines, whose benevolence surpasses that of the Attic sage (Socrates), may

Venus so bless you with her unquenchable torch that you may constantly reside in the splendid mansion of your father-in-law, upon condition of your defending me from any imputations that verses stained with green rust (*viridi æruginē*) are mine, or that such verses are composed by any poet who is read. In my works a rule has always been observed *to speak of vices, but to spare persons.*—*Lib. x. Ep. XXXIII.*

Ben Jonson, in the Prologue to his play of the *Silent Woman*, writes :

And still 't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.

* * * * *

If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application wrest what he doth write,
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say :
They make a libel, which he made a play.

And in his dedication to the "two famous Universities" of his play of the *Fox*, in answer to an imputation upon his dramas, which he says had been made, that "not his youngest infant but had come into the world with all his teeth," he asks, "Where have I been particular? Where personal, except to a mimic, cheater, bawd or buffoon? Yet to which of these so pointedly that he might not wisely have dissembled his disease?"

Duport, in his commendatory verses on Ben Jonson, writes :

Nec quem tua fabula mordet
Dente Theonino, sed pravis aspera tantum
Moribus, insanum multo sale defricat ævum.

Nevertheless, it may be thought that, in the play of the *Tale of a Tub*, Inigo Jones is torn by Jonson with a Theonine tooth.

Dryden, in a preface to his play of the *Mock Astrologer*, after confessing that he could not "write humour," and observing that Jonson was the "only man of all ages and nations who has performed it well, and that but in three or four of his comedies; the rest being but the same humours a little varied and written worse. Neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our present poets, to

represent the follies of particular persons; of which many have accused him. *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis* (to spare persons, to speak of vices), is the rule of plays." Dryden appears to have disregarded this rule as far as it may be applicable to political plays; and no play ever contained a more gross libel than that on Lord Shaftesbury, in *Venice Preserved*, the celebrated production of one of Dryden's "present poets."

According to a song in the *Beggar's Opera*, the declaimer on abstract *vices* is not always sure of not giving offence to *persons*.

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—"That was levell'd at me."

XXII.

EXTEMPORARY POEMS.

PARDON what is extemporary; he does not deserve to incur your displeasure who is in haste to give you pleasure, O Domitian!—*Spect.* XXXI.

In Ben Jonson's *Devices* for the Pageant of King James I. passing to his coronation, the figure of the Genius of the City of London accosts the king. The genius is represented as a "personage richly attired, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, covered with a wreath of plane-tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis*; his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: he held, in one hand, a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence; London was supported by *Bouleutes* and *Polemius*, two figures typifying, the former the council, the latter the warlike force of the city." Genius thus concludes her congratulation:

Here ends my city's office, here it breaks;
Yet with my tongue and this pure heart she speaks

A short farewell : and, lower than thy feet,
 With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
 Pardon, if my abruptness breed disease :
"He merits not to offend, that hastes to please."

At the entertainment of the kings of England and Denmark, at Theobald's, of which the devices were prepared by Ben Jonson, among various inscriptions on walls, the following is taken from the above epigram, substituting only the plural for the singular number, so as to include a pair of kings :—

Date veniam subitis.

Pardon sudden (extemporary) things.

At the end of an "epigram on the Prince's *birth*," Ben Jonson appends that part of the above epigram which is appropriate to a sudden incident,

Non displicuisse meretur,
 Festinat, Cæsar, qui placuisse tibi.

XXIII.

BOOKS, PARTLY GOOD, PARTLY BAD, PARTLY INDIFFERENT.

SOME of my epigrams are good, some moderately so, more bad ; there is no other way, Avitus, of making a book.
 —*Lib. I. Ep. XVII.*

In the proceedings against Frend before the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge for the publication of a pamphlet entitled *Peace and Union*, which is reported in the 22nd volume of the *State Trials*, the publication of the pamphlet was proved by a Dr Dickens, to whom Mr Frend had given a copy, which Dr Dickens identified by his having written on the fly-leaf,

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

Sir T. Parkyns, in his *Progymnasmata*, when apologizing for the contents of his book, writes : "And though *Martial* speaks for me,

'tis not a book, if not so; and though I set not a greater value on a spider's web, for being spun out of its own bowels; however, if, upon perusal of my treatise on *wrestling*, my readers shall laugh at it till they lie down, I hope they will be so ingenuous as to own the *fall*."

The motto of the 240th number of the *Spectator* is,

Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

Of such materials, Sir, are books composed.

The Paper consists of various letters on miscellaneous subjects addressed to the *Spectator*, among which there are undoubtedly *mala plura*.

The motto of the 581st number of the *Spectator* is:

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

Some good, some bad, some neither one nor t'other.

The Paper consists of the *Spectator's* answers to various letters which he had received, such as "I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* dignity to concern myself in the affair of the boiled dumpling." "Harriet is a good girl, but must not curtsey to folks she does not know." "I shall consult some literati on the project sent me for the discovery of the longitude," &c. It would be difficult to predicate of these answers, "*sunt bona*."

XXIV.

CRITICS COMPARED TO COOKS.

THE reader and the hearer approve of my small books, but a certain critic objects that they are not finished to a nicety. I do not take this censure much to heart, for I would wish that the courses of my dinner should afford pleasure to guests rather than to cooks.—*Lib. IX. Ep. LXXXIII.*

Harrington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, gave the following poetical version of the above epigram:

The readers and the hearers like my books,
 And, yet, some writers cannot them digest:
 But what care I? for when I make a feast,
 I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

In Ben Jonson's Preface to his play of the *Silent Woman*, we find:

But in this age a sect of writers are,
 That only for particular likings care,
 And will taste nothing that is popular.
 With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts,
 Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
 Are not to please the *cook's* taste, but the *guests*.

Lord Bacon, in his treatise on the *Advancement of Learning*, thus applies the concluding point of the above epigram, with reference to the variety of metres in poetry: "Wherein though men in learned tongues do tie themselves to the ancient measures, yet, in modern languages, it seemeth to me as free to make new measures of verses as of dances; for a dance is a measured pace, as a verse is a measured speech. In these things the sense is better judge than the art:

Cœnæ fercula nostræ
 Mallem convivis, quam placuisse cocis."

XXV.

VATICAN WINE FOR CRITICS.

If my little book contains anything tender and sweet; if my bland page tends to the honour of any one, you deem me flat; and when I place before you the choice morsels of a Laurentian boar, you prefer gnawing its tough ribs. *Drink Vatican wine* (*Vaticana bibas*), if you prefer what is nearest to vinegar; my flagon evidently does not agree with your stomach (*non facit ad stomachum*).—*Lib. x. Ep. XLV.*

Ben Jonson, in some remarks prefixed to his *Masque of Hymen*, which contain a retort on certain critics who had animadverted on his practice of making use of classical authors for the embellishment of his *Masques*, thus writes, "However some may squeamishly cry out that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little, or no brain at all, is superfluous, I am contented that these fastidious *stomachs* should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers fittest for such airy tastes: when, perhaps, a few Italian herbs picked up and made into a salad may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats in the world. For these men's opinions, let me not answer, O Muses! It is not my fault, if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectantur.

All the courtesy I can do them, is to cry again,

Prætereant, si quid *non facit ad stomachum*."

XXVI.

MISSPENT CRITICISM.

ALTHOUGH you have always a scoffing nose, and may be said to be a *nose* yourself, such a nose as Atlas himself would decline to bear on his shoulders; and though you can even deride the deriding Mime Latinus, you cannot say more against my trifles than I have said myself. Why will you take pleasure in biting a tooth with a tooth? If you seek to be satiated, you must take flesh. Do not lose your labour; reserve your venom for those who are self-admirers; *I know that my verses are nothing at all*; and yet they are not altogether nothing, if you come to their perusal with a candid ear, and not with a morning brow.—*Lib. XIII. Ep. II.*

The expression *nos hæc novimus esse nihil*, has been urged by several modern writers by way of a modest apology for the trivial nature of some of their compositions. Thus, it is taken for the motto of the 158th number of the *Spectator*, with a version "We know these things to be mere trifles." The paper, which is written by Steele, consists of four letters from correspondents upon trifling subjects. The same motto is taken for P. Whitehead's poem on *boxing*, entitled the *Gymnasiad*.

Burton, in the Preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes Martial's epigram, with a version meant for poetical:

Wert thou all scoffs and flouts, a very Momus,
Than we ourselves thou canst not say worse of us.

Montaigne, in his *Essay on Presumption*, observes, that he is not obliged to utter no absurdities, provided he be not deceived by them, and knows them to be such, quoting Martial's epigram, which is thus rendered by his translator:

Be nosed, be all nose, till thy nose appear
So great that Atlas it refuse to bear;
Though even against Latinus thou inveigh,
Against my trifles thou no more can'st say
Than I have said myself. Then to what end
Should we to render tooth for tooth contend?
You must have flesh if you'll be full, my Friend!
Lose not thy labour; but on those who do
Admire themselves thy utmost venom throw;
That these things *nothing* are, full well we know.

XXVII.

RHINOCEROS' NOSES.

LITTLE Book! you want to inhabit the shops of the Argilenta Quarter (Paternoster Row), now that my writing-desk opens you a way out. You are ignorant, alas! you are

ignorant of the fastidiousness of dominant Rome. Believe me, the descendants of Mars are over-sagacious. There were never more snortings heard: old men, and young men, and the very boys have *Rhinoceros' noses*. When you expect to hear grand *sophoses* (exclamations of wisely!), when you are endeavouring to catch kisses, you will be tossed to the stars from a shaken-out blanket. Nevertheless, in order that you may avoid frequent effacings at the hand of your master, and the marks of a sad reed which obliterates your extravagances, you wantonly wish to fly at liberty through the air. Go, fly, but you might be safer at home.—*Lib. 1. Ep. IV.*

The line of the epigram:

Ibis ab excusso, missus ad astra, sago.

(You will find your way to the stars on a mission from a shaken-out blanket), has rung upon many an ear; for, by help of laying stress on the middle and final *o* in pronunciation, it was the line used, in the author's time at Eton, during the elevating sport of *tossing in a blanket*.

Fielding adopts as the motto of the 3rd number of the *Covent-Garden Journal*:

Majores nunquam ronchi: juvenesque, senesque,

Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.

Of which he gives a version characteristic of his peculiar vein:

No town can such a gang of Critics show,

Even boys turn up that nose *they cannot blow*.

The Paper contains a humorous detail of rules for the admission of critics upon the roll of a court proposed to be holden before the Censor of Great Britain. For reasons given, critics are not required to be men of genius, or of learning; they should be able to read, and should in fact read at least ten pages of every work they criticise; when they condemn, they should give some reason for their judgment, and should not indulge in the words, *poor stuff, wretched stuff, bad stuff, sad stuff, low stuff, paltry stuff*; all which *stuffs* are to be banished from the mouths of our critics. Fielding takes as a motto to his published Comedy of the *Intriguing Chambermaid*, acted

at Drury Lane in 1733, the expression of Martial, *Majores nusquam ronchi*.

Vincent Bourne makes use of Martial's epigram in a different sense from the original; he has a Latin epigram which he entitles:

Poteris tutior esse domi.

You will be safer at home.

Dum Mater metuit virgæ ne verbera lædant,

Ipsa domi puerum servat, et ipsa docet.

Ipsa doce puerum mater tam blandula, possit

Tutus ut esse domi, stultus et esse foris.

Of the *Rhinoceros Nose*, Ben Jonson writes, in an epigram on Don Surly:

He speaks to men with a *rhinocerate's* nose,

Which he thinks *great*; and so reads verses too,

And that is done, as he saw great men do.

Boileau prefaces his *Epistole à mes vers*, with a quotation from the above epigram of Martial; and, apparently, in imitation of it he writes:

J'ay beau vous arrester, ma remonstrance est vaine;

Allez, partez, mes vers, dernier fruit de ma veine,

C'est trop languir chez moi dans un obscur séjour,

La prison vous déplaist, vous cherchez le grand jour,

Et déjà chez Barbin, ambitieux libelles,

Vous brûlez d'étailler vos feuilles criminelles.

XXVIII.

RECIPROCATING CRITICS.

WHILST you do not publish any poem of your own, you carp at mine: do not carp at mine, or, if you do, publish yours.—*Lib. I. Ep. XCII.*

The above epigram would not be deserving of notice for any sense or wit contained in it, but that it has been honoured by the uses

made of it, chiefly, as it may seem, on account of its terseness of expression.

Sir Robert Atkyns, in his well-known argument on the Dispensing Power, censures Chief-Justice Vaughan somewhat unreasonably, because he had found fault with Lord Coke's definition of a dispensation, but had not substituted any definition of his own. He writes, "Though Chief-Justice Vaughan quarrels with Lord Coke's definition, and says that it is *ignotum per ignotius*; yet, under favour, if he disliked that, he should have given us a better *Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua*."

Lord Coke concludes the Preface to his celebrated *Reports*, honoured by the appellation of *The Reports*, by adopting part of the above epigram, and supplying half an hexameter of his own; thus he writes, "and so I conclude with the poet:

Cum tua non edas, *his utere, et annue, lector,*
Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua."

XXIX.

DECEASED POETS.

VACERRA! you admire only the ancients; your praise is restricted to the deceased poets. Pardon me, Vacerra, if I do not think your praise of so much value as to die for it.
—*Lib. VIII. Ep. LXIX.*

Fuller, in the preface to his *Worthies*, anticipates various exceptions to his book, which he enumerates with its answers.

"*Exception 17.* You have omitted many memorable persons still surviving, as meriting as any you have inserted.

Answer. The return of Martial, in a case not much unlike, may much befriend me:

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos,
Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas

Ignoscas, petimus, Vacerra: tanti

Non est, ut placeam tibi, perire.

Deceased authors thou admir'st alone,

And only praisest poets dead and gone:

Vacerra, pardon me, I will not buy

Thy praise so dear, as for the same to die.

All men being like minded with Martial herein, none surviving will distaste their omission in a work confined to the memories of the departed."

Cowley, in the preface to his works, talks of retiring to the American plantations, and of the death of his Muse; on which subject he quotes a line from Martial's epigram, with a variation; viz. "*Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire,*" adding, that it was the "undoubted privilege of deceased poets to be read with more favour than the living."

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Discourse on Remedies against the Fear of Death*, quotes a line from Martial's epigram, "*Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas,*" upon which he observes: "Certain it is that death hath some good upon its proper stock; praise, and a fair memory, a reverence and religion towards the deceased so great that it is counted dishonour to speak evil of the dead."

XXX.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

O FAUSTINUS, at length present your books to the public, they are works matured in a learned breast, which the Citadel of Athens will not condemn, nor our experienced countrymen pass over (as rejected candidates) in silence. Do you hesitate to let in Fame when standing for admittance before your threshold, and does it grieve you to reap the rewards of your own diligence? May your poems, which will survive you, begin to live by your means. The glory which is shed upon ashes arrives full late.—*Lib. I. Ep. xxvi.*

The above epigram furnishes the motto taken for the edition of the posthumous poems of Lovelace published A.D. 1659, with the following title: "Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.

Those honours come too late,
That on our ashes waite."

The motto of the 129th number of the *Connoisseur* is

Post cineres gloria sera venit.
Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late,
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate.

The Paper consists of a letter from Thomas *Vainall*, consulting the *Connoisseur* as to the mode of bequeathing his fortune in a manner to "buy fame with it after his death."

Jeremy Taylor writes, in reference to the conclusion of the above epigram of Martial, which he cites, "It is in piety, as in fame and reputation, he secures a good name but loosely, that trusts his fame and celebrity only to his ashes."

XXXI.

IMAGES IN VERSE AND IN PAINTING.

THIS which you behold is the face of my Camonus; this is his picture when he was young; his countenance became more manly by twenty years, and a beard had, as if joyfully, darkened his cheeks; a beard of which the bright down had scattered the honours of its first tonsure. The *Parcæ* grew envious, and cut the thread of his life before it was fully spun. An urn brought his ashes to his father from a distant funeral pyre; but that this picture should not be the sole representation of the youth, *behold a greater image in my verses.*—*Lib. IX. Ep. LXXVIII.*

In a copy of Waller's poems, published in 1686, "at the blew anchor in the lower walk of the new exchange," is a frontispiece of

Waller's portrait, with an inscription round it of *Effigies Edmundi Wallerii*, and underneath the words, from the above epigram,

Sed Carmina major imago.

To the like effect Cartwright concludes his elegy on Ben Jonson,

Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his works, and know him there.

The bringing an urn from a distance is beautifully described by Martial:

Rettulit ossa sinu cari Nigrina mariti,
Et questa est longas non satis esse vias:
Cumque daret sanctam tumulis quibus invidet, urnam,
Visa sibi est rapto bis viduata viro.

XXXII.

A RECITER OF BOUGHT VERSES.

PAULUS buys verses; Paulus recites his own verses. And they are his own, for that which you buy, you have a right (*possis jure*) to call yours.—*Lib. II. Ep. xx.*

The point in the above epigram, which Martial repeats in various forms, may not be devoid of interest, if it may possibly have been the germ of a very celebrated epigram made upon Pope Alexander, quoted by Coke and Bacon:

Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Vendere *jure potest*, emerat ille prius.

An epigram on Leo X. dying without having received extreme unction, and the sale of whose Indulgences had such important results, may, in like manner, not very improbably, be traceable to Martial's epigram:

Leon sans sacramens expire,
Comment les auroit-il reçus?
Avant sa mort le Maître Sire
Des long-tems les avoit vendus.

XXXIII.

AUTHOR MADE BY RECITATION.

O FIDENTINUS! the book you are reciting is mine, but you recite it so badly that it begins to be yours.—*Lib. i. Ep. xxxix.*

The conclusion of the above epigram, thus slightly varied, *Dum recitas incipit esse tuus*, is adopted by Addison as a motto for the 568th number of the *Spectator*, in which he represents that Mr Spectator joined a party of smokers at a coffee-house, and upon his taking up the last *Spectator*, and remarking upon it that it was very witty that day; a conversation arose in which several of the party misconstrued the paper as though it contained a series of personal reflections. In reference to certain asterisks an old gentleman said, “*Asterisks*, do you call them; they are all of them STARS—he might as well have put *garters* to them.” In adverting to some chasm or dash, the same gentleman said, “You may easily know his meaning by his *gaping*; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for a hole to creep out at, but it will hardly serve his turn.” “I cannot for my life (says I) imagine whom the *Spectator* means? No! (says he), your humble servant, sir; upon which he flung himself back in his chair, after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon an old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who, I found, was his great admirer.” Addison mentions the book called the *Whole Duty of Man* being converted into a libel, by writing the names of several persons in a village against every sin mentioned by the author.

In the preface to the edition of Waller’s poems, licensed in 1686 in Waller’s lifetime, purporting to be addressed by the printer to the reader, the printer, or Waller in his name, commences his preface thus: “When the author of these verses (written only to please himself and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print, but was somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer, as one did to an ill reciter, *Male dum recitas incipit esse tuus.*”

Bishop Latimer, when a Wiltshire Parson, in a letter (see Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*) complains of a misconception entertained of one of his sermons by the then Bishop of London, thus writing on the subject: "As for my preaching the sermon itself, I trust my Lord of London cannot rightfully blame it as I spake it; or, else it is not my preaching, but his that falsely reporteth it, as the Poet Martial said to one that depraved his book, *Male dum recitas incipit esse tuus.*"

The point in Martial's epigram has been transferred to translations by Racine:

D'où vient que, Ciceron, Platon, Virgile, Homère,
Et tous ces grands auteurs que l'univers revère,
Traduits en vos écrits nous paroissent si sots,
Perrault? C'est qu'en portant à ces esprits sublimes
Vos façons de parler, vos lasses, vos rimes,
Vous les fais tous paroître des Perraults.

XXXIV.

AN IMPORTUNATE RECITER.

Do you wish to know the cause why no one willingly meets you? that wherever you come, Ligurinus! you put people to flight, and create a solitude around you? The cause is, that you are *too much of a poet* (*nimis poeta*). This is a very perilous fault. A tiger exasperated by the capture of her whelps, a serpent scorched by the mid-day sun, a fierce scorpion are objects of less dread. For, I ask, who would willingly sustain the labours you are in the habit of imposing? You read your verses to the stander, you read them to the sitter, you read them to the runner, you read them to every one, whatever he is about. I fly to the warm baths, your voice sounds in my ear. I seek a cold bath, you interrupt my swimming. I hasten to

supper, you detain me on the way; I have got to supper before you, you oblige me to change my seat. I am wearied with hearing you, and go to sleep, you rouse me as I recline on my couch. Do you desire to know the harm you do? Just, moral, innocent as you are known to be by all men, by all men you are feared.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XLIV.

Dryden, in the preface to his *Fables*, writes that "Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold as to go beyond her; for there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe *Catullus*, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation." George Lamb, in the notes to his translation of *Catullus*, observes that no such expression as *nimis poeta* occurs in *Catullus*, but it is found in Martial's epigram to Ligurinus.

Sir John Denham, in the dedication of his poems to Charles II., expresses a dread of obtaining "the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poeta*." It may be thought that neither Dryden nor Denham apply the expression *nimis poeta* in the same sense as Martial, who signifies thereby a boring reciter of his own verses; a social nuisance, of the extent of which in Rome an idea may be formed from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

Jeremy Taylor writes, with reference to the above epigram of Martial, "The very doing or speaking that which is good for nothing is evil. We see it even in the judgments of men. Martial tells us of a good man that had got a trick to invite his friends to walk, to bathe, to eat, to drink with him; in all which interviews he would be perpetually reading of his verses: one would have thought the thing itself were innocent, if the question had been asked concerning the thing alone; but they that felt the folly and tediousness of it were afraid to see him."

Vir justus, probus, innocens timeris."

And, again, in a discourse on the *Good and Evil Tongue*, Jeremy Taylor observes that "Plutarch advises that talking persons should give themselves to writing, just as the making an issue in the arm draws down the floods of the head: he supposes that if the talking humour were any way vented, the tongue might be brought to reason. But the experience of the world hath confuted this opinion; and

when *Ligurinus* did write a poem, he talked of it to all companies he came in. However, it can be no hurt to try, for some have been cured of bleeding at the nose, by opening a vein in the arm."

In the same discourse Jeremy Taylor writes; "Such was the humour of the gentleman Martial speaks of: he was a good man, and full of sweetness and justice and nobleness, but he would read his nonsense verses to all companies, at the public games, at private feasts, in the baths, and on the couches, in public and in private, to sleeping and waking people,

Vis, quantum facias mali, videre?

Vir justus, probus, innocens, timeris.

Every one was afraid of him, and though he was good he was not to be endured. There are some persons so full of nothings, that, like the straight sea of Pontus, they perpetually empty themselves by their mouth, making every company or single person they fasten upon their Propontis."

XXXV.

POET AND MUSE.

FIVE, or six, or seven little books (*libelli*) were enough, and more than enough; why does my Muse please still to continue her sportiveness? Let modesty have place, let there be an end of epigrams. Fame can now add nothing to my name; my book is worn out with reading in every place. When the sepulchre of Messala shall be laid low by Time, and when the *lofty marble monument of Licinus* shall be no more than dust, I shall not cease to be read, and many a visitor to Rome shall take me back with him to his own country. I had finished my excuse for declining to write another book, when the ninth Muse (Thalia) made answer to me; that Muse whose locks and vest are

smeared with ointment (denoting banquets). Ungrateful! can you relinquish your sweet trifles? Tell me, what, as a man of leisure, can you do better? Does it delight you to exchange the sock for the tragic cothurnus, or to thunder about wars in heroic verse, in order that a puffed-up school-master may take the lead of his scholars in spouting your poetry with a hoarse voice, and that the grown-up virgin and ingenuous youth may detest you? Let poems of that nature be written by poets who are grave and severe beyond measure, and whose miserable plight is illumined by the midnight lamp; but do you savour your little books with Roman salt. Let human nature recognise in your pages its own manners. Though you appear to be playing on a slender reed, that reed may sound further than the trumpets of many other poets.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. III.*

The reader may, perhaps, trace a connexion between the above epigram, which incidentally shows the popularity of Martial's writings, and Cowley's poem, called the *Complaint*:

And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight

(The Muses oft in lands of vision play),

A golden harp with silver strings she bore.

* * * * *

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;

The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last," said she,

"To this forgotten place and me?

Thou prodigal!"

* * * * *

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile

That seem'd at once to pity and revile;

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,

The melancholy Cowley said.

The *marble* tomb of Licinus, the Roman barber (*Licini marmora*), has been used by the commentators to illustrate an epigram very often quoted:

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo; quis putet esse Deos?

Which is thus translated by Archbishop Sancroft in his treatise on *Modern Politics*:

Licinus does in *marble* sleep,
A common urn does Cato keep,
Pompey's ashes may catch cold,
That there are Gods, let dotards hold.

Persius and Martial illustrate each other on the subject of popular compositions, the *verba togæ* as distinguished from *robusti carminis offas*; the former pleasantly concluding,

Mensamque relinque Mycenis
Cum capite et pedibus, plebeiaque prandia noris.

XXXVI.

A WELCOMED AUTHOR.

HERE he is whose books you read, and whom you inquire for. Here is Martial, renowned through the whole world for his acute epigrams. The honour which, O studious reader, you have conferred upon him whilst alive and sentient, is what few poets enjoy even in their ashes.—*Lib. I. Ep. I.*

The words “*Ille quem requiris*” (He, whom you seek), taken from the above epigram, (the first of the first book of Martial's epigrams,) is the motto of the *first* number of the *Guardian*. The last volume of the *Spectator* was concluded on Dec. 6, 1712. The *Guardian* made its appearance March 12, 1713, and was published daily till Oct. 1, 1713, concluding with number 175. After the cessation of the *Spectator*, the inquiry might, very probably, have been often made, whether the pens of Addison and Steele might not again be resumed for public instruction and entertainment; and, therefore, the motto “*Ille quem requiris*” was an appropriate expression of the expectations or wishes of the community.

XXXVII.

READERS.

WHITHER, O Book! whither, at your ease, are you wending your path, clothed, as we behold you, in fine linen, not seen every day? Are you attempting to visit Parthenius? Go to him, and return without being unrolled, (with leaves uncut). He does not read books, except short ones; he has no time for the Muses, or he would give it to his own Muses. Is it possible that you consider yourself sufficiently happy if you fall into the hands of inferior readers? In that case, seek the neighbouring portico of Romulus; Pompey, in his portico, has not a more idle crowd, nor Europa, nor Jason with his picture of Argonauts, in their porticos. You may find in Romulus's portico two or three readers who may shake out the moths from your rolls; but even those readers can only be hoped for when there is a truce to the bettings and braggings (*sponsio, fabulæque*) about the rival charioteers, Scorpus and Incitatus.—*Lib. XI. Ep. I.*

Dr Johnson adopts part of the above epigram as a motto for the 146th number of the *Rambler*, with a poetical English version :

'Tis possible that one or two
 These fooleries of mine may view;
 But then the bettings must be o'er,
 Nor *Crab*, nor *Childers* talked of more.

Johnson commences his Paper by observing that "none of the projects or designs which exercise the mind of man are equally subject to obstructions and disappointments with the pursuit of fame." He gives a lively picture of an author who has just published a work composed with long toil. He places him, first, in an obscure corner of a Coffee-room, appearing to be poring over a file of antiquated journals, but catching the conversation of the whole company: parties enter and disperse; he, however, hears nothing of

his book; he then ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and finds public attention engaged upon a multitude of subjects, but not upon his book; he resolves, at last, to violate his own modesty, and to recall talkers from their folly by an inquiry after himself. The answers are set forth, which are all to the effect of giving reasons why they have not read his book. The Paper concludes with observations worthy of Johnson's pen, tending to show "how little renown can be admitted in the world."

The excitement of the Roman people, occasioned by the *sponsiones* or wagers on the results of the public games, is mentioned by Tertullian, in his treatise *De Spectaculis*. The popularity of Scorpis and Incitatus appears from their gains as compared with those of Poets, which are the subject of several of Martial's epigrams.

Becker, in an Excursus on the *Books*, in his *Gallus*, quotes the passage in the above epigram, *cultus sindone non quotidiane*, as illustrating the mode of preserving the Roman rolls from damage by means of a handsome envelope, which Martial elsewhere calls *purpurea toga*.

XXXVIII.

REMUNERATION OF AUTHORS.

(I.)

You, who were accustomed, in the business of a cobbler, to stretch out old skins with your teeth, and to bite the soles of shoes dirtied with mud, now enjoy the Prænestine lands by the last will of your late patron; in which you are not worthy to possess even a stall. Drunk with hot Falernian wine, you break the crystal vases which belonged to your patron, and of which, as of his cup-bearer, you have become master. But my foolish parents taught me letters. What had I to do with grammarians and rhetoricians? Break, O Thalia! my writing-reed, tear the leaves of my books, if a shoe can thus enrich a cobbler.—*Lib.* IX. *Ep.* LXXV.

(II.)

THAT I write entertaining poems when I am capable of serious compositions, you, kind reader, are the cause; you, who read and sing my verses throughout Rome. Yet you know not how much your favour costs me. If I were to plead causes near the temple of Saturn in the Forum, and to sell my words (*vendere verba*) to such as tremble under criminal accusation, many a sailor would send me *Spanish jars*, and the fold of my toga would be soiled with coins of all denominations. But now my book is a guest, and a reveller, and my page is gratuitous. Ancient authors were not contented with barren praise, and Virgil acknowledges presents from Mæcenas. You say, that I have written with elegance, and that such praise is enough for me; thus I am to be paid with praises for ever. Do you pretend not to understand my hints? I think you will really make me a lawyer.—*Lib. v. Ep. xvi.*

Fielding has taken a motto for the 42nd number of the *Covent Garden Journal*, from the first of the above epigrams,

Me litterulas stulti docuere parentes,
which he translates,

My father was a fool
When he sent me to school.

In this Paper Fielding treats of the maxim that "Scholars know nothing of the world:" he takes an exaggerated view, but in a pleasant vein of irony, of a person whose "notions of the world are drawn from letters," and carries him to levees, to hunting-matches, and horse-races, and to a "drum or rout." For instance, "let us suppose a man possessed of this jaundice of literature conveyed into the levees of the great. What notion will he be likely to entertain of the several persons who compose that illustrious assembly, from their behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his eyes a number of freemen? How much more will he be amazed when he hears that all the servility he there beholds arises only from an eager desire to be permitted to serve the country? In

like manner the jaundiced man will be amazed when he is told that the whole business of the lives of the ladies present at a drum or rout is only to toss about from one to the other certain pieces of painted paper." Fielding supposes a scholar, when he first comes to town from the University, to be like a man "translated into one of the planets; the world in the town and that in the moon being equally strange to him, and equally unintelligible." He thus paraphrases Horace's adage,

Vitæ summa brevis

Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

"The shortness of life affords no time for a tedious education."

The first two lines of the second of the above epigrams,

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim

Scribere, tu causa es, lector,

is the motto of the 140th number of the *World*, which treats of the festivities (*delectantia*) of Christmas, being published on the day after Christmas-day. The present of Spanish jars (*Hispanas metretas*) may possibly have suggested Pope's well-known line,

Sir! Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil.

Becker, in the Appendix to his *Gallus*, when treating of the relation between bookseller and author in ancient Rome, notices particularly the passage, in the last of the above epigrams, about the gratuitous page (*gratis pagina nostra*), intimating that Martial had probably sold his book to the bookseller, and thus, in one sense, ceased to derive a profit from the sale. He observes that "it is inconceivable how Martial, who, according to his own account, was always in want of money, should have endured quietly to look on, while Tryphon, or Pollius, or Secundus, made a considerable profit of his poems; for we have reason to believe that his books were very successful;" and he quotes a distich from Martial on the sale of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, to shew that the sale of books was profitable:

Sunt quidam, qui me dicunt non esse poetam,

Sed qui me vendit bibliopola putat.

In inquiries concerning the profits of Roman authors it is necessary to take into consideration the absence, in ancient Rome, of a law of copyright: without such a law the booksellers might make

a fortune out of the sale of the *Pharsalia* without liability of accounting to Polla, whom Martial (in his epigram on Lucan's birthday) has immortalized as Lucan's widow. Martial, however, does not complain, like Dryden and many of our poets, of the cormorants who sit on the tree of knowledge.

XXXIX.

AUTHOR IN WANT OF A CLOAK.

RUFUS! a man, the other day, inspected me as closely as though he had been about to buy me for a slave, or choose me for a gladiator; at last he broke silence, and said, Are you that Martial whose wit is familiar to *every ear but that of a Dutchman* (*aurem Batavam*)? I smiled, and slightly nodded assent. Upon which he said, "Why then have you so *bad* a cloak" (*lacerna*). I answered, "Because I am a *bad* poet." That this may not happen again, Rufus! to a Poet, send me a good cloak.—*Lib. VI. Ep. LXXXII.*

Pope, in a letter to H. Cromwell, Esq., thus avails himself of expressions in this and in the epigram of this chapter on an *Attic Patron*: "I agree with you in your censure of the use of the sea-terms in Mr Dryden's *Virgil*, not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no words of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style which epic poetry requires. The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they must not expect *auribus Atticis probari*. I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously." The *tarpaulin* phrases alluded to are such as are noticed by Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, as,

Tack to the *larboard*, and stand off to sea,
Veer *starboard* sea and land.

XL.

ADVANTAGES OF A PATRON.

O, LITTLE book, to whom do you desire to be dedicated? Hasten to procure to yourself a *Patron*, lest quickly you be hurried into a dark kitchen, there to cover little fishes with your wetted papyrus, or to be made a hood (*cucullus*) for holding pepper and frankincense. You fly to the *sinus* (principal fold of the toga) of Faustinus? You are wise. Now you may walk abroad, anointed with cedar-oil, and polished at both ends (*gemino honore frontis*): you may luxuriate in painted *umbilicis* (cylinder with painted knobs round which the *volumen* was rolled); delicate purple may clothe you, and you may wear a proud title (*Index*) inscribed on cloth of a deep red colour. With such a patron and champion, you may defy the critic Probus.—*Lib. III. Ep. II.*

Becker, in the Appendix to his *Gallus*, when treating of Roman Books, adverts to the above epigram, as giving a more comprehensive description of the ornaments of books than is to be found in the other ancient writers; the *geminæ frontes*, *umbilicus*, and *index*, are terms of bookbinders that are explained, principally from Martial, by Becker, and by Dr Smith in his *Dictionary of Antiquities*. With regard to the term *cucullus* (a hood or cowl), as applied to paper in the above epigram, it is referred to by the writer of an article on a MS. of Aratus, in the 26th volume of the *Archæologia of the Antiquarian Society*, as showing, among other proofs, that there were several papers in common use among the Romans besides that made of papyrus: he thinks that paper manufactured of papyrus could not from its brittle nature conveniently have been twisted into the shape of a hood or wrapper for the purpose of holding pepper and frankincense.

Coryat, in his pedantic style, which led Ben Jonson to apply to him the term *Logo-Dædalus*, concludes what is a highly interesting letter from India, thus: "Yet one postscript more by way of corollary, being the fourth and last, I will add, as the final *umbilick* to this tedious English-Indian epistle."

XLI.

A WILLING PATRON.

LITTLE Book ! if you are well acquainted with Sabinus, the honour of the mountainous Umbria, you will present him with this collection of epigrams, whether or not he be, at the time, busy. Though a thousand cares assail and oppress him, yet he will find leisure for my verses : for he loves me, and next to the noble books of Turnus he values mine. O what a name is in store for me ! O what glory, and how many lovers shall I have ! And you, my little Book ! will be talked of in the Forum, and at all banquets, temples, streets, porticos, taverns. You will be sent to one, but will be read by all.—*Lib. vii. Ep. xcvi.*

In Ben Jonson's address to his Muse, in his *Underwoods*, the above epigram of Martial is closely copied, Sir Kenelm Digby being substituted for Sabinus. Ben Jonson thus concludes :

Say he be

Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee
 He will clear up his forehead ; think thou bring'st
 Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st.
 For he doth love my verses, and will look
 Upon them next to Spenser's noble book,
 And praise them too. O what a fame 'twill be,
 What reputation to my lines and me,
 When he shall read them at the Treasurer's board,
 The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
 Allows them ! Then, what copies shall be had,
 What transcripts begg'd ! how cried up, and how glad
 Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall !
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

XLII.

AN ATTIC PATRON.

IF you desire to be *approved of by Attic ears* (*auribus Atticis probari*), I admonish and exhort you, little Book! to ingratiate yourself with the learned Apollinaris; than whom there is no one more erudite nor of more exquisite taste, nor who, at the same time, is more candid and benevolent. If he cherishes you in his breast, and repeats you with his mouth, you will have no cause to fear the snortings (*rhonchos*) of malignity, nor will you furnish broiling tunics (*tunicas molestas*) for herrings. If he condemn you, you may hasten immediately to the stalls of the sellers of salt and salted provisions, to be ploughed on the back (unwritten side) by school-boys (*otherwise*, saltsellers' boys).—*Lib. IV. Ep. LXXXVII.*

Martial's phrase of *tunica molesta*, or the pitchy shirt in which criminals were burnt, for the paper in which fish, particularly *scombri* (herrings or mackerel), were enveloped, is used by him, probably, on account of such fish being dressed like our red-mullets, or Maintenon cutlets. With regard to the *salarii*, and the *ploughboys* of paper, much is written by the commentators. The passage *inversa arande charta* is cited by antiquarians to shew that rolled volumes were usually written on one side only. The expression, *auribus Atticis probari*, has been above adverted to in the epigram on "An Author in want of a Cloak," as used by Pope.

In allusion, probably, to the above epigram, and to another by Martial, beginning,

Ne toga condylis, et pænula desit olivis,

Milton writes against the knight Claudius Salmasius, the famous apologist of Charles I.:

Gaudete scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,

Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!

Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius, Eques

Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat:

Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
 Vobis *cucullos* præferentes Claudii
 Insignia, nomenque, et decus Salmasii.
 Gestetis ut per omne cetrarium forum
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

Rejoice, ye Herrings! and all fishes who shiver in the seas in the coldness of winter; for Salmasius, the good knight, has pity upon you, and has an intention of clothing your nakedness. He is preparing in a bountiful spirit hoods of papyrus for you all, which shall bear on the face of them the coat of arms, and the name and fame of Claudius Salmasius. As the knights' clients you shall wear hoods made out of the leaves of his (unsaleable) book, in every fish-market; a species of envelope which cannot fail of being very acceptable at the stalls and shelves of the fishmongers.

Montaigne expresses himself in a similar vein concerning his own writings. After quoting Martial, he writes: "I shall, peradventure, keep a pound of butter in the market from melting in the sun; yet, though nobody should read me, have I lost my time in entertaining myself so many idle hours in pleasing and useful thoughts?"

XLIII.

PLAGIARIES.

(I.)

FIDENTINUS! There is one page of your own in the middle of the book the whole of which you profess to have written; but that page bears an indisputable indication of its authorship, convicting you, in the rest, of manifest theft. Thus the materials of a rough Gallic cloak degrade a violet garb of the city by their admixture; thus does Aretine pottery spoil a crystal vase; thus does a black crow, hap- pening to wander on the banks of the Cayster, excite laughter when seen among the white swans; thus when a sacred *grove*

is alive with the varied note of the *Attic bird*, does the voice of a wicked magpie jar with its plaintive strains. I need no one to point out what part of your book is mine, no one to vindicate me; your own page confronts you, and proclaims you a thief.—*Lib. I. Ep. LIV.*

(II.)

I WAS writing an epic poem, but when you announced that you were beginning to write one, I desisted, in order to avoid rivalry. My *Thalia* thereupon transferred itself to the tragic *cothurni*, you immediately fitted to yourself the long *syrra* (train); I struck the Muse's lyre, you forthwith seized the *plectrum* (quill to play on the strings of the lyre) with a new-born ambition. I dared to write satires, you strove to be Lucilius. I take sport in light elegies, you fancy the same kind of sport. What lower style of poetry can I choose? I begin to fashion epigrams, here also you grudge me my fame. Choose what you do *not* like; it is a shame to like every thing. Thus if there be any species of composition you do not like to undertake, leave that for me.—*Lib. XII. Ep. XCVI.*

Ben Jonson appears to have had the first of the above epigrams in his view in his own epigram on *Poet-Ape*, which concludes:

Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

Still more closely has Ben Jonson imitated the second of the above epigrams, but in a less lively strain than in the original:

I cannot for the stage a drama lay
Tragic or comic; but thou writ'st a play.
I leave thee there, and, giving way, intend
An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write
Next morn an ode: thou mak'st a song ere night.
I pass to elegies: thou meet'st me there,
To satires; and thou dost pursue me. Where,

Where shall I 'scape thee? in an epigram?

O, thou cry'st out, that is my proper game.

The expression, the *Attic bird*, or *Attic warbler* (*Atthide*), has been used by several modern poets, though it may be difficult to say positively that they borrowed it from Martial. Thus Dr Newton, in his *Notes on Milton's Paradise Regained*, refers to the first of the above epigrams in illustration of the passage on the "olive grove of Academe:"

Where the *Attic* bird
Trills her thick warbled notes.

Martial (*Lib.* x.) gives a plagiarist one leg of the runner Lada, and another of wood. A libeller in Martial's name is noticed by Jeremy Taylor for his conscience, *prodente clamet conscientia, scripsi*.

XLIV.

BOOKSELLERS.

As often as you meet me, Lupercus, you immediately say, "May I send my slave-boy that you may give him your Book of Epigrams, which I will return as soon as I have read it." I answer, There is no occasion to put your boy to so much trouble. It is a long distance to come to my part of the city, and I live up three pair of stairs, and those high ones. You can get what you want much nearer. You often walk into Argiletum (Paternoster Row): you will find there a shop opposite Cæsar's Forum; its door-posts, from top to bottom, are covered with inscriptions, from which you may soon learn the names of all the Poets whose works are for sale. Seek for me out of these: you need not ask Atrectus (for this is the name of the owner of the shop) if he can find me. He will hand my book down from the first or second *nest* (*nido*), bound with purple, and polished with pumice-stone, for the price of five denarii. "You are not worth so much," quoth Lupercus. "You speak wisely," quoth I.—*Lib.* i. *Ep.* cxviii.

The last line of the epigram *Tanti non es, ais? sapis, Luperce*, forms the motto of the 445th number of the *Spectator* by Addison, with a version :

You say, Lupercus, what I write

I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

This use of Martial's epigram may appear ingenious; the Paper containing a discussion on the point whether the *Spectator* ought to be discontinued in consequence of the new stamp to be imposed on periodicals on the next day, which would have the effect of raising its price from a penny to twopence. Swift mentions as the effect of the stamp, which began on Aug. 1st, 1712, "The *Observer* is fallen, the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying-Post*, the *Examiner* is deadly sick. The *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles in price." The daily circulation of the *Spectator* has been estimated at fourteen thousand; like the *Tatler* and *Guardian* it was printed on a single half-sheet, and upon vile paper.

The above epigram is quoted by Roman antiquarians in treating on the subjects of booksellers' shops, and the price of books, as in the Excursus of Becker's *Gallus* on the *Booksellers*, in which there are nine extracts from Martial, besides other references to him. Becker notices that the book of Martial, which cost five denarii, contained a hundred and nineteen epigrams; he makes his *Gallus* say, as suggested by the above epigram, "I do not much desire to be sold in the Argiletan shops for five denarii, and find my name hung up on the doors, and not always in the best company."

XLV.

AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

How small a skin here comprises 'the immense Maro!
the first tablet bears his portrait.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. CLXXXVI.*

Upon this authority, and one in Seneca, Becker and Dr Smith state it to have been the practice, among the Romans, to prefix portraits of authors to books. The engraved portrait of Shakspeare in the first edition of his plays, which is vouched by Ben Jonson, is a notable

example of the early revival of this practice in England. Sir Matthew Hale's portrait prefixed to his works represents his thumb, according to his practice, placed in his girdle; that of Paley has a fishing-rod. Ben Jonson speaks of his own picture as exhibiting

A mountain belly, and a rocky face.

XLVI.

SQUARE MSS.

WITHIN small skins is compressed the enormous work of Livy, which, if it had been written on rolls, my bookcase (receptacle for rolls) could scarcely have contained.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* CXC.

A writer on a MS. of Aratus, in the twenty-sixth volume of the *Archæologia* of the Antiquarian Society, observes that Shaurzius, in his work *De Ornamentis Librorum*, is of opinion that Martial, in his epigrams, headed respectively, "Ovid," "Homer," "Cicero," and others in *membranes*, is speaking of *square manuscripts* of those authors, and not of *rolls*. The author of the Paper thinks it probable that square manuscripts, which, before Martial lived, had been rarely used, except for books of account and registers, began, in his time, to come much into vogue. He observes that besides rolled manuscripts being written only on one side, their shape, and the looseness with which they were rolled, necessarily caused them to occupy much more space, in proportion to the matter contained in them, than was the case with square manuscripts, the leaves of which, besides being written on both sides, were compressed into the smallest compass by the bookbinder.

The concluding line of the epigram,

Quem mea vix totum bibliotheca capit,

may appear to have suggested the conclusion of one of the mock commendatory epigrams prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities*, in allusion to his having travelled to Venice and back with *one* pair of shoes, which is compared to Drake's voyage round the world in *one* ship. Drake, however, published only one volume; whereas, says the Poet, in Martial's words, a bookcase would scarcely hold Coryat's *Travels*.

Ad Venetos venit corio Coryatus ab uno
 Vectus, et, ut vectus, penè revectus erat.
 Nave unâ Dracus sic totum circuit orbem,
 At rediens retulit te, Coryate, minus.
 Illius undivagos tenet unica charta labores,
Tota tuos sed vix bibliotheca capit.

Jeremy Taylor, in animadverting on the "infinite number of ceremonies in the Romish Church," writes, "They are described in a great book in folio, *quem mea non totum bibliotheca capit*, my purse will not reach to buy it."

 XLVII.

EXPLICIT. CORNUA.

You send back my book *unfolded (explicitum)* to its horns (*cornua*), and as if you had read it through. I can believe in your having read the whole, and am glad of it. Just in the same way, I have read through five of your books.—*Lib. XI. Ep. CVIII.*

The word *explicit*, usually placed at the end of a work in ancient Latin MSS., is not classical Latin, but is supposed to be an abridgment of the word *explicitum*, for the use of which antiquarians refer to the first line of the above epigram of Martial, and to a line in another of his epigrams,

Versibus *explicitum* est omne duobus opus.

Many of the mock eulogies prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities* conclude with an *explicit*. Thus, one remarkable for being written by the great architect, Inigo Jones, in allusion to the *benefit of Clergy*, concludes thus :

This book who scorns to buy, or on it look,
 May he at Sessions crave, and want his book !

Explicit Inigo Jones.

In the Medicean MS. of Virgil, which was written at a date that none have placed later than the fourth century, there is inscribed at the end of the *Bucolics*,

P. Vergili Maronis

Bucolicon. Liber explicit.

Incipit Georgicon, Lib. I. Feliciter.

Becker, in his *Excursus* on the *Books*, adverts to the term *cornua*, which, he notices, is used by Martial only in this place. Martial seems, in the epigram, to hint at a jactitation of reading through a rolled volume, by returning it completely unrolled to its *umbilicus*, of which the *cornua* were the knobs or handles.

XLVIII.

BOOK-SPONGE.

WHILST my book is new, and its edges are not yet cut even, whilst my page is still moist, and fears to be touched, go, boy, and carry it to my friend Faustinus, who is deserving of the first sight of my trifles. Run, but properly furnished; let an African *sponge* accompany the book; it is a fitting appendage to my gifts. Many effacings, Faustinus, cannot amend my jests, one effacing can.—*Lib. IV. Ep. x.*

Becker quotes the last two lines of this epigram as illustrating the practice of erasing or washing out the whole of a page, and writing again on the same paper, which was called *palimpsestus*. It is supposed that many literary treasures have been effaced in order that the paper might be converted into a palimpsest. The following passages, in which Becker describes the library of Gallus, will shew a modern use of Martial's notices of Roman books, and, at the same time, explain several of the above epigrams :

"There, in presses of cedar-wood, placed round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment and partly of the finest Egyptian *papyrus*, each supplied with a label, on which was seen in bright red letters the name of the author, and title of the book."

"Other literary slaves were engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exterior, in glueing the several strips of *papyrus* together, in

smoothing with pumice-stone and blackening the edges, drawing red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same colour ; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which the rolls were wrapped, and dyeing bright red or yellow the parchment which was to serve as a wrapper."

XLIX.

WRITING-TABLETS.

(I.)

It requires good eyes to peruse what is written with a style upon dark-coloured waxen tablets ; but letters written upon white ivory are read with the greatest facility.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. v.*

(II.)

THOUGH these tablets are called skins (*membrana*), fancy them wax ; you may rub out what is previously written upon them, and write again, as often as you please.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. VII.*

These epigrams, and several others on the subject of *writing-tablets*, were composed for the purpose of accompanying Saturnalian presents. The author of a paper in the 26th volume of the *Archæologia of the Antiquarian Society*, on the subject of a MS. of Aratus, has discussed the subject of the Roman writing-tablets (*pugillares*). In the course of his remarks he quotes the above epigrams, and notices various other epigrams of Martial on *pugillares* of different sorts. He considers that the second of the above epigrams relates to tablets like our books of ass's-skin.

L.

SHORT-HAND.

THOUGH words are fluent, the hand outstrips them in speed; the tongue has not finished its work, the hand's work is done.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. CCVIII.*

The distich which expresses the above epigram is used by Melmoth to illustrate a passage in Pliny's Letters, wherein it is mentioned that the elder Pliny was constantly attended in his chariot by a short-hand writer (*notarius*), who, in winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, in order that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption of his occupation. Melmoth gives the following version of Martial's epigram :

Swift tho' the words, the pen still swifter sped,
The hand has finish'd, ere the tongue has said.

LI.

MARTIAL.

I CONFESS, Callistratus, that I am and always was poor, though not an obscure nor unfavourably known knight (*Nec male notus eques*). I am frequently read throughout the whole world, and people point at me, saying, "That is He." The boon which ashes give, and that only to a few, has been conferred upon me whilst alive. Your roofs, however, rest on a hundred columns, and your wealth is such a libertine as scarcely to be confined by any chest. An extensive farm at Syene on the Nile is subservient to you, and Gallic Parma shears your innumerable flocks. Look on the picture of what I am, and on that of what you are; only bear this in mind, that you cannot become what I am, whilst any one of the populace may become like you.—*Lib. v. Ep. XIII.*

The motto of the arms belonging to the Viscounts Southwell is taken from the above epigram, viz. *Nec male notus eques*. Martial's concluding sentiment has been expressed on several remarkable occasions, and in some well-known poems, though it may appear too fanciful to connect such instances with his epigram. Charles V. told his Court that he could make as many courtiers as he pleased, but that he could not make a Titian; and Burns,

A Prince can make a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he munna fa' that.

LII.

QUINTILIAN.

QUINTILIAN, of the guides of unstable youth the chief; the glory of the Roman toga! Pardon me, that poor as I am, and not of an age past enjoyment, I hasten to live. *No one hastens enough to live*. Let that man put off the time for living, whose aim is to increase his hereditary wealth, and who crowds his *atria* with images in excessive number. My delight is my fireside, and a house that is not spoiled with a little smoke, and a running stream, and natural turf. May I have a well-fed slave, a wife not too learned, nights with sleep, days without a lawsuit.—*Lib. II. Ep. xc.*

This epigram is translated, or rather paraphrased, by Cowley :

Wonder not, Sir, (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown,)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.

Let him defer it whose prepost'rous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir,
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice.
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with ought but constant fire.
I will content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light.
Pleasures abroad the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields ;
And, then, at home, what pleasure is't to see,
A little cleanly cheerful family ;
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer ;
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be ;
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me ;
Thus let my life slide silently away
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

Two lines of the above epigram are used for the motto of the 71st number of the *Rambler*, with this version :

True, Sir, to live I haste, your pardon give,
For, tell me, who makes haste enough to live ?

In the course of this Paper Dr Johnson relates, that when Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to instance the misfortune as an excitement to be charitable while God gives us the power of bestowing ; and he considered himself as culpable in some degree in having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

Dr Johnson further mentions, in reference to Martial's sentiment, "that it was lamented by Hearne, the antiquary, that a general forgetfulness of the fragility of life had remarkably infected the students of monuments and records. As their employment consists first in collecting, and, afterwards, in arranging or abstracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest : but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies when they are already overburthened, and, at last, leave their work unfinished. 'It is,' says he,

‘the part of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.’”

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Sermon on Death-bed Repentance*, quotes four lines from the above epigram of Martial, viz.

Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis,
Da veniam: properat vivere nemo satis.
Differat hoc, patrios optat qui vincere census,
Atriaque immodicis arctat imaginibus.

After enumerating, in this sermon, the various duties which a man cannot perform if he has not hastened to perform them at the proper time, Jeremy Taylor allows that a sinner, on his death-bed, “can pray, and groan, and call to God, and resolve to live well when he is dying.”

With regard to *Images* in the Atria, Becker introduces Gallus’s servants busy in his *atrium* about decking with fresh garlands the busts and shields which supplied the place of the *imagines*, or waxen *masks* of departed ancestors; he calls the placing of images of ancestors in the *atrium* a beautiful custom: Juvenal writes,

Tota licet veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, nobilitas sola est, atque unica virtus.

LIII.

JUVENAL.

You strive to involve me in a quarrel with my friend Juvenal; what wilt not thou, O perfidious tongue, dare to utter? By your mischievous fictions, Orestes would have hated Pylades, and the love of Pirithous would have been withdrawn from Theseus. You would have disunited the Sicilian brothers, and the Atridæ (Agamemnon and Menelaus) of greater fame, and the sons of Leda (Castor and Pollux). I imprecate on yourself the punishment of being for ever addicted to vile practices, in retribution for such darings (*pro talibus ausis*).—*Lib. VII. Ep. XXIII.*

Edwards, in his *Medallic History*, gives the representations of two medals of the reign of Charles II., which he designates as "honorary medals struck to be presented to naval officers who had distinguished themselves in an engagement." He describes the medals thus: "The King's head and titles. Reverse, a fleet engaged, the King on shore giving command, *Pro talibus ausis*. 'For such attempts.'" In the correspondence of Pepys, there is a letter from a Mr Slingsby, offering Pepys to sell him some medals by *Monsieur Roetter*, according to a *list*. In the list, No. 8, is "The King for the *Fyre* ships, with *Pro talibus ausis*, £1. 19s.;" No. 15 is a similar medal, price £1. 8s.

The Reverses in the two medals of which copies are given by Edwards slightly differ, but in each there is a *ship on fire*, which does not appear to have attracted Edwards's notice, and which is, most probably, the *daring* exploit alluded to in the mottoes.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Sermon on Slander*, makes a quotation from the above epigram of Martial, observing that "the dearest friendships in the world cannot be secure, where such whisperers are attended to;" and, with reference to the line, "*Quid non ardebis, perfida lingua, loqui?*" he says that false accusation is a "direct murder of the tongue."

LIV.

CATULLUS'S SPARROW.

SILIUS, the glory of the Castalian sisters, who in lofty style expressest the perjuries of barbaric rage, and the perfidy of the proud Hannibal, and who compellest the fickle Carthaginians to yield to the two great Africani, lay aside, for a while, the severity of your studies, and give yourself leisure suited to my Muse. Now December's holidays are noisy with the rotatory rattling of dice in their chanceful boxes. Do not, at this season, read with a stern look, but with benignity, my little poems on jocular themes. Probably

in this same manner, the weaker Catullus may have sent his *Sparrow* to the great Virgil.—*Lib.* IV. *Ep.* XIV.

The above epigram has been cited to show that the writings of Catullus were contemporary with those of Virgil; whereas most writers assert that Catullus died when Virgil was yet a youth, and was pursuing his studies at Cremona. The question is considered by Lamb in the Preface to his translation of Catullus. It would seem that Martial had been less attentive to chronology than anxious to make up the terms of a proportion as Silius to Virgil, so himself to Catullus; the former comparison being the most acceptable compliment that could be paid to Silius, and the latter expressing the summit of his own aspirations.

George Lamb thus renders the above epigram of Martial:

Oh, thou, whose strains in loftiest style
(Oh, Silius, glory of the Nine!)

Tell barbarous warfare's varied wile,
Hannibal's ever new design;
And paint the Scipios in the field,
Where Carthage false was forc'd to yield.

Awhile your grandeur put away,
December now, with rattling dice
Cast from the doubtful box, is gay;
And *Popa* plies his false device;
'Tis now an easy festive time
That well befits my careless rhyme.

Then smooth your frowns; with placid brow
Read, pr'ythee, these my trifling lays,
My lays where wanton jests o'erflow;
For thus, perchance, his *sparrow's* praise,
Catullus, whom sweet strains attend,
To mighty Maro dar'd to send.

Antiquarians have adverted to this epigram in treating of the festival of the Saturnalia and of the social games of the Romans. The Delphin editors term *perobscurum* the passage, *Et ludit rota nequiore talo*. Becker renders *nequiore talo*, *loaded dice*. George Lamb's *Popa* is the keeper of a *popina*.

LV.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

(I.)

SILIUS (Italicus) celebrates funeral obsequies at Maro's tomb, and is the possessor of Cicero's domain (the Academy). Surely neither Maro nor Cicero would have preferred any individual now alive to be the heir and guardian of his sepulchre and lares.—*Lib. XI. Ep. XLIX.*

(II.)

A SOLITARY poor man was, for a long time, the only resident near the deserted ashes of Maro, who might pay honour to his sacred name. Silius came to the rescue of Maro's estate, which now, as formerly, is subject to the dominion of a Poet.—*Lib. XI. Ep. LI.*

The above epigrams have been pressed into the controversy concerning the site of Virgil's tomb. Cluverius, who is followed by Addison, chiefly on the authority of a passage in Statius of doubtful interpretation, argues that Virgil's tomb was at the foot of Vesuvius. With reference to the above epigrams Eustace writes, "As for the two epigrams of Martial quoted by Cluverius, they only seem to insinuate that Silius Italicus was proprietor both of the tomb of Virgil and of the villa of Cicero, a circumstance rather favourable than contrary to the common opinion concerning the site of Virgil's tomb: for we know that Cicero's villa lay on the same side of Naples as Posilipo, and as Virgil's tomb belonged to the same master as the villa, it may be supposed that they were not very far distant from each other."

Concerning the latter of the above epigrams, Eustace writes, in his *Classical Tour*, "The sepulchre of Virgil, it might be imagined, would have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal admiration even in his lifetime, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and, according to Quintilian, made, with Homer, part of

the rudiments of early education at Rome. Yet Martial declares that the tomb had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long-forgotten honours:

To honour Maro's dust, and sacred shade,
 One swain remained, deserted, poor, alone.
 Till Silius came his pious toils to aid,
 In homage to a name scarce greater than his own.

This negligence in an age of so much refinement cannot but appear astonishing, even though we are informed that the same age had been terrified by the cruelties of four successive tyrants, and distracted by two most destructive wars raging in the very heart of Italy." These epigrams illustrate a letter of Pliny, in which he relates the suicide of Silius, and particulars of his life.

The circumstances of the poet Sannazarius being buried near Virgil's tomb, and Spenser near that of Chaucer, are noticed in their epitaphs, which may possibly have been suggested by Martial's lines on the poet Silius in connexion with Virgil's tomb; the epitaph on Sannazarius (*Sincerus*) being:

Da sacro cineri flores, hic ille Maronis
 Sincerus, musa proximus, et tumulo.

And that on Spenser, which is apparently borrowed from the preceding:

Hic, prope Chaucerum, situs est Spenserius, illi
 Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.

LVI.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

WHOSOEVER will read the imperishable volumes of the immortal Silius, and his verses worthy of the Roman toga, must surely suppose that he had given his whole mind to the Pierian recesses, to the chaplets which the Aonian Muses wear after the fashion of Bacchus. Nevertheless,

he did not attain to the sacred poesy of the tragic Virgil, until he had maturely studied the whole works of Cicero. Him the Centumviri at their tribunal still admire, and many a client speaks of him with a grateful tongue. After he had held office with twelve consular fasces, during the memorable year when the world's liberty was vindicated by Nero's downfall, he dedicated the remaining years of his life, like those of a gladiator who has received his *rudis* of honourable discharge, to Phœbus and the Muses; he now cultivates Helicon instead of his wonted Forum.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* LXII.

In a dedication by Dryden, addressed to the Duke of Northumberland, he writes, "I regard you as another *Silius Italicus*, who, having passed over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business and from the gown, and employed his age among the shades in the reading and imitation of Virgil:

Emeritos Musis et Phœbo tradidit annos."

LVII.

PLINY.

Go, my Thalia, take to the eloquent Pliny my little book; it is scarcely learned nor grave enough, but it is not chargeable with rusticity. It is no long labour to mount the steep street of the Subura; when this is done, you will immediately behold the statue of Orpheus, at the top of a theatre wet from being sprinkled with perfumed showers; the wild beasts stand around, along with the eagle of Jove, wondering at his music. The next object is the house of your poet Pedo, on the top of which is sculptured an eagle with a smaller pinion. But beware, and do not strike at

Pliny's learned door, like to one intoxicated, at your own time. He gives his whole days to abstruse Minerva, whilst he plans for the ears of the *Centumviri* what both this age and posterity may compare with the orations of Cicero. You will go more safely at the time of the lights. This is your hour, when Bacchus rages, when the rose reigns, when the hair is moistened with perfume. At such a season rigid Catos may read me.—*Lib. x. Ep. xix.*

Pliny mentions this epigram in a letter in which he expresses his sorrow at the news of Martial's death; of whom he observes that "Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum in scribendo et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus." He quotes from memory the ten concluding lines of the above epigram, which Melmoth has thus translated:

Go, wanton Muse! but go with care,
Nor meet ill-timed my Pliny's ear;
He by sage Minerva taught,
Gives the day to studious thought,
And plans that eloquence divine,
Which shall to future ages shine,
And rival, wondrous Tully! thine.
Then, cautious watch the vacant hour
When Bacchus reigns in all his power;
When crown'd with many chaplets gay,
E'en rigid Catos read my lay.

Pliny mentions, that when Martial left Rome on his return to Spain, he defrayed the expenses of the poet's journey, not only as a testimony of his friendship, but in return for the verses with which he had been complimented.

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Discourse on the House of Feasting*, quotes from the above epigram of Martial, the lines:

Seras tutior ibis ad lacernas,
Hæc hora est tua, cum furit Lyæus,
Cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli.

With regard to which he observes, that "all the time of life is lost,

when wine, and rage, and pleasure and folly steal away the heart of a man, and make him go singing to his grave."

Ben Jonson concludes the dedication to the Inns of Court of his Play called *Every Man out of his Humour*, thus, in apparent imitation of Martial's epigram: "Yet I command it not to lie in the way of your most noble and useful studies to the public. But when the gown and cap is off, and the lord of liberty reigns, then to take it in your hands, may, perhaps, make some *bencher*, tinctured with humanity, read and not repent him." The festivities of the Inns of Court, particularly described in Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, are here alluded to, the *reign* of the Rose being supplied by the *reign* of the Lord of Misrule, and ancient *Cato*, in his convivial moods, by a *Bencher*.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL LIFE.

MARTIAL'S epigrams upon the subject of the present Chapter have been in particular request by modern writers, owing to their being applicable to all times and nations. This is not the less the case with regard to those epigrams which relate to the habits or manners of specified individuals, where, under their names, a general virtue, or vice, or foible is pointed at. The commencing epigrams in this Chapter describe the ways by which human happiness may be secured or frustrated. If it be objected that their tendency is Epicurean, as countenancing the maxim, that we ought to live to-day for to-morrow we die, it may be answered that modern divines and moralists have not on that account turned aside from them; but, in substituting the motive of eternal for that of temporary happiness, have largely availed themselves of Martial's reflections in support of Christian doctrines, and have wielded in a sacred cause the inimitable terseness and neatness of Martial's poetry. Moreover, independently of the reigning object of the epigrams in question, they will be found to contain many judicious remarks on the nature of the employments, and the direction of the abilities of mankind, and on a sensible enjoyment of the objects of pleasure with which Providence has enlivened our existence.

Besides schemes for the conduct of life, the present Chapter contains numerous epigrams, founded on the inti-

mate relations of society, and on occurrences that arise out of the social intercourse of a large community, and which are not merely the result of national and temporary conventionalities. The Chapter is concluded with a few epitaphs and elegies, a subject in which it is the lot of humanity to feel a perpetual interest. It is conceived that enough will appear in the pages of this Chapter in particular to justify amply the praise which Martial arrogates for his book, that it savours of mankind, *hominem pagina nostra sapit*.

LVIII.

A HAPPY LIFE.

THE requisites for a happy life are the following: competency inherited and not acquired by labour; productive land, a hearth which never lacks a fire (*focus perennis*); total absence of litigation; rare occasion for the toga (the garb of business); a quiet mind; unimpaired physical vigour; health of body; prudent simplicity; friends that are, in all respects, your equals; familiar society; a table devoid of art; nights, not of revelling, but of freedom from cares; a couch not sad nor licentious; sleep, which curtails the time of darkness; to be exactly what you wish to be; preferring no other condition to your own; neither to dread nor to long for your last hour.—*Lib. x. Ep. XLVII.*

The above epigram has been thus translated by Cowley:

Since, dearest Friend! 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me,
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great, nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit*, the doctors call.

Let this estate from parents' care descend;
 The getting it too much of life doth spend.
 Take such a ground whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
 And let thy kitchen be a vestal flame.
 Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain;
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take;
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee;
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy daytime creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art:
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part,
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

In Fenton's translation of the same epigram, the following lines may deserve notice:

Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign,
 Let me no change desire, no change decline;
 With every turn of Providence comply,
 Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

Somerville, the author of the *Chase*, has translated the above epigram. His concluding lines are:

Pleas'd with thy present lot, not grudging at the past,
 Nor fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping for thy last.

Hamilton (Anderson's *English Poets*) in a poem called the *Wish*, concludes:

Such in some blest asylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wish, to die.

The preference given by Martial to inherited over acquired possessions is impugned by Mr Sharpe, in his *Essays*. Lord Bacon, in his *Colours of Good and Evil*, canvasses this very point, assigning four *colours* for the position that what is obtained by labour and virtue is a greater good than what comes by favour and fortune, and four *counter-colours* in support of Martial's opinion.

In the 203rd number of the *Rambler*, Dr Johnson observes, "Among Martial's requisites to happiness is *Res non parva labore, sed relicta* (an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance). It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for, whatever comes at the close of life will come too late to give much delight. Yet all human happiness has its defects; of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or, at least, can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; still, what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it."

Dryden, in the dedication of his translation of the *Georgics* to the Earl of Chesterfield, writes, "*Res non parva labore, sed relicta*, was thought by the poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? He who is born to a pleasant estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind."

With regard to Martial's *focus perennis*, or, as Cowley renders it, *Vestal kitchen fire*, it may be noticed that Ben Jonson, after a specification of twenty-four *Leges Convivales* (Table-laws) which he had inscribed over the chimney-piece of his club-room called the *Apollo*, in the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple-bar (now Child's banking-house),

has a conclusion which would appear to be applicable to all his rules, viz. *Focus perennis esto* (let a fire be always kept lighted).

On the requisite of *prudent simplicity*, Jeremy Taylor, in a sermon on Christian simplicity, writes, "*Prudens simplicitas* is Martial's character of a good man; a wary and cautious innocence. A true simplicity is that which leaves to a man arms defensive, his castles and strong forts, but takes away his swords and spears, his anger and his malice, his peevishness and spite." After referring to the exhortation in St Matthew (x. 16) upon this subject, he observes that "we do not live in an age in which there is so much need to bid men be wary, as to take care that they are innocent."

The item *Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis*, is quoted by Warton in illustration of the passage in Milton's sonnet:

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench,
In mirth that after no repenting draws.

The motto of the 9th number of the *Rambler* is Martial's *Quod sis esse velis, nihilque malis*, of which a version is given,

Chuse what you are, no other state prefer.

In this number Dr Johnson treats of the rivalry of different professions, and the tendency to depreciate members of a different profession from our own; he points out the good and bad effects of an *esprit de corps*.

Montaigne, in an essay entitled *De l'Expérience*, observes, in old French, "Je voudroy à ce mestier un homme content de sa fortune,

Quid sit esse velit, nihilque malit."

And he would extend the principle to contentment with the form of government under which any person is born.

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre,
S'il est royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi : car Dieu t'y a fait naistre.

The concluding line of the epigram, "*Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes*," is curious in regard to its modern use, if, as commentators generally suppose, it suggested some thoughts and expressions to Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, where he relates a conversation between the Archangel Michael and Adam, who says,

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution. Michael replied,

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven.

The French poet, Maynard, on his retirement from Paris into the provinces, in his old age, inscribed over the door of his library,

Las d'espérer, et de me plaindre
 Des Muses, des Grands, et du sort,
 C'est ici que l'attends la mort,
Sans la desirer, ni la craindre.

In a very early translation of the epigram by the Earl of Surrey, the last line is rendered, "Ne wish for death, ne fear his might." *Nec upias, nec metuas*, is the motto of the Earls of Hardwicke.

LIX.

ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

IF, dear Martialis! you and I could enjoy together days free from care, and could dispose at will of our leisure hours, and could be at liberty to indulge in what is really life, we should know nothing of the *atria* (saloons where salutations were made), or any other part of the houses of the powerful, nor of vexatious lawsuits, nor of the sad Forum, nor of proud *images* of our ancestors. But, instead, we should be carried in our litters, we should listen to stories, and peruse short books; we should enjoy the Campus Martius, the Porticos, the shade, the columns of the Aqueduct Virgo, the *thermæ* (warm-baths). These would be ever our labours, these our places of resort. As it is, however, neither you nor I live for ourselves; we behold the good suns shine,

and pass away; lost are they for ever, yet, nevertheless, they are counted in our reckoning. Is it possible that any one who knows how to live delays to live accordingly?—*Lib. v. Ep. XXI.*

The above epigram is thus versified by Cowley; in his version he has introduced some sentiments of a disappointed cavalier; Cowley's version or paraphrase is nearly double the length of the original, and may be thought inferior to it in simplicity and neatness of expression:

If, dearest friend, if my good fate might be,
I'd enjoy at once, a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,
We should not, sure, the great man's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed.
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there.
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news.
But books and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixed nature yields;
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply.
Sleep not controlled by cares, confined to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite.
Free, but not savage, nor ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions which ourselves should choose,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse:
Such, dearest friend, such, without doubt should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now, to himself, alas! does neither live,
But sees good suns, of which we are to give
A strict account, set, and march quick away:
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

Pereunt et imputantur (they perish and are reckoned), though, apparently, intended by Martial only to indicate how much of life

had been spent, has been inscribed as a motto on dials, and perhaps may be thought more pointed and edifying than most of its Latin rivals, as *tempus fugit*, or *labuntur anni*; especially to the scholar who can supply the previous line, *Soles effugere atque abire sentit*.

Pereunt et imputantur are the words adopted by Cotton as the motto of a small poem entitled *To-morrow*, in which the following lines occur :

Arrest the present moments,
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales ;
And though their flight be silent, and their path .
Tractless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly ;
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive.

The motto of the 98th Number of the *Lounger* (a continuation of the *Mirror*), which Number was written by Mr Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*, is :

Nec domos potentum
Nossemus, nec imagines superbas.

The writer of the Paper, who calls himself John Homespun, states that he is a freeholder, and possesses considerable influence in a county ; and that a Lord, or rather his Lady, whose son is aspiring to represent the county, invited himself and the ladies of his family to their house. A description is given of the reception and treatment of the writer's family at the *great house*.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the subject of Habitual Sins*, observes that "not to repent instantly is a great loss of our time, and it may be, for all we know, the loss of all our hopes ;" quoting from the above epigram :

Nunc vivit sibi neuter, heu, bonosque
Soles effugere atque abire sentit,
Qui nobis pereunt, et imputantur.

LX.

LIVING TWICE.

ANTONINUS PRIMUS, on this day, numbers fifteen Olympiads (seventy-five years), passed in a pleasant tenour of existence. He looks back on the days and years he has lived without their raising any fear about the proximate waters of Lethe. To his memory not one of his past days is grievous, or other than pleasant, not one which he would not wish to call to mind. A good man amplifies the span of his existence; for this is to live *twice*, to be able to find enjoyment in past life.—*Lib. x. Ep. XXIII.*

The motto of Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* is taken from this epigram, viz.:

Hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

Rogers adverts to this topic in the latter part of his poem, where he dwells on "the rich relics of a well-spent hour."

The motto of the 94th Number of the *Spectator* is the same as that taken for the *Pleasures of Memory*. The motto of the 40th Number of the *Rambler* consists of the last four lines of the epigram, of which the following version is given:

No day's remembrance shall the good regret,
Nor wish one better moment to forget;
They stretch the limits of their narrow span,
And, by enjoying, live past life again.

The Paper in the *Spectator* is illustrated by opinions of Locke and Malebranche, and enlivened by Eastern tales; that in the *Rambler* abounds with profound reflections on human life. The two Papers exhibit an interesting comparison of the turns of thought and diversities of style in Addison and Johnson.

Colley Cibber adopts as a motto for his autobiography the same as that taken by Addison and Rogers, with the following version:

When years no more of active life retain,
'Tis youth renew'd to laugh 'em o'er again.

Vincent Bourne, in some Latin verses on the death of Cotes, concludes:

Ampliat ætatem sibi vir bonus; ampliat et qui
 Præclarum studio conficit auctor opus.
 Hoc est vivere bis, vita potuisse priori,
 Vivere bis, vita posteriore frui.

i.e. a good man amplifies the term of his existence, and he also amplifies it, who by study accomplishes a famous work: this is what may be called living twice, whether in the reminiscence of life which is past, or foretaste of life which is future.

In the 57th Number of the *Lounger*, a correspondent, who represents himself as an old man, and gives a detail of the bright prospects of his rising family, in which he was in the habit of indulging, makes a reflection that this is, indeed, *living twice*.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Conscience*, observes, "A good conscience refreshed the sorrowing of Hezekiah when he was smitten with the plague. It not only brought pleasure for what was past, so doubling the good of it:

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui;

but it also added something to the number of his years:

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus."

Sir William Trumbull writes to Pope, in a letter dated June 19, 1715-16, "I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birthday of a friend of mine; when, finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus:

At length, my friend, (while time with still career
 Wafts on his gentle wing this eightieth year,)
 Sees his past days safe out of fortune's power,
 Nor dreads approaching fate's uncertain hour;
 Reviews his life, and, in the strict survey,
 Finds not one moment he could wish away,
 Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
 Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
 And from the goal again renews the race:
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ
 The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.

This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat (pray desire my good friend Mr Rowe to enter a caveat), provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly as many have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child, or not?"

The motto of the family of the Baronets Becher is *Bis vivit, qui bene*. This is the third motto from Martial on a coat of arms, in the English Peerage and Baronetage, quoted in this work; and, it is believed, that there are no more. Our Aristocracy has more commonly adopted for this purpose the *robusti carminis offas*.

LXI.

PROLONGING LIFE.

LIBER! the sweetest solicitude of your friends, worthy to live among eternal roses, if you be wise, let your hair always shine with Syrian oil, and let flowery garlands crown your head. Let your white crystal cups be darkened by Falernian wine, and let love enliven your soft couch.—Whoever has lived thus even to a middle age, has made life longer than as it was given to him.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. LXXVII.*

The epigram is thus translated by Ben Jonson:

Liber! of all thy friends the sweetest care
 Thou, worthy in eternal flower to fare,
 If thou be'st wise, with Syrian oil let shine
 Thy locks, and rosy garments crown thy head;
 Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
 And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
 He that but living half his days, dies such,
 Makes his life longer than 'twas given him, much.

The thought in the above epigram probably also suggested to Ben Jonson the point in his epigram addressed to William Roe:

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
 Then to begin, my Roe! He makes a state
 In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
 On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
 Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
 Each best day of our life escapes us first.
 Then since we, more than many, these truths know,
 Though life be short, let us not make it so.

The epigram of Martial is more closely followed in one by Ben Jonson, addressed to Sir Ralph Skelton, which is not liable to the imputation of Epicurean laxity. It concludes thus:

Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
 He that, but living half his age, lives such,
 Makes the whole longer than was given him, much.

LXII.

HEALTHY LIFE.

COTTA has lived sixty, and, I think, two more harvests. Nor can he call to mind a single day in which he has been confined to a sick bed. He puts out his finger to the eminent physicians Alcontus, Dasius, Symmachus, but it is the finger, not of a patient, but that, so-called, of scorn. If our years be properly computed, and a separation be made from the happier moments of life, of what burning fever, or wearisome lassitude, or agony of mind, have taken to themselves, we are, in fact, infants, though we appear old. Whoever deems the ages of Priam and Nestor to have been necessarily long is grossly deceived; for life is not simply living, but living in health.—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* LXX.

The motto of the 48th number of the *Rambler* is,
 Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.
 For life is not to live, but to be well.

The Paper contains useful reflections on the neglect of health. Dr Johnson treats of health as neglected by the votaries of business, the followers of pleasure, and those who lose their health "in an irregular and impetuous pursuit of literary accomplishments." He reflects on errors of the "valetudinarian race," and leaves us a literary relic in a prose translation by himself of the celebrated *Ode to Health*, one of the most beautiful gems of the Greek Anthology.

The same motto is taken for the 143rd number of the *Spectator*, by Steele, with a version,

For life is only life when blessed with health.

The Paper is chiefly directed against valetudinarians who molest their friends with the details of their illnesses, and against the imaginary complaints of ladies of fashion.

LXIII.

VERGE OF LIFE.

O JULIUS! not second in my memory to any one of my companions, if long-proved friendship, if hoary ties are to count. Now that a sixtieth Consul is nearly numbering your years, and your life cannot be protracted for a long period, you will not wisely put off things which, as you may perceive, there is a probability of your not living to accomplish; and you will calculate on the past only as being your own. Let cares, and labour with its chains, be put off till another day; but joys do not remain; if not tasted they fly away. Seize pleasure, therefore, with both hands, and in a close embrace; even with all our efforts it will escape as through the folds of a *toga*. Believe me, it is not the part of a wise man to say, "I will live;" to-morrow's life is too late, live to-day.—*Lib. I. Ep. XVI.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Repentance*, quotes from the above epigram the lines,

Non bene distuleris, videas quæ posse negari;
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie,

wherein he observes that a man "cannot lie in sin a moment without hazarding eternity, every instant is a danger; that a death-bed penitence is not productive of the fruits of amendment of life." In another *Discourse on Considerations preparatory to Death*, Jeremy Taylor quotes from Martial's epigram the lines,

Bis jam penè tibi Consul trigesimus instat,
Et numerat paucos vel tua vita dies.

As to which he remarks, that the "business and impertinent affairs of most men steal all their time, and they are restless in a foolish motion: but this is not the progress of a man; he is no further advanced in the course of life, though he reckon many years, for still his soul is childish and trifling, like an untaught boy."

LXIV.

PROSPEROUS INIQUITY.

SELIUS affirms that there are no Gods, and that Heaven is empty; and he produces a proof of his assertion; viz. that whilst he denies all Providence, he beholds himself affluent.—*Lib. iv. Ep. xxi.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Faith and Patience*, quotes the above epigram, observing that "when men choose a good cause upon confidence that an ill one cannot thrive, that is not for the love of virtue or duty to God, but for profit and secular interest. Take in all the aids you can, and if the fancy of standers-by, or the hearing of a cock-crow, can add any collateral aids to thy weakness, refuse them not; but let thy state of sufferings begin with choice, and be confirmed with knowledge, and place your reliance upon the love and the

aids of God, and the expectation of heaven, and the present sense of duty ; and then your actions will be as glorious in the event, as they are prudent in the enterprise, and religious in the prosecution."

Martial's epigram is also quoted by Todd, in his edition of Milton, in illustration of a passage in the lady's speech in *Comus* :

But with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

LXV.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

TAURUS, you delay making choice of a profession, sometimes giving out that you will be a Rhetorician, at others a Lawyer. You are suffering the old ages of Priam and Nestor to glide away ; whilst it is already late for you to end, how much more so to begin ! If you have any spirit or talent, make a start. Three Rhetoricians have died in the course of the last year ; and, if you spurn the schools, behold, all the Courts of Law are now full of lawsuits, Marsyas himself might get employed as a lawyer at the forum. Away with delays ; how long are we to be spectators of your wavering ? Whilst you are reiterating your doubts about what you will be hereafter, you show us that you can be one thing at present, which is, *nothing at all*.—*Lib. II. Ep. LXIV.*

The allusion to *Marsyas* implies that circumstances were so favourable for embracing the profession of the law, that a marble statue might become a lawyer. A statue of Marsyas undergoing the punishment of being flayed alive by Apollo, was placed at the entrance to the Roman forum, as a memento to litigants on the subject of *costs* ; Marsyas having been cast in a suit with Apollo touching the relative merits of the flute and the lyre.

Jeremy Taylor has quoted and applied Martial's epigram in his *Discourse on a late Death-bed Repentance*, and also in that on *Sins of Infirmary*. He observes that "there is no infirmity greater than that a man shall not be able to determine for himself what he ought to do."

Part of this epigram is adopted as a motto for the 19th number of the *Rambler*, with a poetical English version :

To rhetoric now, and now to law inclin'd ;
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind ;
Old Priam's age, or Nestor's may be out,
And Thou, O Taurus ! still go on in doubt :
Come, then, how long such wavering shall we see ?
Thou may'st doubt on ; thou now can'st nothing be.

Dr Johnson illustrates the subject by a sketch of the life of *Polyphilus*, "a man whom all his acquaintances had, from his first appearance in the world, feared for the quickness of his discernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments, but whose progress in life and usefulness to mankind had been hindered by the superfluity of his knowledge and the celerity of his mind." Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally into a company of physicians, and was much pleased with the prospect of turning philosophy to profit. He embraced the medical profession, and advocated a new theory of fevers ; but going to see a novel plant in flower at Chelsea, in crossing Westminster Bridge to take water, he met the Lord Chancellor's coach, which gave a new turn to his ideas, and he became a lawyer. In time, however, he discovered numerous objections to the legal profession ; and he entered the army. After a campaign he had recourse to literary pursuits ; deciphered Chinese books, composed a farce, collected a vocabulary of obsolete terms of English law, wrote an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian brass, and formed a new scheme of the variations of the needle. Thus, writes Johnson, "was this powerful genius, which might have extended the sphere of any science, or benefited the world in any profession, dissipated in a boundless variety, without profit to others or himself." After some admirable observations on the effect of balancing all the arguments on every side in the choice of an employment, Johnson concludes "that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who chooses earliest, chooses best."

LXVI.

PROCRASTINATION.

POSTHUMUS! you say that you will live to-morrow, always to-morrow. Tell me, Posthumus! when that to-morrow will come? How far distant is that to-morrow? where is it to be sought for? Does it lie concealed among the Parthians and the Armenians? That to-morrow has already the years of Priam and Nestor. Tell me for what price can I buy that to-morrow? You will live, you say, to-morrow; it is late, Posthumus, to live to-day; he is wise who lived yesterday.—*Lib. v. Ep. LIX.*

Cowley has thus translated the above epigram:

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
 To-day itself's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, has a parallel passage to the above epigram, which may possibly have been suggested by it:

That awful independent on *to-morrow*,
 Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
 Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile,
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.

* * * * *

Lorenzo—O for *yesterdays* to come?

The motto of the 80th Number of the *Lounger*, by Mackenzie, is:

Dic mihi, cras istud, Posthume, quando venit.

The Paper contains a letter signed "Your most obedient servant, *To-morrow*." The writer wishes to take out a Commission of Bankruptcy in the *Lounger*, and desires that it may be signified to the

different classes of his creditors what division they were to expect. He then announces that dividends may be anticipated by those with whom he had become acquainted at Court, and in Courts of Law, especially Chancery, Projectors, Authors, Beauties; to all of whom he was deeply in debt by promises of a *to-morrow*.

In the 96th Number of the *Observer* (by Cumberland), is given the outline of a will, in which *To-day* is supposed to devise a load of procrastinations in the nature of resolutions, promises, and engagements, to his heir and successor, *To-morrow*.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Invalidity of a Death-bed Repentance*, quotes the two concluding lines of Martial's epigram, as to which he observes, that "he that repents to-day repents late enough that he did not begin yesterday; but he that puts off till to-morrow is vainer still." The same lines are quoted by Jeremy Taylor in another *Discourse on Habitual Sins*, wherein he writes, "Think it not a hasty commandment that we are called upon to repent to-day. It was too much that yesterday passed by you, it is late enough if you do it to-day." And, in another *Discourse on the Obligation of the Laws of Jesus Christ*, Jeremy Taylor, after quoting from Martial's epigram, observes "Though *hodie* (to-day), signifies the present time, yet the repentance which began yesterday, and which took an earlier *hodie* is better than that which begins to-day; but that which stays till to-morrow is the worst of all. *Heri* and *hodie*, yesterday and to-day, signify eternity: so it is said of Christ, yesterday and to-day, the same for ever. But *hodie* and *cras*, to-day and to-morrow, signify but a little while. 'To-day, and to-morrow I work,' that is, I work a little while, and 'the third day,' that is, very shortly and quickly, 'I shall make an end'."

LXVII.

DYING, FOR FEAR OF DEATH.

FANNIUS, when he was flying from an enemy, killed himself. I ask if this be not madness, to die for fear of dying?—*Lib. II. Ep. LXXX.*

Butler, in *Hudibras*, seems to have been pleased with the turn of expression in this epigram; he has twice apparently imitated it: thus in Canto III. Part III.:

For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little, fear;
And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying.

And also in Canto II. Part III.:

For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd.

Montaigne quotes the above epigram in an Essay in which he shows that in endeavouring to evade death by flying from inconveniences, we often run into its mouth; his translator thus versifies Martial's epigram:

Can there be greater madness, pray reply,
Than that one should, for fear of dying, die?

Jeremy Taylor has twice quoted the above epigram of Martial, and speaks of *Fannius* as of a household name. In a *Discourse on Remedies against the Fear of Death*, after quoting the above epigram of Martial, he observes, "If, therefore, you be afraid of death, consider that you will have the less need to fear it, by how much the less you do fear it. Thus you may cure your direct fear by a reflex act of prudence and consideration. Fannius had not died so soon, if he had not feared death." And, again, in a *Discourse on Penal Laws*, he writes, "To die in order to avoid poverty, the torments of love, or any evil affliction whatsoever, is not the part of a valiant man, but of a coward:" after quoting Martial's epigram, he adds, "Fannius being pursued by the enemy killed himself out of fear;" and, again, "It may be cowardice to die in some cases; and to die in order to preserve chastity is to sin to avoid a sin, like Fannius's case of fear." He supports the latter questionable opinion by the authority that "Abraham ventured his wife's chastity rather than his own life," and he hints his disapprobation of the Virgin-martyrs.

The Chaplain of the Ambassador to the Great Mogul, in giving a highly interesting narrative of the concluding period of the life of the celebrated, but not adequately-appreciated Coryat, relates his falling into a swoon at the Ambassador's house: the Chaplain writes,

“O what pains this poor man took to make himself a subject of present and after discourse! being troubled at nothing for the present, unless with the *fear of not living* to reap that fruit he was so ambitious of in all his undertakings. At last, being come to himself, he told us that some sad thoughts of not living to publish his travels, had immediately before presented themselves to his fancy, which, as he conceived, put him into that distemper; like Fannius, in Martial, *ne moriâre, mori*, to prevent death by dying.”

LXVIII.

SUICIDE.

(I.)

YOU follow the dogmas of the great Thræsea, and of the perfect Cato, in a manner to show that you wish to be like them; but you do not rush with a naked breast on drawn swords; in which I commend you. A Man is not to my mind who seeks for reputation by the easy spilling of his blood. I prefer the Man who can deserve praise on other grounds than his own death.—*Lib. i. Ep. ix.*

(II.)

STOIC Chæremon! Do you expect that I should admire and reverence your magnanimity in excessively extolling suicide? All this virtue you derive from a pitcher with a broken ear, from a sad hearth never warmed by fire, from a bed with a coverlid of coarse cloth, without hangings and full of bugs; from the same toga, and that a very short one, by night and by day. O great Man that thou art, who canst bid adieu to the dregs of spoilt vinegar; who canst go without straw and black bread! Let only thy pillow swell with Ligonian wool, and let purple embroidery cover thy couch; enjoy Cœcubian wine, and revel in sensuality,

O, how then thou wouldst wish to live thrice the years of Nestor, and wouldst grudge the loss of a single day out of them! It is easy to despise death in adversity; he is the brave man who can endure misery.—*Lib. XI. Ep. LVII.*

Montaigne observes, with regard to the second of the above epigrams, that “there is more consistency in suffering the chain we are tied to than breaking it; and there is more pregnant evidence of fortitude in Regulus than in Cato.” The translator thus renders the lines of the epigram which Montaigne quotes:

The wretched well may laugh at death, but he
Is braver far who lives in misery.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Faith working by Love*, quotes several lines from the last of the above epigrams, which he thus closely applies, but with a different object: “Some men are very good when they are afflicted, when the gown of the day is the mantle of the night, and cannot at the same time cover the head, and make the feet warm: when they have but one broken dish, and no spoon, then they are humble and modest, then they can suffer an injury and bear contempt. But, give them riches, and they grow insolent; fear and pusillanimity did their first work, and an opportunity to sin undoes it all.” In another *Discourse on the Invalidity of a Death-bed Repentance*, Jeremy Taylor quotes, as appropriate to his subject, the concluding line of the above epigram:

Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

LXIX.

DYING FOR ANOTHER.

IF, Lucanus and Tullius! the same fates had been awarded to you as to Castor and Pollux (living alternate days) there would be a noble struggle of affection between you as to which should die first for his Brother; and

whichever first descended to the Shades below, would have exclaimed, Live, O Brother, your time, live mine! (*Vive tuo, frater, tempore, vive meo*).—*Lib. I. Ep. XXXVII.*

This epigram is quoted by Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse upon Alms*, in which he enumerates nineteen separate Works of Mercy; the eighteenth is "To die for my brother." Martial has a similar sentiment of great beauty:

Qui te, Prisce, reliquit,
Vivit, quâ voluit vivere parte magis.

LXX.

BOY KILLED BY AN ICICLE.

WHERE a gate of Rome is always dripping in consequence of its proximity to the Vipsanian Aqueduct, an icicle of water made heavy by wintry frost fell on the throat (*jugulum*) of a youth who was passing underneath. It inflicted a cruel fate on the unfortunate boy, and then instantly its slender point melted in the warm wound it had made. What cruelties will not Fortune permit to itself! Or where is not Death to be found if you Waters turn cut-throats (*jugulatis*)? *Lib. IV. Ep. XVIII.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Considerations preparatory to Death*, quotes the above epigram, observing on the multiform modes of death, as "by God's mercy, by God's anger, by every thing in nature, and every thing in chance."

Becker takes his *Gallus* out of Rome through the Capenian gate, which he describes as an antique rocky arch, from the moist stones of which great drops from the water of the aqueduct which was carried over it were always falling.

LXXI.

DEATH CAUSED BY DREAMING OF A PHYSICIAN.

HE bathed in our company, at which time he was cheerful; he afterwards supped with us: in the morning he was found dead. Do you want to know the cause of his sudden death? He had seen the physician Hermocrates in a dream.
—*Lib. VI. Ep. LIII.*

The ridicule on physicians in the above epigram is taken from a Greek epigram; another Greek epigram, in the form of an epitaph, makes the deceased say that he died of fright in consequence of the sudden recurrence of a certain physician to his memory. Montaigne quotes Martial's epigram on the apparition of Hermocrates, and, in connexion therewith, relates several pleasant stories about physicians.

The first two lines of Martial's epigram, relating only to a person's sudden death, and not to any fanciful cause of it, are quoted by Jeremy Taylor in a *Discourse on the Preparation for Death*; he observes on them that "wise men should be never surprised at what we are sure will somehow or other happen."

LXXII.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

MY friend Pudens marries Claudia Peregrina. O Hymen! be ready with your torches. As fitly is the rare cinnamon blended with nard, as fitly is the Massic wine mixed with Attic honey; nor more fitly are elms united with the tender vines; nor do rills love more the lotus, nor their banks the myrtle. O Concord! garbed in white attire, reside always with that nuptial couch! and may Venus be ever propitious to so suitable a marriage! After a lapse of years may

Claudia love, as now, her then aged husband; and may she, even when she is old, not appear old in his eyes!—*Lib.* IV.
Ep. XIII.

The latter lines of the above epigram are adopted as a motto for the 506th number of the *Spectator*, and as another for the 167th number of the *Rambler*, of which the version given in the *Spectator* is,

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And, Venus! still the well-match'd pair befriend!
May she, when Time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day.

The version in the *Rambler* is,

Their nuptial bed may smiling Concord dress,
And Venus still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.

Ausonius has expanded Martial's idea at the conclusion of his epigram, apparently in imitation of him: he expresses a hope that himself and his wife should continue to appear juvenile to each other, notwithstanding he might become more aged than Nestor, and she than the Sibyl Deiphobe.

The following passage in Dugald Stewart's *Essay on the Beautiful* illustrates the same sentiment, and may be considered a testimony to its truth and delicacy. It is by the process of association that the "mental attractions of a beautiful woman supplant those of her person in the heart of her lover; and that when the former have the good fortune to survive the latter, they appropriate to themselves, by an imperceptible metaphor, that language which, in its literal sense, has ceased to have a meaning. In this case a very pleasing arrangement of Nature is exhibited; the qualities of mind which insensibly stole, in the first instance, those flattering epithets which are descriptive of a fair exterior, now restoring their borrowed embellishments, and keeping alive, in the eye of conjugal affection, that beauty which has long perished to every other."

LXXIII.

A RICH WIFE.

Do you ask me why I am unwilling to marry a rich wife? It is because I do not wish to be taken to wife. A matron should hold a second place to her husband, otherwise they are not a pair.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* XII.

Boileau, in one of his satires, has a line in which the above epigram is imitated, with the modification of marrying a *master*:

Quoiqu'il en puisse estre,
Je ne suis point si sot que d'épouser mon maistre.

On which passage a French commentator observes, that Boileau wished to imitate the same beauty of language as in Martial, translating *uxori nubere nolo meæ*, épouser mon maistre," whereas the Latin phrase *nubere marito* was applicable to women, as that of *ducere uxorem* to men; "c'est en quoi consiste la finesse du bon-mot de Martial."

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Discourse on the Marriage Ring*, quotes from the above epigram of Martial, the last two lines:

Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito:
Non aliter fuerint fœmina virque pares.

Upon which he observes, that "The woman that went before the man in the way of death is commanded to follow him in the way of love, and that makes the society more perfect, and the union profitable, and the harmony complete."

LXXIV.

MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.

MARCUS! you complain that, in these days, there is no Pylades, no Orestes to be found. I answer, Pylades and Orestes drank the same wine (*bibebat idem*); neither of them

had a better thrush nor finer bread served to him than the other, when they supped together. You devour Lucrine oysters, whilst I am set to feed on flabby sea-urchins; and yet my palate is as nobly-born as yours. You are clad in a cloak of Egyptian wool and of Tyrian dye, I in one that is the coarse product of Gaul. Can I in a blanket love you in a purple robe? That I may act the part of Pylades, let some one appear to me in the character of Orestes. Words will not do this; Marcus! to be loved, you must love.—*Lib. vi. Ep. xi.*

The above epigram is adopted by Johnson for the 149th number of the *Rambler*, with the following version:

You wonder now that no man sees
Such friends as those of ancient Greece.
Here lies the point—Orestes' meat
Was just the same his friend did eat;
Nor can it yet be found his wine
Was better, Pylades! than thine.
In home-spun russet I am drest,
Your cloth is always of the best.
But, honest Marcus, if you please
To chuse me for your Pylades,
Remember, words alone are vain;
Love—if you would be lov'd again.

Johnson's Paper consists of a letter to the *Rambler*, from a lady who had "passed much of her time in a dependent state, and consequently had received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expense she had been maintained, for which she did not feel in her heart any burning gratitude, or tumultuous affection." The letter concludes, "I beg to be informed, Mr Rambler, how much we can be supposed to owe to beneficence exerted on terms like these? to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to pride? I would willingly be told whether insolence does not reward its own liberalities, and whether he that exacts servility can, with justice, at the same time, expect affection?"

The last two lines of the above epigram are quoted by Jeremy Taylor in a *Discourse on Friendship*, in which he discusses the point, whether we ought to love a brother more than a friend? He observes that David loved Jonathan more than he loved his brother Eliab, and he concludes, somewhat to the same purport as Martial, that "If my brother says I ought to love him best, then he ought to love me best. If he says I must love him only because he is my brother, whether he loves me or not, he is ridiculous." In another discourse, in which Jeremy Taylor argues in favour of the chalice being received in the Sacrament not less than the bread, he observes, "I will not venture to assign to each their portion and effect, and therefore I will not take notice that the chalice is representative and effective of union and charity, though that is usual enough in societies and friendships. *Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.*"

LXXV.

INTIMATE FRIENDS.

I HAVE lived on terms of friendship with you, O Julius, if I recollect right, thirty-four harvests. Our friendship has yielded pleasures not altogether unmixed with pains; but the pleasures have preponderated; and if all the coloured balls were collected, and placed against each other, the crowd of white would exceed that of black. If you wish to avoid an alloy to your happiness, and to escape the eating cares of the soul, do not make yourself too much of a companion to any one: you will taste less of joy, but also less of sorrow.—*Lib. XII. Ep. XXXIV.*

In a passage of Cicero's *Treatise upon Friendship*, Cicero notices certain Greek philosophers who dissuaded their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating super-numerary disquietudes,—advice which Cicero reprobates with much

eloquence. Melmoth, in adverting to this passage of Cicero, observes that Martial has expressed these sentiments of Aristippus and his school of Greek philosophers, "in a pretty epigram." He quotes the four concluding lines of Martial's epigram, with the following version :

Would'st thou secure thy guarded breast
 From many a tender, anxious pain?
 Let cold indifference, wiser guest,
 From friendship's warmth thy heart restrain.
 Thy joys will thus be less, 'tis true,
 But less will prove thy sorrows too.

Vincent Bourne, in one of his nineteen epigrams (or short poems), translated into English verse by Cowper, has one with a title, *Nulli te facias nimis sodalem*, or as Cowper renders it, *Familiarity dangerous*. Bourne and Cowper describe an old maid at play with her cat, who, in the end, scratches her.

LXXVI.

NEW FRIENDS.

IF, Fuscus, you have any leisure to bestow on being more beloved (for your friendships abound whichever way you turn), I petition for a single place among your friends. Do not refuse me, because I am new to you, seeing that all your old friends were once new. Look, I pray you, only into one thing, which is, whether your newly-proposed friend is qualified to become an old friend.—*Lib. I. Ep. LV.*

The petitioning to be admitted into friendship is not in accordance with the colder manners of our countrymen; in other respects the above epigram is of universal application. Melmoth, in his *Notes to Cicero's Treatise on Friendship*, observes that "Martial, soliciting one of his contemporaries to be admitted into the number of his friends, concludes an epigram which he addresses to him for that

purpose, with a sentiment perfectly agreeable to Cicero's advice." Melmoth gives the following poetical version of the above epigram :

If yet one corner in thy breast
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossessed,
(For many a friend, I know, is thine,)
Give me to boast that corner mine.
Nor thou the honour'd place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new.
The oldest friend of all thy store
Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
It matters not how late the choice,
If but approved by reason's voice!
Then let thy sole inquiry be,
If thou can'st find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are roll'd,
Matures new friendship into old.

Jeremy Taylor cites this epigram, observing that "an old friend is like old wine, which when a man hath drunk he doth not desire new, because he saith the old is better : nevertheless, every old friend was new once, and if he be worthy, keep the new one till he become old." Quoting this epigram in another place, he observes, that "what Martial says of friendships he may say of truths."

LXXVII.

GIFTS TO FRIENDS.

A CRAFTY thief may purloin money from a chest; an impious flame may destroy paternal Lares; a debtor may deny both principal and interest; land may not yield crops in return for the seed scattered upon it; frauds may be practised on a steward entrusted with your household purse: the sea may overwhelm ships laden with merchandise. Whatever is given to friends is beyond the reach of Fortune;

the wealth you have bestowed is the only wealth you can keep.—*Lib. v. Ep. XLIII.*

In Dr Johnson's *Juvenilia* is a Latin translation of three sentences, which are stated to be inscribed on the monument of John of Doncaster:

What I gave, that I have;
What I spent, that I had;
What I left, that I lost.

In Hearne's *Curious Discourses* is an epitaph, contributed by Camden, on Mr Lambe, a man who deserved well of the City of London, by divers charitable deeds, and who framed this epitaph for himself:

As I was, so be ye;
As I am, ye shall be;
That I gave, that I have;
That I spent, that I had;
Thus I end all my cost;
That I left, that I lost.

In the same book the following epigraph is contributed:

Ho! who lies here?
Here lies the old Earl of Devonshire,
And Maude his wife, that was full dear;
We lived together fifty-five year.
What we gave, that we have;
What we spent, that we had.
Thus we sum up all our cost,
What we left, that we lost.

In the *Port Royal Logic* (translated by Baynes), Chapter x., a kind of compound propositions, called *Exclusives*, is treated of, being "propositions which indicate that the *attribute* agrees with one *subject*, and that it agrees with such subject only, and with no others; whence it follows that they contain two different judgments, and are consequently compound in meaning. This is expressed in English by the word *alone*, or some other like it (in French, *il n'y a que*). An example is given from the above epigram of Martial, *Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes*.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse upon Alms*, quotes the last line of Martial's epigram as an incentive to charity, comparing man to the Lord's steward, and his chest to the Lord's bank. In a *Discourse on Friendship*, in recommending liberality towards friends, he quotes the last two lines,

Extra fortunam est quicquid, donatur amicis;

Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

Melmoth, in his notes upon *Cicero on Friendship*, in adverting to a passage in that treatise concerning the precarious tenure of the favours of fortune, and neglect of procuring therewith the treasures of friendship, observes, "the judicious direction of wealth, as the most productive of heartfelt happiness, is that which Cicero has particularly pointed out in the present passage; and if a philosopher should not be credited, let a poet support his testimony." After quoting the above epigram in the original, Melmoth gives the following poetical version :

Some felon-hand may steal thy gold away;
Or flames destructive on thy mansion prey.
The fraudulent debtor may thy loan deny;
Or blasted fields no more their fruits supply.
The am'rous steward to adorn his dear,
With spoils may deck her from thy plunder'd year.
Thy freighted vessels, ere the port they gain,
O'erwhelm'd by storms, may sink beneath the main:
But what thou giv'st a friend for friendship's sake,
Is the sole wealth which fortune ne'er can take.

LXXVIII.

PROCLAIMING OBLIGATIONS.

THE services you have rendered me I do not forget, and will always keep them in my mind. How happens it, Posthumus, that I am silent? It is because you talk. Do I begin to expatiate on your favours, I am told, "I heard

all about it from himself." Some things are not handsomely performed by two; one person is enough to relate kindness; if you wish me to speak, you must remain silent. The merit of gifts, however great they be, is lost by the garrulity of the giver.—*Lib. v. Ep. LIII.*

There is a well-known epigram of Prior, in which is lashed the identical vice or failing censured by Martial, and which may not improbably have been suggested by the above epigram; it may be thought very inferior to Martial's, both in good feeling and good taste :

To John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Martial's epigram is quoted by Jeremy Taylor in a *Discourse on the Duties of Friendship*, as indicating that kindness to a friend was not a fit subject for publication.

LXXIX.

ENTERTAINING COMPANION.

THAT men of rank take you along with them almost by force to their banquets, to porticos, and theatres; and that when they meet you they have pleasure in carrying you in their vehicles, and going along with you to the same baths;—let not this puff you up with self-satisfaction, Philomusus; all this is because you are entertaining, not because you are beloved.—*Lib. VII. Ep. LXXV.*

Ben Jonson has thus imitated the above epigram :

TO MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, when one saw thee?

That there's no journey set or thought upon,
 To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one.
 That scarce the town designeth any feast
 To which thou'rt not a *week* bespoke a guest.
 That still thou art made the supper's flag, the drum,
 The very call to make all others come:
 Think'st thou, Mime! this is great? or that they strive
 Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive?
 Whilst thou dost raise some player from the grave,
 Out-dance the babion, or outbrast the brave,
 Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit
 On some new gesture that's imputed wit:
 O run not proud of this. Yet take thy due,
 Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay Gue,
 And thine own *Coryat* too; but, would'st thou see,
 Men love thee not for this, they laugh at thee.

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, writes of Coryat, who was too little appreciated as a traveller in his own day, "Sweet-meats and Coryat made up the last course at all entertainments. Indeed, he was the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon, and sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as it received."

Macilente, a *Dramatis persona*, in Ben Jonson's *Play of Every Man out of his Humour*, is described in the Prologue as "one whose company is desired of all men, but beloved of none."

LXXX.

A MODEL CHARACTER.

IF there be one to be numbered among rare friends, such as ancient fidelity and ancient fame have signalised; one who is imbued with the literature of the Athenian and Latian Minerva; one whose goodness is enhanced by simplicity; one who is the guardian of rectitude, and the practiser of honesty; *one who offers no secret prayers to the Gods;*

one whose reliance is upon the strength of a great mind;—
I will stake my life, that it is Decianus.—*Lib.* I. *Ep.* XL.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Set Forms of Prayer*, quotes from the above epigram, the line, *Et nihil arcano qui roget ore Deos*, observing, that “by the law of Moses there were no rules for instructing the Synagogue how to pray. They had not known how to have composed an office for the daily service of the temple, without danger of asking things needless, vain, or impious: such as were the prayers in the Roman closets, that he was a good man who would not own them.” The same sentiment on secret prayers is expressed by Persius, who has therein furnished a motto for the coat of arms of the Earls Aylesford, viz. *aperto vivere voto*.

LXXXI.

CHANGES OF CHARACTER.

PRISCUS! you often ask me what would be my future conduct, if I were made suddenly rich or powerful? Who can be competent to judge of his future character under such contingencies? Tell me, if you were metamorphosed into a lion, what kind of a lion you would be?—*Lib.* XII. *Ep.* XCIV.

Johnson takes the above epigram for his motto of the 172nd Number of the *Rambler*, with the following version:

Priscus! you’ve often ask’d me how I’d live,
Should Fate at once both wealth and honour give?
What soul his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what sort of lion you would be.

The Paper contains sagacious reflections on the subject of a change of fortune causing a change of manners. Dr Johnson observes, that “it is generally agreed that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbounded and expanded by the sunshine of felicity more frequently

luxuriate into follies, than blossom into goodness." The Paper contains a variety of judicious reflections on the effect of a change of circumstances upon character.

The last line of the epigram :

Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris :

is taken by Addison as a motto for the 13th Number of the *Spectator*, not for the purpose of developing its figurative import, but only as a peg, on account of its terseness; the Paper relating to an exhibition at the Haymarket Theatre of a contest with a real or sham lion, by way of showing, as Addison says, what were the public entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

LXXXII.

FAVOURITE OF PROVIDENCE.

WHERE the way leads to the towers of Hercules-worshipping Tivoli, and the snow-white Albula foams with sulphureous streams, the fourth mile-stone marks a country-seat and a sacred grove, and pleasure-grounds beloved by the Muses. Here once an ancient portico afforded a pleasant shade in summer-time, a portico how nearly the daring perpetrator of a novel crime! For suddenly it collapsed, and fell just as Regulus was about to be carried under it in his chariot drawn with four horses. Forsooth, Fortune dreaded our complaints, and felt itself not a match for the magnitude of indignation which would have overpowered her. Now the accident affords pleasure; for important indeed is the conclusion to be drawn from such a peril: the portico, so long as it stood, could not have testified the provident care of the Gods. (*Stantia non poterant tecta probare Deos.*)—*Lib. i. Ep. XIII.*

Several of the letters of Pliny, and several epigrams of Martial are upon the subject of Regulus, the contrast of which is not without

edification. The only occasion on which Pliny speaks at all favourably of Regulus is in mentioning his death, and that is on account of his having honoured eloquence: Pliny states that it was Regulus's custom to anoint his right or left eye, and to wear a white patch over one side or other of his forehead, according as he was to plead either for the plaintiff or defendant; and that he used to consult the soothsayers upon the event of every cause in which he was concerned as an advocate; all which, Pliny says, proceeded from that high veneration which Regulus paid to eloquence. Nevertheless, he adds, Regulus did well to depart this life, though he would have done much better had he made his exit sooner.

Melmoth, in a note to his translation of a letter of Pliny, contrasts the character of Regulus as drawn by Pliny and by Martial; observing that "poets, especially needy ones, such as we know Martial was, are not generally the most faithful painters in this way." Melmoth gives the following version of Martial's epigram:

Where leads the way to Tibur's cooling tow'rs,
 And snow-white Albula sulphureous pours,
 A villa stands, from Rome a little space;
 And every Muse delights to haunt the place.
 Here once a Portic lent her grateful shade;
 Alas! how near to impious guilt betray'd!
 Sudden it fell; what time the steeds convey
 Safe from her nodding walls great Regulus away.
 To crush that head not even fortune dar'd,
 And the world's general indignation fear'd.
 Blest be the ruin, be the danger blest!
 The *standing* pile had ne'er the Gods confest.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Righteous Cause Oppressed*, quotes the two concluding lines of the above epigram, with a view to corroborate St Paul's argument, "For if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." He considers the "state of the afflicted godly to be a mercy great in proportion to the greatness of that reward which such afflictions come to prove and to secure." In a *Funeral Sermon on the Lord Primate*, he observes, "The rebellion breaking out, the Bishop went to his charge at Derry, and, because he was under the defence of walls, that execrable traitor, Sir Phelim O'Neale, had a snare to bring him to a dishonourable

death. For he wrote a letter to the Bishop, in which he pretended intelligence between them, and desired that, according to their former agreement, such a gate should be delivered to him. The messenger was not advised to be cautious, nor was he at all instructed in the art of secrecy; for it was intended that he should be intercepted, searched, and hanged for aught was cared: but the arrow was shot against the Bishop, that he might be accused of base conspiracy, and die with shame and dishonour. However, here God manifested his mighty care of his servants; he was pleased to send into the heart of the messenger such an affrightment, that he ran away with the letter, and never durst come near the town to deliver it. Nothing could prove how dear that sacred life was to God as his rescue from such a design. *Stantia non poterant tecta probare Deos.*"

LXXXIII.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

RED hair, black face, short legs, blear eyes, Zoilus, with these, if you are good, you are a standing marvel.—*Lib. XII. Ep. LIV.*

Addison, in the 86th number of the *Spectator*, writes, "Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules for judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this subject." He then quotes the above epigram with the following version:

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
 Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
 With all these tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

The Paper contains excellent remarks on "a man giving the lie to his face," which Addison illustrates by the example of Socrates, whom a physiognomist pronounced to be the "most libidinous and drunken old fellow he had ever met with in the course of his whole

life ;" whereupon Socrates affirmed that he had been naturally inclined to the vices imputed, but that he had conquered his dispositions to them by the dictates of philosophy. The Paper concludes with cautions against giving too much credit to a man's outward appearance, and a reference is made to Dr More's *Ethics*, in which an inclination to take a prejudice against a man on account of his looks is reckoned among the smaller vices in morality, and a name is given to it of *Prosopolepsia*.

LXXXIV.

LOVED, WHEN UNSEEN.

You are pleasing when you are touched, you are pleasing when you are heard ; if you were not seen, you would be altogether pleasing. The sight of you destroys all pleasure.—*Lib. vii. Ep. c.*

Steele, in the 52nd number of the *Spectator*, writes of a proposal of marriage between the author of the Paper and one *Hecatissa*, "I believe I shall set my heart upon her, and think never the worse of my mistress because a smart fellow, as he thought himself, writ against her ; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial.

Tacta places, audita places, si non videare,
Tota places : neutro, si videare, places.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endure'd,
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd."

Howel, in his *Familiar Letters*, (tem. Jac. I.) writes of a lady, "I think Clotho had her fingers smuttred in snuffing the candle, when she began to spin the thread of that lady's life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up ; but Aglaia, with the rest of the Graces, were in a good humour when they formed her inner parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing ; one would take delight to see her dance, if

masked; and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, for then she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife; but from such an outward physiognomy the Lord deliver you." Mallet writes:

Nerina's angel-voice delights,
 Nerina's devil-face affrights;
 How whimsical her Strephon's fate!
 Condemn'd at once to like and hate.
 But, be she cruel, be she kind,
 Love, make her dumb, or make him blind!

Martial advises a lady, better seen than heard, to beware of the
Ædile, Portentum est, quoties cœpit imago loqui.

LXXXV.

NOT TO BE LIVED WITH, NOR LIVED WITHOUT.

DIFFICULT and easy, churlish and pleasing; you are all these, and yet one person; there is no living with thee, nor without thee (*nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te*).—
Lib. XII. Ep. XLVII.

Addison, in the 68th number of the *Spectator*, observes that several persons are in some certain periods of their lives inexpressibly agreeable, and, in others, as odious and detestable; and writes, "Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram." He refers to the above epigram of Martial, of which he furnishes a poetical version:

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, or without thee.

Garrick's character, as portrayed in Goldsmith's poem called *Retaliation*, may, probably, have been suggested by the above epigram; it is, at all events, an illustration of it:

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree.

And again :

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd, and he varied full ten times a day ;

* * * * *

He cast off his friends, like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Pope, in a letter to Swift, dated August 22, 1726, writing of some cups which Swift had given him, and affecting displeasure at his hospitality to the Dean being acknowledged by a present, expresses himself : " Indeed you are engraven elsewhere than on the cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without any injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too ; and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say, *Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*"

Steele, in a love-letter to the lady whom he afterwards married, writes :

O Love !

A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live, to live without thee ?

And Prior :

Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LXXXVI.

ANTIPATHY.

I LOVE you not, Sabidis, I cannot tell why. This only can I tell, I love you not.—*Lib. i. Ep. XXXIII.*

The following French translation has been given of this well-known epigram :

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas,
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose,
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

The epigram has been introduced into a Parliamentary debate by Sheridan, who is reported to have said, "These gentlemen seem as if they considered the Ministers, now the drudgery of signing the Treaty of Peace is done, as *functi officio*, and as if they ought to go out; as if one was a mere goose-quill, and the other a stick of sealing-wax, which are done with and ought to be thrown under the table. Perhaps this capricious dislike cannot be better exemplified than by the sentiment expressed in the well-known epigram of Martial, which has been thus parodied :

I do not like thee, Dr Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this, I'm sure, I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr Fell."

The Jesuit editor finds an equivoke in the expression *Non possum dicere quare*; he calls the epigram *argutum et felle imbutum*.

LXXXVII.

PLEASED BY NONE.

AULUS! you cannot, by any strictness of morals, induce Mamercus to speak well of you. You may surpass in piety the Curtian brothers, the Nervas in inoffensiveness, the Rufini in courtesy, the Marci in probity, the Maurici in equity, the Reguli in oratory, the Pauli in jocularity; he gnaws everything with his envious teeth (*rubiginosis*). You, perhaps, call Mamercus a malignant man; I call a man whom nobody pleases, a wretch.—*Lib. v. Ep. XXIX.*

Fielding, in a tract on the *Characters of Men*, quotes from the above epigram the lines,

Ut bene loquatur, sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis;

observing that Isaiah saith, "Woe unto them that call good evil, and evil good;" and Dr Smith, "Detraction is that arrow drawn out of

the devil's quiver, which is always flying about, and doing execution in the dark." The last two lines of the epigram are quoted by Jeremy Taylor in a *Discourse on the Excellence of the Christian Religion*, as showing that a peevish man is a self-tormentor. The metaphorical expression *rubiginosis dentibus* is copied literally by Ben Jonson in the Prologue to his play, called the *Poetaster*; he makes Envy command her satellites, "Show your *rusty* teeth at every word, and help to damn the author."

 LXXXVIII.

NURSERY GOVERNOR.

YOU rocked my cradle, Charidemus, you had my youth in charge, and were the director of my boyish days. Now my napkins look black with the shavings of my beard: nevertheless, I have not grown to you. My bailiff dreads you, my steward and my whole household is terrified at you: you take every kind of liberty, but allow me none. You catch up my words and actions, you make comments and complaints, you draw sighs, and your anger scarcely allows your hand to refrain from a ferule. If I put on a Tyrian garment, or anoint my hair, you exclaim, "Your Father never did the like." With a contracted brow you number my cups of wine, as if they were drawn from a cask in your own cellar. Cease: I cannot endure a Cato in my freed-man.
—*Lib. XI. Ep. XL.*

Part of this epigram is the motto of the 84th number of the *Rambler*, with the following version :

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, still tending to my side.
But now, dear Sir, my beard is grown;
Still I'm a child to thee alone.

Our steward, butler, cook, and all
 You fright, nay, e'en the very wall;
 You pry and frown, and growl and chide,
 And scarce will lay the rod aside.

The Paper contains a lively letter from Myrtilia, a girl passed the age of sixteen, who is resolved no longer to be treated as a child, to ask advice, or give accounts; she wishes the *Rambler* to state "the time at which young ladies may judge for themselves, which I am sure you cannot but think ought to begin before sixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I shall have very little regard for your opinion." The letter has a "P. S. Remember I am past sixteen."

LXXXIX.

UNSEASONABLE ADVICE.

I ASKED Caius to lend me twenty sestertia, a sum which could not weigh heavy on him, even if he had been asked to give and not to lend; for he was my old companion, and had been fortunate in life; and his chest can scarcely press down his overflowing riches. He replied to me: "You will become wealthy if you will take to pleading causes." Caius! give me what I ask for, I do not ask for advice.—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* XXX.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Lukewarmness*, quotes the line,

Quod peto da, Cai, non peto consilium.

Upon which he observes, that "he who gave his friend counsel to study the law, when he desired to borrow twenty pounds, was not so friendly in his counsel as he was useless in his charity. Spiritual acts can cure a spiritual malady; but, if my body needs relief, you cannot feed me with diagrams, nor clothe me with Euclid's *Elements*; you must minister a real supply by a corporeal charity to my corporeal necessity."

XC.

INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.

CALLISTRATUS, from unwillingness to distinguish pre-eminent merit, praises every one. Who can appear good to that person to whom nobody appears bad?—*Lib.* XII. *Ep.* LXXXII.

Jeremy Taylor quotes this epigram, and observes upon it, that “to give to vice any of the treatments or rewards of virtue is a *treble* mischief. The gift or reward is lost; an injury is done to virtue; evil men are encouraged in their evil courses.”

Montaigne, in an *Essay on the Rewards of Honour*, quotes from the above epigram the line *Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest?* observing of honour, that it is “un privilege qui tire sa principale essence de la rareté, et la vertu mesme.” Montaigne’s translator renders the line quoted by him,

To whom none seemeth ill, none good can seem.

XCI.

AFFECTATION OF REAL POVERTY.

CINNA wishes to appear poor, and is poor.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* XIX.

The modern uses of the above epigram have been of a literary character. Ben Jonson, in his tract which he calls *Discoveries*, proposes a question, “What is a poem?” In answer to which he says, that “sometimes one verse alone makes a perfect poem;” and he adduces, as an instance in point, the verse concerning Cinna’s affected, and no less real than affected, poverty.

Addison, in the fourth number of the *Whig-Examiner*, in which he treats of *Nonsense*, in distinguishing between *high* and *low* nonsense, observes, “Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that,

in a poor dispirited style, creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities. *Pauper videri vult, et est pauper.* He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none."

Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, adverting to one of the authors of his day, writes, "His poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in Martial, *Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*"

Colley Cibber, at the commencement of his *Autobiography*, deprecates the animadversions of the critics, by an affected *confession* of his literary failings; he writes that "Sir Critic will say this very confession is no more a sign of my modesty than it is a proof of my judgment; that, in short, he may roundly tell me" (making a pun and false quantity) *Pauper videri Cibber vult, et est pauper.*

This poem the laureat Cibber thus translates :

When humble Cinna cries, I'm poor and low,
You may believe him—he is really so.

XCII.

SUFFICIENT FORTUNE.

AFRICANUS possesses a hundred thousand sesterces, but is always striving by servility to acquire more. Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.—*Lib. XII. Ep. x.*

Harrington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, wrote an epigram copied from the above one of Martial :

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

There is a French epigram, in which the discontent of every one with his fortune is noticed, and is made the basis of a more pointed antithesis than that of Martial :

L'amour propre est, hélas! le plus sot des amours,
Cependant des erreurs il est la plus commune,

Quelque puissant qu'on soit en richesse, en credit,
 Quelque mauvais succès qu'ait tant ce qu'on écrit,
 Nul n'est content de sa fortune,
 Ni mécontent de son esprit.

XCIII.

BUY ALL, SELL ALL.

CASTOR, you buy all; by which means you will end in selling all.—*Lib. VII. Ep. XCVII.*

Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, gives this epigram, *Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas*, as an instance of a perfect poem being comprised in a single verse. Dr Hodgson attempted to translate the epigram thus:

Why, Tom, you purchase ev'ry thing! 'tis well;
 Who can deny you'll have the more to sell?

He adds, "A very poor translation, it must be confessed, as it is far from expressing the antithesis of general purchaser and general auctioneer contained in the original."

The motto of the 91st Number of the *Connoisseur*, is,

Omnia Castor emit, sic fiet, ut omnia vendet.

Of which the following ridiculous paraphrase is given:

Such bargains purchas'd by his dear,
 Her taste at auctions showing,
 Himself must turn an Auctioneer—
 A going, a going, a going!

The Paper consists of a letter, in which the writer complains of his wife, who "flatters herself that she has the art of beating down every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordinary pennyworths. She is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a bargain." After a variety of details illustrative of his wife's mania for bargaining, the writer complains that his house has become "a repository for the refuse of

sales and auctions;" he proposes to get rid of his wife's purchases by making an auction himself. The Paper concludes with a humorous *catalogue* of the writer's effects that had been bought, to be sold.

XCIV.

COMPLICATED VICES.

APICIUS! you bestowed twice three hundred thousand sesterces on your belly; but, notwithstanding, there remained a hundred thousand more at your disposal. In this predicament you became alarmed at the danger of wanting food and drink; so you took, for your last draught, a potion of poison. I say, Apicius! you were never more gluttonous than in your own suicide.—*Lib. III. Ep. XXII.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Sins Mortal and Venial*, writes, in reference to the above epigram, "And Apicius killing himself when he supposed his estate would not maintain his luxury, was not only a self-murderer, but a gluttonous person in his death:

Nil est, Apici, te gulosius factum.

So that the greatness of sins is in most instances by extension and accumulation. He is a greater sinner who sins often in the same instance than he who sins seldom; and the same of him who sins such sins as are complicated and entangled like the twinings of combining serpents."

XCV.

FEIGNED TEARS.

GELLIA, when she is alone, does not lament the loss of her father. If any one be present, her bidden tears gush

forth. A person does not grieve who seeks for praise; his is real sorrow who grieves without a witness.—*Lib. I. Ep. XXXIV.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Penal Laws*, treats of "Lying and deceiving by signs not vocal;" he instances the dissembling of the passion of grief, and he observes, "So did *Gellia* in the epigram; they are full of tears in company, but are pleased well enough in their retirements." And, again, in a *Discourse on Ecclesiastical Penance*, he observes, that "in all inquiries concerning penitential sorrow, we must be careful not to take account of our sorrow by the measures of sense, but of religion. Indeed, some persons can command their tears, as *Gellia* in the epigram. She could cry when company was there to observe her weeping for her father, and so can some orators and many hypocrites: they command tears, but sorrow is no more to be commanded than hunger."

XCVI.

SIMULATED COMPLAINTS.

CÆLIUS, when he could no longer endure the running from place to place during the whole morning (*Discursus varios, vagumque mane*), and the pride, and the *aves* (*salutations*) of men in power, begins to simulate the gout. To give to his assumed complaint an appearance of greater probability, he lubricates and bandages his healthy legs, and he walks with a hobbling pace. How great is the efficacy of care and art in feigning pain! Cælius has ceased to *simulate* the gout.—*Lib. VII. Ep. XXXVIII.*

Montaigne, in a chapter of his *Essays* entitled *De ne contrefaire le Malade*, adducing several curious instances of simulated complaints turning out real, such as of a man wearing a patch over one eye in order to disguise himself during the proscription of the Triumvirate, writes, "Il y a un Epigramme en Martial qui est des bons (car il y en

a chez lui de toutes sortes) où il récite plaisamment l'histoire de Cælius, qui pour fuir à faire la cour à quelques grands à Rome, se trouver à leur lever, les assister, et les suivre, fit la mine d'avoir la goutte, et pour rendre son excuse plus vraisemblable, se faisoit oindre les jambes, les avoit envelopées, et contrefaisoit entièrement le port, et la contenance d'un gouteux. En fin la feinte lui fit ce plaisir de le rendre tout-à-fait :

Quantum cura potest et ars doloris!

Desit fingere Cælius podagram."

Which his translator renders :

The power of counterfeiting is so great,

Cælius has ceas'd the gout to counterfeit.

Montaigne observes, as to the probability of the story, that idleness, and the heats of ligatures and plaisters may very well have brought some gouty humour upon the dissembler of Martial.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Sickness Safe and Holy*, quotes the same two lines quoted by Montaigne from Martial's epigram. He writes, "Cælius counterfeited the gout and all its circumstances and pains, its dressings, and arts of remedy, and complaints, till, at last, the gout really entered, and spoiled the pageantry. His acts of dissimulation were so witty that they put life and motion into the very image of the disease; he made the very picture to sigh and groan. We should not counterfeit sickness; for he that is careful of his passage into sickness will think himself concerned that he fall not into it through a trap-door."

XCVII.

DISINHERITED, BY INHERITING.

PHILOMUSUS! your father made you an allowance at the rate of two thousand sesteria for every month; but fearing that you would spend it the moment you had it, he divided his monthly allowance into daily payments. Your father is recently dead, and has left you the whole of his

fortune. Surely in doing so he has disinherited you. (Instead of a daily stipend, you will not receive a farthing after spending your patrimony, which, as might have been anticipated, you have utterly wasted the moment after you obtained it.)—*Lib. III. Ep. x.*

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Apples of Sodom*, writes, "Philomusus was a wild young fellow in Domitian's time; and he was hard put to it to make a large pension to maintain his lust and luxury, and he was every month put to beggarly acts to feed his crimes. But when his father died and left him all, he disinherited himself, for he spent it all, though he knew he was to suffer that trouble always which vexed his lustful soul in the frequent periods of his violent want."

Raderus, a Jesuit, in his excellent edition of Martial, observes of this epigram, *Quis hoc neget esse argutissimum et elegantissimum epigramma?* He compares Philomusus to *Evangelicus iste noster nepos, et porcorum conviva.*

XCVIII.

PHYSICIAN TURNED UNDERTAKER.

DIAULUS was lately a physician; he is now a *vespillo* (whose occupation is with dead bodies). What he does as a *vespillo*, he formerly did as a physician.—*Lib. I. Ep. XLVIII.*

This epigram is inserted on account of an imitation of it by Boileau:

Paul, ce grand Médecin, l'effroy de son quartier,
Qui causa plus de maux que la peste et la guerre,
Est Curé maintenant, et met les gens à terre,
Il n'a point changé de métier.

A French commentator on Boileau thinks that the original is better than the copy, for the comparison is exact in Martial; but, in Boileau, the verse signifying that Paul caused more evils than war or pestilence, under pretence of saying much, says nothing. An epigram of Martial on an *oculist* who turned gladiator, is more exact still: *Fecisti medicus, quod facis hoplomachus.*

XCIX.

A PILFERING PHYSICIAN.

THE clinical physician Herodes stole a drinking cup from a sick patient: on being detected, he said, Fool, what need have you of drink?—*Lib.* IX. *Ep.* XCVIII.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Power of the Church* (written when the writ *De Hæretico comburendo* was in force), writes “He that hath a man in care is not *Curator Bonorum*, and the physician that gives physic to the body is not master of his wardrobe; thus the epigram derided Herodes,

Clinicus Herodes trullam subduxerat ægro,
Depensus dixit, Stulte, quid ergo bibis?

because when he came to take away his patient's sickness, he took away his plate. Though the body be accessory to the soul, it will not follow that he who can cut the soul off from the Church, can also cut the body off from the commonwealth.”

C.

RAVING ON NÆVIA.

WHATEVER Rufus does, Rufus heeds nothing, unless it be Nævia; if he be glad, if he weeps, if he be silent, it is all expressive of her. He sups, he drinks healths, he asks, he denies, he assents; but, in all, Nævia is uppermost in his speech; without Nævia he is mute. He wrote yesterday a letter of salutation to his father, and addressed him, “Hail, Nævia, my light! my divinity!” Nævia reads this, and smiles with downcast eyes. There are more Nævias than one in the world; why does your folly turn to raving?—*Lib.* I. *Ep.* LXIX.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Funeral Sermon on the Countess of Carbery*, observes concerning what he calls an "enamel to the beauty of her soul," and not less a "reward to the virtues of her lord," (to whom the sermon is dedicated,) "That which I still note in her is that which I would have an exemplar to all ladies, and to all women: she had a love so great for her lord, she was so entirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, loved the same loves, hated according to the same enmities, breathed in his soul, lived in his presence, languished in his absence, and all that she was or did was only for and to her dearest lord;" then, with an exchange of genders, Jeremy Taylor quotes,

Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, *hunc* loquitur,
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit, *unus*
Nævius est.

In the 113th number of the *Spectator*, Sir R. Steele, after giving, in the character of the "Spectator," Sir Roger de Coverley's narrative concerning his having been in love, thus concludes: "I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse. Though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet, according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet, hanc loquitur*, I shall end this Paper with that whole epigram which represents, with much humour, my honest friend's condition." After quoting the original epigram (except the last two lines), Steele subjoins the following version:

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
"I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

CI.

UNBECOMING SMILES.

"SMILE, O damsel, if you are wise, smile," was, I think, the advice of Ovid. But he did not say this to every damsel, and least of all to you who are no longer a damsel. You have, it is true, Maximina, three teeth, but they are manifestly pitchy, and like box-wood; wherefore, if you consult your looking-glass, or me, you ought to be as much afraid of a smile as Spanius is of the wind for his hair, or Priscus of a hand soiling his fine dress; as the chalked Fabulla is fearful of the rain, or the *cerussed* (white-leaden) Sabella of the *sun*. Put on the rueful faces of the wife of Priam, or Andromache; avoid reading the mimes of the laughter-moving Philistion; abstain from all cheerful banquets, and avoid all witty conversation that may relax the lips into a wide smile. You ought to seat yourself by the side of a bereaved mother, or of a newly-made widow, or a brother inconsolable for a lost brother; and you ought to have no leisure to bestow on any muse but that of tragedy. In short, if you will follow my advice, "Weep, O damsel, if you are wise, weep."—*Lib. II. Ep. XLI.*

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Sejanus*, has the following part of a dialogue between a Roman lady and her physician:

Livia. How do I look to-day?

Eudemus. Excellent clear, believe it; this same *fucus*
Was well laid on.

Livia. Methinks, 'tis here not white.

Eudemus. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the *Sun*
Hath given some little taint unto the *Ceruse*.

Ben Jonson cites, in a note on this passage of his play, two lines from the above epigram of Martial, with a slight variation, viz.

Quæ cretata timet Fabulla nimbium,
Cerussata timet Sabella solem.

Respecting the *Cerusse*, Martial has, in another epigram,

Sic, quæ nigrior est cadente moro,
Cerussata sibi placet *Lycoris*.

This is quoted by Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Christian Simplicity*, who observes upon it, "For so the most deformed woman, whose girdle no foolish young man will unloose, because she is blacker than the falling mulberry, may please herself under a skin of *cerusse*, and call herself fairer than Pharaoh's daughter."

CII.

BUILDING AND BESTOWING.

Do you believe, Pastor, that I ask for wealth to attain the objects for which the low and ignorant crowd desire it? viz. that a Setine farm should give employment for my spades; that a Tuscan one should resound with the innumerable fetters of my slaves; that my round tables of African-wood should stand on a hundred elephants' tusks; that my bed should jingle with its golden ornaments; that no vessels but of large crystal should be rubbed by my lips; that Falernian wine should darken the snow in my goblets; that Syrian slaves arrayed in Canusian wool should labour at the poles of my sedan; that a crowd of clients should attend me wherever I am carried; that my cup-bearer should eclipse Jove's Ganymede; that I should ride on a mule, though bespattered with mud, in a purple lacerna (upper cloak); that a whip, without any bridle, should direct my Massylean steed. It is not any one of these that I covet, for which I attest the gods above and the stars! What is it, then? Pastor, I desire to build and to bestow (*ut donem et ædificem*).—*Lib. ix. Ep. xxiii.*

The first two lines of this epigram, which incidentally contains a curious detail of Roman luxuries, are prefixed to the following

poetical petition addressed to Lord Carteret, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by Dr Delany, published together with Swift's works.

Who can be happy—who should wish to live
And want the god-like happiness to give?
Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
Then how unblest am I, how blest are you.

'Tis true, but doctor, let us waive all that;
Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at.

Excuse me, my good lord—I wont be sounded,
Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
My Lord, I wish to pay the debts I owe—
I'll wish, besides, to *build* and to *bestow*.

CHIL.

PLURALITY OF RESIDENCES.

YOU possess a house at Esquilæ, and one on the hill of Diana; and the street of Patricians amongst its roofs reckons yours. From one of your houses you behold the temple of Cybele, from another that of Vesta; you command a view both of the ancient and modern capitol. Say, where shall I meet with you? At what place shall I ask for you? Maximus! he who lives everywhere lives nowhere.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* LXXII.

Montagne thus applies the above epigram: “L’Ame qui n’a point de but estably, elle se perd: car, comme on dit, c’est n’estre en aucun lieu que d’estre par tout.

Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.”

Montagne enlarges, from his own experience, on the fantastic notions which spring up in the mind of a man unoccupied by any definite pursuit, *nusquam habitans*.

CIV.

A HOUSE FOR SHOW.

You are conspicuous for possessing plantations of laurels, of plane-trees, and tall cypresses, and of baths large enough for public use. Your lofty portico stands on a hundred columns, and the onyx shines under your feet as you walk. The swift-footed horse applauds your hippodromon with his resounding hoofs. On every side of your mansion there is a murmur of falling water. Your *Atria* are long and expansive ; but there are no supper-rooms, no bed-rooms ; how admirably you do *not* dwell !—*Lib. XII. Ep. L.*

The point of the above epigram, which incidentally presents a picture of the magnificence of Roman mansions, is an example of a questionable species of wit, which operates by surprise, the reader, until the end, being led to expect a contrary result to that with which he is treated. Several instances of French epigrams similarly constructed are noticed in Kaimes's *Elements of Criticism*.

It may seem that Ben Jonson had the above epigram in view, when concluding his poem on Penshurst, thus :

Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their Lords have *built*, but thy Lord *dwells*.

CV.

A NEIGHBOURLESS NEIGHBOUR.

NOVIUS is my neighbour, and can be *reached by my hand out of my window*. Who does not envy me, and suppose that I am every hour happy, since I can enjoy the society of my

companion now in near junction of residences with me. The fact, however, is, that Novius is as far from me as Terentianus who governs Syene, a province of the Nile. We cannot have each other's society so close together. No one in the whole city is so near, and no one so far off. One of us must migrate to a distance. A person should be a neighbour or inmate of Novius, who does not wish to see him.—*Lib. I. Ep. LXXXVII.*

A passage in the above epigram is referred to by Becker, in his *Gallus*, on the point, whether Roman houses had windows looking into the street :

Vicinus meus est, manuque tangi
De nostris Novius potest *fenestris*.

The motto of the 77th Number of the *Spectator* is,

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisnam est tam prope, tam proculque nobis.

What correspondence can I hold with you,
Who art so near, and yet so distant too?

The Paper is on the subject of *Absence of Mind*, especially that of Will Honeycomb; it concludes with extracts from Bruyères' character of an *Absent Man*.

Jeremy Taylor writes in reference to the Presbyterian doctrine concerning the imputation of Adam's sin, "These are the doctrines of the Presbyterians, whose face is towards us, but it is over against us in this and many other questions of great concernment:

Nemo est tam prope, tam proculque nobis.
He is nearest to us, and farthest from us."

CVI.

EPITAPH ON GLAUCIAS.

(I.)

THE well-known freed-youth of Melior has died, and has occasioned grief to the whole of Rome. He lies buried under this marble tomb, close by the Flaminian way. He was in morals pure, in modesty intact, in talents quick, in appearance fortunate; the boy had not quite added a year to six completed harvests. Traveller! whosoever thou art that weepst at this recital, mayst thou have no other cause for weeping!—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* XXVIII.

(II.)

GLAUCIAS was made free by Melior at an age when he could scarcely comprehend the gift of freedom; he had been no plebeian slave, or of the common shops, but one worthy of the regard of his master: he received his freedom for his morals and his beauty. Who was more bland in his manners? Who had a more *Apollinean* face? Short is the span of life for all who are pre-eminent; rarely among them is found old age: whatever you love, take not in it too intense a pleasure. *Lib.* VI. *Ep.* XXIX.

With regard to the first line of the concluding distich of the last epigram, Evelyn, in his *Diary* (1689), makes mention of a child not twelve years old, the son of a Dr Clench, astonishing himself and Pepys by his "profound maturity of knowledge." He calls this prodigy "a wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge. I counselled his father not to set his heart too much on this jewel:

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus."

Cowley takes the same passage, *Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus*, as the motto for an elegy on his friend Harvey, which contains the lines quoted by Curran to Lord Avonmore, beginning:

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights!

The same line is applied by Cardan to King Edward VI., in his memoirs concerning his royal pupil; he writes, "Alas! how prophetically did he once repeat to me, *Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.*" Shakespere has a parallel passage to this notion of Martial:

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

The motto of the 38th Number of the *Spectator* (by Steele) is:

Cupias non placuisse nimis.

One would not please too much.

The Paper is on the subject of affectation, consisting of reflections on observing "a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation." A compliment to Chancellor Cowper is conveyed in illustrating the effects of affectation among barristers: "I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much."

Pelisson and the Count de Bussy had a controversy concerning the concluding line of Martial's epigram. Pelisson, who approved of it, translated it, "Voulez-vous être heureux, souhaitez en aimant que ce que vous aimez ne soit pas trop aimable." The Count de Bussy contended that whoever loves wishes that the object of his attachment should be amiable to perfection.

Ben Jonson adverts to the last line of Martial's epigram, in his elegy on the death of his first son:

Farewell, the child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson, his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake henceforth *all his vows be such,*
As what he loves may never like too much.

CVII.

ELEGY ON EROTION.

(I.)

O MY father, Fronto! and my mother, Flacilla! I commend to you, in the realm below, this damsel, my delight and the object of my kisses, lest Erotion be terrified at the dark shades, and at the enormous mouth of the dog of Tartarus. She would have completed her sixth winter if she had lived six days longer. May she continue her sportive ways under your reverend patronage, and may she garrulously stammer forth my name! May the turf lie lightly on her delicate bones; you ought not, O earth, to be heavy to her; she was not so to thee!—*Lib. v. Ep. xxxv.*

(II.)

DAMSEL, sweeter to me than swans grown to their full whiteness, softer than a Calesian lamb, more delicate than a shell of the Lucrine lake, one to whom you would not prefer the coral of the red sea, nor the polished tooth of the Indian elephant, nor the just fallen snow, nor the lily yet untouched—whose hair excels the fleece of the Bætic flocks (of a golden colour), and the knots of hair twisted by the women of the Rhine, and the sparkling gold-dust. Her breath was of the rose-gardens of Pæstum, of the newly-made honey of Attic hives, of amber become odoriferous by friction; compared with whom the peacock is inelegant, the squirrel unamiable, the phoenix a bird to be seen in flocks. The ashes of Erotion are yet warm in their recent tomb; she yielded to the avaricious law of the fates before she had quite completed her sixth year: with her are flown my loves, my joys, my sports; and yet my friend Pætus forbids my being sad. He says, Are you not ashamed to beat your breast, and tear your hair on account of a slave-girl? “I have buried,” he says, “a wife known in

society, proud, noble, rich, and, notwithstanding which, as you see, I live." What fortitude can exceed that of Pætus? He has succeeded, by his wife's death, to two hundred thousand sesterces, and yet he lives.—*Lib. v. Ep. xxxviii.*

The names of Martial's father and mother have been collected from the first of the above epigrams by his biographers. The converse of its conclusion has been made the point of an epigram on the architect of Blenheim:

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy stone on thee.

The second epigram would appear to be imitated in the following lines by Ben Jonson:

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes Martial's epigram, as indicating, in its hyperbolical comparisons, symptoms of love-melancholy. His version shows that in his time the popular taste in poetry was not very fastidious, as thus,

To whom confer'd a Peacock's indecent,
A Squirrel harsh, a Phoenix too frequent.

CVIII.

ELEGY ON ALCIMUS.

ALCIMUS! whom the soil of Labicana covers with its light turf, and who wast snatched from thy master whilst in rising youth, receive not the nodding weights of Parian marble, which futile labour dedicates to ashes, and which themselves must crumble and decay; but accept the slender box-trees, and the dark shades of the palm, and the grass moistened with my tears. Take these, dear boy, for the monuments of my sorrow; these may confer on you lasting honour. When Lachesis shall have spun out the thread of my life, I enjoin that my ashes shall repose in no other manner.—*Lib. i. Ep. LXXXIX.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Funeral Sermon on the Countess of Carbery*, quotes, from the above epigram, the passage:

Phario nutantia pondera saxo,
Quæ cineri vanus dat ruitura labor.

Observing, “that every thing finds a grave and a tomb, and the very tomb itself dies by the bigness of its pompousness and bravery: it becomes as much pliable and unconfined dust as the ashes of the sinner or the saint that lay under it, and is now forgotten in his bed of darkness.” In the same sermon, he makes another quotation from Martial’s epigram:

Cum mihi supremos Lachesis perneverit annos:
Non aliter cineres mando jacere meos.

As to which passage he says, “She lived as we all should die, and she died as I fain would die. I pray God that I may feel the same mercies on my death-bed that she felt.”

The literary reader may, perhaps, trace an imitation of the above epigram, in part of Pope’s *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*:

What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face;

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast ;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow.

Lamb, in a note to his translation of *Catullus*, says that Martial's elegy on Alcimius is clearly composed in imitation of that of Catullus upon his brother's grave ; an opinion which may admit of question. We are indebted to Lamb for a pretty version of Martial's elegy :

Dear boy! whom, torn in early youth away,
The light turf covers in Labicum's way,
Receive no tomb hewn from the Parian cave
By useless toil to moulder o'er the grave ;
But box and shady palms shall flourish here,
And softest herbage green with many a tear.
Dear boy! these records of my grief receive,
These simple honours that will bloom and live ;
And be, when Fate has spun my latest line,
My ashes honour'd, as I honour thine !

CHAPTER IV.

ROMAN LIFE.

THE epigrams of Martial which relate to Roman life were probably, in his own time, the most popular part of his books ; even now there may be found in them some of the liveliest sallies of his satire, wit, and humour ; but, in many instances, their application has become undiscoverable, owing to the memory of the objects glanced at having perished. In most epigrams of this class the temporary nature of the conventionalities alluded to has been a bar to their modern uses. We have not, for instance, with us seats at our theatres appropriated to peers and members of parliament ; we do not devote a portion of each day to public baths ; we do not drink by prescribed rules ; our houses are not filled with slaves. Nevertheless, there are a few of Martial's epigrams upon the present subject, in which intelligent modern writers have discovered, for the edification and entertainment of their own times, reflections on human nature, which, although superficially diversified by conventional manners, are as intrinsically applicable to the life in England of every day, as to that at Rome in the reign of Domitian. The merits of Martial's style and expressions have also occasioned the epigrams under the present head to be applied to various purposes alien to their original design. These epigrams have, also, been, in many instances, used by Roman antiquaries as the foundation, or in support

of their conclusions. With regard, indeed, to the private life of the Romans, Martial and Pliny should be read together, inasmuch as they represent it as regarded by persons differing widely in their stations of life, habits and genius.

One class of modern uses of Martial's epigrams on Roman life is scarcely touched upon in the present Chapter, viz. the illustrations derived from them by commentators on Roman authors, especially Horace, Juvenal, Persius and Pliny. To do justice to Martial's utility in this point of view, would occupy a great number of pages, and such as would be *caviare* to all but the learned: occasional and brief notices, therefore, of uses of this description have been judged all that it is expedient to introduce under the head of Roman life.

CIX.

CONFLUX OF NATIONS.

WHAT nation is so secluded, or so barbarous, O Cæsar! as not to furnish a spectator of your city? Thither flocks the inhabitant of Mount Hæmus, once the Thracian abode of Orpheus; thither the Sarmatian nourished with the blood of horses; thither he who drinks the water of the Nile where the river is first discovered, and he who lives on the remotest land's-end that is dashed against by the Ocean. The Arabian has hastened, the Sabæans have not been behind, and the Cilicians have been made wet in our theatres with their own perfumed waters. The Sicambrians have come with their hair twisted into a knot, and the Ethiopians with their hair ornamented after a different fashion. Their languages are different, but there is one sentiment in the mouths of all, viz. that of hailing you, O Cæsar! by the title of the true Father of your Country!—*Spect.* 3.

Montagne, in an essay on managed horses, writes that the Scythians, when they were in scarcity of provisions, used to let their horses' blood, which they drank, and sustained themselves by that diet, quoting,

Venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo ;

which Montagne's translator renders,

The Scythian also comes without remorse,
Having before quaff'd up his bleeding horse.

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Sejanus*, writes,

When I have charged alone into the troops
Of *curl'd* Sicambrians.

In a note he quotes, from the above epigram, the line,

Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri.

Milton's commentators have ascribed, apparently with reason, to this epigram the germ of the more beautiful tableau of ancient Rome, imagined to be sketched by the Tempter on the mount, in the *Paradise Regained* :

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in!
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,
Legions, and cohorts, turms of horse, and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From the Asian kings and Parthian among these,
From India, and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.—
All nations now to Rome obedience pay.

CX.

CRIES OF ROME.

(I.)

YOU ask why I so often go out of town, to visit the poor Lar of my barren Nomentanian villa? There are neither ways of thinking nor of resting for a poor man in the city. One cannot live for schoolmasters in the day, grinders of corn at night, smiths at their forges all the day and night. Here a money-changer indolently tosses Nero's rough coins on his dirty counter; there a beater of Spanish nuggets belabours with a glowing hammer his worn stone. Neither does the fanatic crowd of Bellona cease from its clamour; nor the talkative mariner, with a picture of his shipwreck suspended from his neck; nor the Jew-boy taught to beg by his mother; nor the blear-eyed hawker of sulphur. Who can enumerate the various interruptions of sleep at Rome? As well might you cast up the number of hands in the city which strike the brazen cymbals when the divided moon is brought down from the skies by magical devices. But you, Sparsus, are ignorant of all this, who live delicately on the Janiculum; whose house, though built on a level, overlooks the highest hills; who enjoy the country in the city (*rus in urbe*), and a Roman vine-dresser, and an autumnal vintage not to be surpassed on the Falernian mount; and a course for your carriage included within your own premises; and profound sleep, unbroken by any tongues, and no daylight unless when purposely admitted. The laughter of the passing crowd arouses me; Rome is at my bedside. Whenever I want to repose from weariness, I go to my country villa.—*Lib* XII. *Ep.* LVII.

(II.)

WHAT right have you to annoy me, O wicked schoolmaster, whose head is detested by boys and by girls? The *crested cocks have not yet broken silence*, and already you thunder

with scolding and stripes. The brass does not so loudly resound on the anvil, when a smith is fitting a lawyer to his horse in an equestrian statue of bronze. There is less clamour in the amphitheatre when the partizans of a gladiator are exulting in his victory. Your neighbours do not ask to sleep the whole night, but they complain that they cannot sleep at all. Dismiss your scholars, and accept for your silence as much money as you get by your noise.—*Lib. IX. Ep. LXX.*

The expression *Rus in Urbe* has become a household one in England. The *cursus intra limen* is referred to by Becker as exemplifying the use of *hippodromes* in inclosures. Boileau has imitated the first of the above epigrams in a poem on the noises of Paris :

Tout conspire à la fois à troubler mon repos,
Et je me plains ici du moindre de mes maux.
Car à peine les coqs, commençant leur ramage,
Auront de cris aigus frappé le voisinage;
Qu'un affreux serrurier, laborieux Vulcain,
Qu'éveillera bien-tost l'ardent soif du gain,
Avec un fer maudit, qu'à grand bruit il appreste,
De cent coups de marteau me va tendre la teste.

* * * *

Je fais pour reposer un effort inutile,
Ce n'est qu'à prix d'argent qu'on dort en cette ville.
Il faudroit, dans l'enclos d'un vaste logement,
Avoir loin de la rue un autre appartement.
Paris est pour un Riche un pais de Cocagne,
Sans sortir de la ville, il trouve la campagne,
Il peut dans son jardin tout peuplé d'arbres verts
Recéler le printems au milieu des hyvers,
Et foulant le parfum de ses plantes fleuris
Aller entretenir ses douces rêveries;
Mais moi, grace au destin, qui n'ai ni feu, ni lieu,
Je me loge où je puis, et comme il plaist à Dieu.

Becker, in his *Gallus*, has composed his description of the cries of Rome partly from the first of the above epigrams, but principally from one in Martial's first book : he uses the above epigram as an

authority for the sellers of sulphur or matches hawking their goods ; and the epigram in the first book, for their exchanging them for broken glass ; from which epigram it also appears that the sellers of boiled peas, and of sausages, and the exhibitors of snakes, had their share in contributing to Roman noises.

With regard to the second epigram, it illustrates a passage in Juvenal, from which it appears that the Roman lawyers, in order to attract clients, used to set up equestrian statues of bronze in the vestibules before their houses, as in the instance of the lawyer Æmilius, than whom Juvenal says he could plead causes better himself :

Stat currus aheneus, alti
Quadrijuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci
Bellatore sedens.

Becker, in the *Excursus* to his *Gallus* on the subject of education, refers to the second of the above epigrams, in proof of the unpleasantness of Roman school-life ; observing that Martial, who lived near one of those schools, does not say much for the humanity of the *ludi magistri* ; he says less for it in another epigram wherein he speaks of a schoolmaster's weapons :

Scuticaque loris horridis Scythæ pellis,
Qua vapulavit Marsyas Celænius,
Ferulæque tristes, sceptræ pædagogorum.

He may be thought to have had some regard to his own ears, in his maxim, *cestate pueri si valent, satis discunt*.

Martial's annoyance at the noises of Rome may probably have suggested to Ben Jonson the trait of aversion to noises which he attributes to Morose, in his play of the *Silent Woman*, and to molest whom he collects all the principal street-noises of his day, viz. fish-wives, orange-women, chimney-sweepers, broom-men, costard-mongers, smiths, braziers, pewterers, the waits, bearwards.

CXI.

HORARY OCCUPATIONS.

(I.)

THE first and second hour of the day comprise the *saluters*; the third exercises the lungs of noisy lawyers; until the fifth Rome is occupied in miscellaneous employments. In the sixth, fatigued persons begin to rest (*sexta quies lassis*); in the seventh, there is a general cessation from labour. From the eighth till the ninth, the oiled palæstræ (the *exercitatio*, followed by a bath) afford sufficient occupation. The ninth hour bids the couches to be made ready for supper. The tenth, Euphemus, is the hour for my little books, what time you adjust the *ambrosial* repast, and when good Cæsar is relaxed by divine nectar held in small cups with his vast hand. At this moment let in the jokes: my Thalia is fearful of approaching with a frolicsome step the matutine Jupiter.—*Lib. IV. Ep. VIII.*

(II.)

YOUR slave-boy has not yet shouted the *fifth* hour, and yet, Cæcilianus, you make your appearance as my guest; when now the sureties in each lawsuit are being put off till to-morrow, and the arena wearies the wild beasts exhibited in honour of Flora. Run, Callistus; recall the unwashed servants (baths being for the eighth hour); let the couches be prepared for supper; sit down, Cæcilianus. You want warm water to mix with wine, but the cold water is not yet come; the kitchen is chilly, its hearth being still naked of wood. Prefer coming earlier; for why do you wait for the fifth hour, since you are evidently expecting a late breakfast? (*ut jentes sero*).—*Lib. VIII. Ep. LXVII.*

(III.)

THAT I publish scarce one Book in a year, appears to you, learned Potitus, idleness on my part. You might, with more justice, wonder that I produce one Book, if you knew how whole days sometimes glide away from me. In the evening I have to see those friends whom I have saluted in the morning and by whom my salutations may be returned (*vale* for *ave*); and to many I offer my congratulations, though I do not afford any ground for their congratulating me. Now my jewelled ring is busy with stamping seals near Diana's temple (on the Aventine hill, far from Martial's house). Now the *first* hour (for salutations), then the *fifth* (for miscellaneous business), seizes me for its own concerns. Now I am detained by a consul or a prætor, and the crowds of clients accompanying them home. Often a poet's recitation is to be heard through a whole day; and you cannot refuse to be a listener with impunity, if a lawyer ask you, or a grammarian, or a rhetorician. Wearied, I take my bath at the tenth hour (the usual hours being the eighth in summer and ninth in winter), and then I have to look after my hundred farthings (*centum quadrantes*); when, Potitus, shall a book be made?—*Lib. x. Ep. LXX.*

Antiquarians have made great use of the above epigrams for the explanation of the Roman hours, the occupations of a day at Rome, and the customary meals, as *jentaculum*, *prandium*, *cæna*. Thus with reference to Martial's *sexta quies lassis*, Becker, in taking his *Gallus* through Rome to meet his carriage outside the city (for it is doubtful whether carriages were allowed within the gates), writes: "It was just the time when the streets, though always full, presented the most motley throng; for the *sixth* hour approached, when a general cessation from business commenced, and most people were wont to take their morning meal (*prandium*): whilst some, therefore, were still sedulously engaged in their daily occupations, many of the less occupied were already hurrying to places of refreshment."

Becker notices that it appears from the first of the above epigrams that, when an hour is mentioned, the current hour, and not that

which had elapsed, was understood : this had been made a question, and, in ancient sun-dials, the hours are divided by means of only eleven lines, which have no numbers placed against them ; consequently, if the shadow of the gnomon fell upon the first line, the first hour would be already elapsed.

The *ninth* hour, that for supper (better answering to the modern *dinner*), Becker reckons would have been 2 hrs. 31 min. in summer, and 1 hr. 29 min. in winter, at the solstices. He collects from Pliny that, in winter, the *cæna* was an hour later, viz. 2 hrs. 13 min. 20 sec., the natural day being divided into twelve equal hours (the night being divided otherwise), and the *ninth* hour being halfway between mid-day and sun-set. Martial is speaking only of what are customary hours ; in another place he mentions a *cæna* at the tenth hour ; and, in another, he complains that after being dragged through the mud all day in following his *Rex's sella*, he is obliged to accompany him to Agrippa's baths, at the tenth or later hour, when he himself used Titus's baths at the other end of the town.

It is noticed by Becker, that it appears from the second of the above epigrams, that the use of *calda* (warm water) to be mixed with wine was not restricted to the cold weather ; as the epigram purports to have been written during the Floralia, which festival was celebrated from the 28th of April till the 2nd of May. The *Centum quadrantes*, the Recitations, and the crying of the hours by slaves, are illustrative of several ancient authors. Martial tells us that he lost a *centum quadrantes* at a swoop, in consequence of saluting Cæcilianus, one morning, by his name, without adding "my lord" (*nec dixi, dominum*).

CXII.

COUNTRY LIFE.

If I am asked how I pass my time in the country, I have a short answer to this question. At daybreak I pray to the gods ; I then review my domestics ; next my fields ; I apportion a fair division of labour among my servants ; afterwards

I read, I invoke Apollo, I tire out the Muses: which done, I rub my body with oil, and willingly brace it by gentle exercises; all this with lightness of heart, and freedom from debt to the usurers. I dine, I drink, I sing, I play, I wash, I sup, I take rest: when I retire to my couch, a small lamp consumes a little olive-oil: the light of this lamp furnishes offerings to the nocturnal Muses (*Camœnis*).—*Lib. IV. Ep. xc.*

Pope, in a letter to Mr Cromwell, dated the 18th of March, 1708, writes:

“If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather, lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

‘Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cæno, quiesco.

‘(I dine, I drink, I sing, I play, I *read*, I sup, I take rest.)’

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same. It has the same business, which is poetry, and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may, perhaps, instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way rather than let it stick by me; as shopkeepers are glad to be rid of those books at any rate which would otherwise always be lying on their hands.

“Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and in this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you must needs be, when you can find leisure to write to

“Yours, &c.”

If Martial’s epigram may appear, from Pope’s letter, to have been conducive to literary indolence, it produced a very different effect on Sir Thomas Parkyns, Baronet (ancestor of the Lords Ranelagh), who, in his treatise on wrestling, called *Progymnasmata*, published in 1714, tells us concerning Martial’s epigram, as follows:

“So soon as this epigram of Martial’s became my lesson under Dr Busby, at Westminster school, and that I had truly construed and exactly parsed every word, as we did all our authors, that they

might be the better understood, easier got *memoriter* and without book, for our future benefit; and I searching in 'Godwin's *Roman Antiquities*' for the meaning of *oleo corpusque frico*, I found that wrestling was one of the five Olympic games, and that they oiled their bodies, not only to make their joints more supple and pliable, but that their antagonist might be less capable to take fast hold of them. This, with running, leaping, quoiting, and whorle bars, were the famous and most celebrated games of Greece, continued with great solemnity for five days, in honour of Jupiter Olympius, from whence the Romans borrowed their Pentathlum, which was composed of running, wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing. Likewise it gave me a curiosity, when I found the famous poet Martial, my author, was proud of the account he gives of his country life; after his orisons to his God, agriculture, and his family business had been regarded, and, with his book, he had stirred up his muse, he prepared himself for this heroic exercise of wrestling, which they always performed before their full meal, being their supper, when all exercises were over, for you never meet with, in that poet, *ad prandium*, but always *ad cœnam vocare*."

There is a slight probability of Lord Coke's celebrated appropriation of the hours of a lawyer's day, in three Latin verses, having been suggested by Martial's poetical diaries. Lord Coke, like Martial, includes in his enumeration, praying, eating and drinking, reading, sleeping, and, like him, ends with the Muses; Lord Coke's and the above epigram both concluding with the same word *Camœnis*. In an original MS. of Sir W. Jones, in the author's possession, Lord Coke's epigram is thus alternatively translated, in Sir W. Jones's handwriting:—

E. C.

be six address'd;

Six hours to sleep allot, to law the same applied;

The Muses claim the rest.

Pray four, feast two, the Muse claims all besides.

Pliny spent his time in a very different way from Martial in the country as well as in town: with regard to his country life Pliny mentions that when he went to hunt, he always took with him his writing materials, being sure of finding Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana.

CXIII.

A RUSTIC VILLA.

BASSUS! the villa of our friend Faustinus is not encompassed by an extensive, but ungrateful champain, is not fashioned with rows of unproductive myrtle-trees, nor with plane-trees that support no vines, nor with box cut into every variety of figure: but it is delightful because it is pure and simple country. Here, Ceres with her abundant stores is closely pressed down in every angle of every barn, and many a cask is fragrant with the produce of ancient vintages. Here, when Novembers are past, and on the verge of winters (*bruma*), the rough pruning-man brings home the ripened grapes; the fierce bulls low in the deep valley; the steers are itching for the fight, before yet their foreheads are armed with horns. There is found wandering the whole family of the farm-yard, the shrill goose, peacocks with their jewelled tails, the bird (flamingo, Lat. *Phoenicopterus*) deriving its name from its red wings, the painted partridge, the spotted African fowl, the Colchian pheasant, cocks with their harems of Rhodian hens. The turrets resound with plaudits from the wings of pigeons; on this side the turtle-doves, on the other the ring-doves, respond in plaintive notes. The greedy swine follow the well-filled apron-lap of the bailiff's wife; the tender lamb bleats after its mother that is full of milk; the slave-children cluster round the cheering hearth, where abundant wood blazes in honour of the sacred Lares. The victualler does not grow pale for want of healthy exercise, nor, as he might do in the city, waste oil in anointing himself for the exercises of the *palaestra*; but he stretches out the treacherous net for the greedy fieldfares, or with a trembling line he drags to land the captured fish, or brings home the deer entangled in the toils;

the garden waves its cheerful little shadows; the boys of the neighbourhood are zealous to work at the command of the bailiff, not as task imposed by their schoolmasters; the rustic salutors come not empty-handed; one brings white honey with its wax, and cheese in the form of a cone made of milk from the Sassinian wood; another holds forth slumbering dormice; another a kid crying after its shaggy mother; another a capon; the grown daughters of honest countrymen bring eggs in wicker baskets. The neighbours, at the conclusion of his day's work, are invited to a supper; nor does a stingy table keep its *dainties for the morrow*; all are fed without exception, and the satisfied *servant* does not *envy* the intoxicated guest. But you, Bassus! at your villa in the suburbs, are in possession of mere famine; and from your lofty turret you behold nothing but barren laurels. You are indeed secure in this, that you have nothing which Priapus need to guard from thieves. You feed your vine-dresser with city-bread; and you indolently carry to your painted villa vegetables, eggs, chickens, apples, cheese, must (unfermented wine). Does this deserve to be called the country? Is it not rather a town-house carried to a distance?—*Lib. III. Ep. LVIII.*

In the fifth scene of Becker's *Gallus* is a particular description both of an ornamental villa after the city fashion, and a rustic villa for agricultural purposes. For the details of the rustic villa he has borrowed largely from the above epigram of Martial, with slight embellishments, as, for instance, instead of the *swine* following the lap of the bailiff's wife, Becker makes her scatter food from the lap of her gown to the whole tribe of the poultry-yard that are cackling and coaxing round her.

Pope, in the 173rd Number of the *Guardian*, writes, "I lately took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it would afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful or great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which

he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Our friend Faustinus' country-seat I've seen:
No myrtles placed in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd platane, nor clipt box-tree there
The useless soil unprofitably share:
But simpler nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art. This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them."

After referring to the description of a garden by Virgil, and to Alcinous's garden in Homer, Pope concludes with a burlesque description of the practice, in his day, of cutting trees into fantastic shapes, of specimens of which he gives a humorous catalogue.

Pope is scarcely justified in representing the passage he quotes as affording a type of Roman *gardening*. It would seem that Faustinus had sunk the vocation of an horticulturist in that of a farmer. Martial has left us descriptions of several villas essentially different in their character from that of Faustinus. It would appear, from Pliny's letters, that gardening among the Romans partook of an excess of ornament, the boxes and myrtles with which a garden abounded being often cut into a multitude of shapes representing men, animals, or inscriptions, whilst the fruit-trees were intermixed with obelisks; garden-walks were perfumed with roses or violets, and the Romans were fond of extensive beds of the acanthus. A garden sometimes contained a compartment which was designed to represent uncultivated country. Horace mentions as a mark of the luxury of his day, that the *bachelor* plane-tree was driving out the elm that was serviceable for vines. Martial has an epigram on a boy who put his hand into the mouth of a bear cut in box-wood, when he was stung to death by an adder, the poet observing that it might have been safer for the boy if the bear had been real.

The 33rd Number of the *Connoisseur* has, for a motto, the five concluding lines of the above epigram, with the following version:

A little country box you boast,
 So neat, 'tis cover'd all with dust,
 And nought about it to be seen
 Except a nettle-bed, that's green.
 Your Villa! rural but the name in,
 So desert it would breed a famine,
 Hither, on Sundays, you repair,
 While heaps of viands load the chair,
 With poultry brought from Leadenhall,
 And cabbage from the huxster's stall.
 'Tis not the country, you must own,
 'Tis only London out of town.

The Paper is interesting as exhibiting a representation, probably somewhat exaggerated, of citizens' *boxes* and of the habits and tastes of the trading community of London, in regard to the enjoyment of the country, in the year 1754.

Several passages in the above epigram of Martial are imitated in Ben Jonson's poem on *Penshurst*, as thus:

There's none that dwell about them, wish them down,
 But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
 And no one *empty-handed*, to *salute*
 Thy Lord and Lady, though they have no suit.
 Some bring a capon, some a bridal cake,
 Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
 The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
 By their *ripe daughters*, whom they would commend
 This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
 An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
 But what can this (more than express their love)
 Add to thy free provisions, far above
 The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
 With all that hospitality doth know!
 Where comes *no guest but is allowed to eat*
 Without his fear, and *of thy Lord's own meat*:
 Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine
 That is his Lordship's, shall be also thine.
 And I not fain, to sit (as some this day
 At great men's tables), and yet *dine away*.

Here no man *tells my cups*, nor, standing by
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy;
 But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
 He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat;
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day.

Jonson has embellished his picture by the representation of guests not partaking of their host's meat; this kind of meanness he may have introduced from numerous epigrams of Martial, and from Pliny's letters. It would seem, however, that the practice was formerly not unknown in England, as, in the instance of Bishop Hall's *trencher chaplain*, who was not allowed to sit above the *salt*. The Bishop also writes, apparently with allusion to Martial's *waiter*:

What though he quaff pure amber in *his* bowl
 Of March-brew'd wheat, yet slack *my* thirsting soul
 With palish oat frothing in Boston clay;
 And, if he list, revive his heartless grain
 With some French grape, or pure Canariane;
 When pleasing Bourdeaux falls into his lot,
 Some sourish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throat.
 What though himself craveth his welcome friend
 With a cool'd pittance from his trenchers' end.
 What though the scornful *waiter looks askile*,
And pouts, and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
 And takes his farewell, with a *jealous eye*
 At every morsel he his last shall see.
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
 I din'd at Virro his own board to-day?

Jonson's dinner *with* and, at the same time, *away* from a great man, is borrowed from another epigram of Martial:

Cur sine te cæno, cum tecum, Pontice, cœnam.
 And the *telling of his cups*, from another,
 Et numeras nostros adstricta fronte trientes.

CXIV.

REX, AND SALUTATIONS.

I LAY snares, I am ashamed of it, but still I lay snares, Maximus, for your dinner; you lay snares to catch another's; in this therefore we are a *pair* (*sumus ergo pares*); I go in a morning to perform my *salutation* to you; you are reported to have left home just before for the purpose of saluting another. We are therefore, in this also, a *pair*. I walk as your attendant, or am the *anteambulo* (runner before a litter) of a puffed-up *Rex* (patron). You trudge as the subservient companion of another *Rex*. We are therefore, in this, likewise a *pair*. It is mean enough to be a servant; I do not like to be a servant's servant. A *Rex* ought not to have over him another *Rex*.—*Lib. II. Ep. XVIII.*

Becker, in the second scene of his *Gallus*, gives the following description of making salutations at Rome, for which he is considerably indebted to Martial in the above and other epigrams: "The *vestibulum* had already begun to be filled with a multitude of visitors, who came to pay their customary morning salutation to their patron. The persons who presented themselves not only differed in their grades, but also in the motives of their attendance. Citizens of the inferior class, who received support from the hand of Gallus; young men of family, who expected to make their fortunes through the favourite of Augustus; poor poets and idlers, who looked to a compensation for these early attentions, by a place at the board of Gallus, or contented themselves with a share of the diurnal *sportula*; a few friends really attached to him from gratitude or affection; and, no doubt, some vain fellows, who felt so flattered at having admission to a house of distinction, that they disregarded the inconvenience of dancing attendance thus early before the door of their *dominus* or *rex*, and waited impatiently for the moment when they were to be admitted. For this was not the only visit of the kind they intended to make this morning; and there were some even with whom this made the the second or third door visited already."

The duties exacted by a Rex from his clients, after their morning visit, are thus detailed by Martial in an epigram frequently quoted by Becker, in which Martial begs of his Rex to allow of his freedman acting as his deputy, alleging that he has a louder voice for crying *sophos* when his Rex is speaking than himself, can make way with his elbows through a crowd for his Rex's sedan better, and, in case of a quarrel in the streets, is master of a larger vocabulary of abuse. In another place Martial complains of the time occupied in following and bringing home his *Rex*; saying that in order to swell the *number* of his gownsmen, the *number* of his own books was diminished, concluding that such was the tax paid by a poet who disliked supping at home (*cum cœnare domi non vult poeta*).

The above epigram has received a modern application in English medallic history. One of the remarkable medals struck on the occasion of the assassination of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey in furtherance of the Popish Plot, relates to the evidence against Green, Hill and Bury, who were hanged for murdering that Protestant Magistrate. The witnesses for the prosecution stated, that after the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey his body was taken from London to *Greenberry Hill*, (a singular coincidence between the names of the locality and of the three supposed murderers), and that it was there left in a position to favour a belief of his having committed suicide with his own sword; thus representing him as walking up hill after he had, in fact, been murdered. The medal, on its face, exhibits St Denys carrying his head down hill (from Montmartre to St Denys), agreeably to the legend, and bears an inscription "Denys walks down hill carrying his head;" whilst, on the reverse, Sir E. Godfrey is represented walking up Greenberry-hill, his dead body lying at a distance, with an inscription, "Godfrey walks up hill after he is dead." The face also bears an inscription "*Sumus*," and the reverse that of "*Ergo pares*."

The last line of this epigram was quoted by Sir Robert Atkyns in his tract, wherein he censures the decision of Chief-Justice Herbert and his colleagues, on the subject of the Dispensing Power. Chief-Justice Herbert had laid down as the first position in his judgment on the Dispensing Power, that "The Kings of England are Sovereign Princes." Sir R. Atkyns allows that this position is true in one sense, viz. that the King is Sovereign as having "no superior on earth, according to Martial, *Qui Rex est, Regem (Maxime) non habeat*;

but the King is not a Sovereign in the sense of being exempt from the reprisal of law, an absolute King." Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Supreme Civil Power*, says that it is "accountable to no man whatever it does. *Qui Rex est, Regem, Maxime, non habeat.*"

Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, mentions that "when Pope Pius V. would have made Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Florence, King of the same State, the Emperor Maximilian answered directly to the French King's ambassador about it, *Non habet Italia Regem nisi Cæsarem*, according to that of Martial:

Qui Rex est, Regem, Maxime, non habeat."

CXV.

HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT A REX.

Do not deem me presumptuous that I *salute* you by your simple name, whereas I used formerly to call you *Dominus* and *Rex*. I have purchased my *cap* of liberty by means of the sale of all my chattels (which enables me to live without your *sportula*). That man ought to have Lords and Kings who does not himself possess, but covets what Domini and Reges court. Olus! if you can live without a Servus, you can live without a Rex.—*Lib. II. Ep. LXVIII.*

The epigram is thus translated by Cowley:

That I do you with humble bows no more
And danger of my naked head adore,
That I who Lord and Master cried erewhile,
Salute you in a new and different style
By your own name, a scandal to you now,
Think not that I forget myself, or you.
By loss of all things that all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's *hat* is bought.

A Lord and Master no man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no authority.
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies without which Lords cannot live.
 If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

Shenstone has given the following paraphrase of the last two lines of the above epigram, which he quotes,

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
 Et Regem potes, Ole, non habere.

in an epigram entitled, "The Price of an Equipage," wherein, after rather a tedious description of a person who keeps a splendid equipage on the wages of corruption, he concludes:

Thus does our false ambition rule us,
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us,
 To keep a race of fluttering knaves,
 He grows himself the worst of slaves.

Addison, in his *Dialogues on Medals*, treats of the representation of the figure of Liberty on the reverse of a coin of Galba, which bears an inscription *Libertas publica, S. C.* He observes that the figure of Liberty carries, in her left hand, a wand, which the Latins call the *rudis* or *vindicta*, and, in her right, the *Cap of Liberty*. He writes that he shall quote Martial for the latter; and, accordingly, adduces the commencement of the above epigram with a poetical version:

By thy plain name though now address,
 Though once my King and Lord confest,
 Frown not: with all my goods I buy
 The precious *cap* of liberty.

CXVI.

SEATS AT THE THEATRE.

(I.)

THE Edict of our *Lord* and of our *God* for a distribution of seats in the theatre, and by which the *Knight*

enjoys a place that is pure from the mixture of the vulgar, is loudly applauded by Phasis dressed and glowing in a purple *lacerna*, and sitting among the Knights. He proudly enlarges on the merits of the Edict in a pompous voice. "At length," he says, "it is allowed to sit more commodiously; at length the equestrian dignity is restored; we are not pressed or soiled by the mob." Whilst Phasis is ranting in this strain, and lolling with his back on a cushion, Lectius (the officer whose business it was to see that none of inferior rank intruded into the seats of the Knights) ordered those purple and arrogant *lacernæ* to rise (and the wearer betakes himself to a more ignoble part of the theatre).—*Lib. v. Ep. VIII.*

(II.)

MANNEIUS was accustomed to sit in the first row of the theatre, before Domitian revived the law appropriating seats to the Knights. Twice and a third time being turned out by Lectius, he removed his camp, and posted himself close behind the Knights Caius and Lucius, and just within the select seats. There, for a while, he beheld the games with one eye peeping from under a hood. But, again, he was ejected, and was compelled, in a state of despondency, to pass into the *standing* way. Nevertheless, here, also, he leant over the rail of the last row of Knights, and kneeling uncomfortably on one knee, he pretended to the Knights that he was sitting among them, and to Lectius, that he was *standing*.—*Lib. v. Ep. XIV.*

Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, in mentioning the instances of the appellation of *God* being given to princes, observes that "Domitian and some more Roman emperors were in their styles solemnly called *Gods*; and Martial hath with regard to Domitian,

Edictum Domini, Deique nostri."

Tertullian, in his *Treatise on the Spectacles*, observes, "*Nam apud spectacula et in viâ statur.*" His Cambridge editor, in a note on the

word *statur*, illustrates it by the above epigram of Martial, and particularly by the line,

Equiti sedere; Lectioque se stare.

Martial was very proud of his seat at the theatre,

Et sedeo qua te suscitât Oceanus.

CXVII.

SLAVES.

(I.)

ONE ringlet belonging to a knot of hair was out of its place, not having been properly fixed by the erring needle. Lalage perceived this crime in her hand-mirror, and, forthwith, avenged it by striking to the ground, with the mirror she was holding, her waiting-woman Plecusa, and cutting off her hair. Cease, henceforth, Lalage, to employ waiting-maids for adorning your locks or touching your insane head. Eradicate your hairs with the blood of Salamanders, or shave them with a razor, so that your looking-glass may always reflect an image worthy of itself and yourself.—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* LXVI.

(II.)

WHY, Ponticus! do you pretend that some unknown person has cut out your *slave's* tongue? Do not you know that the people will tell what he cannot?—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* LXXXII.

(III.)

A DOMESTIC slave, who had been branded on the forehead by his master (*fronte notatus*), preserved the life of that master when proscribed,—I say that the master, by his slave's act, had his life preserved less signally, than the memory of his cruelty.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XXI.

(IV.)

Do you behold that man occupying one of the seats of the theatre set apart for the Knights, whose hand shines with a ring (the appendage of Roman Knighthood) of sardonius, whose *lacerna* has been deeply dyed in Tyrian purple, and whose *toga* underneath is bid to surpass in whiteness the untrodden snow, whose hair smells of the whole shop of the perfumer Marcelianus, whose arms look polished by the eradication of every hair; no vulgar latchet fastens his shoes, which exhibit a token of nobility in the form of a half-moon; his foot, although it has nothing the matter with it, is bound round with scarlet leather. Numerous plasters, cut like stars, anoint his forehead. Do you not know who this is? Take away his plasters, you will read (*i.e.* will read the letters of a branded slave).—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* XXIX.

(V.)

WHEN you gave your last supper, Rufus! you pretended that the hare was underdone, and you called for the *whips*. I suspect that you preferred cutting (*scindere*) your cook to cutting (*scindere*) your hare.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XCIV.

(VI.)

IF your slave has committed a fault, do not knock out his teeth with your fist; give him a *copta* from Rhodes to eat.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* LXVIII. (*Copta*, devices of pastry, very hard, and especially so, if brought from a distance; they were distributed among guests, to be taken away with them.)

Becker, in the *Appendix* to his *Gallus*, when treating of the slave family, notices that the maids who dressed the Roman ladies seldom escaped from the toilet without being beaten, scratched, or torn and pricked with needles; among other examples of which he cites the epigram concerning Plecusa, with a parallel passage from Juvenal.

He might have adduced several of Martial's epigrams on the subject of *cutting* cooks, or, as in one place it is said,

Rumpisque coquum, tanquam omnia cruda.

The *letters* branded on the foreheads of slaves were called *stigmata*, and the slaves so disfigured, *notati* (as in the third of the above epigrams), *inscripti, literati*; as to which Becker observes, with reference to the last of the above epigrams, that the *stigmata* remained visible for life, and many who afterwards became free and rich tried to hide them with plasters. He also refers to another epigram of Martial, in which mention is made of one Heros, who practised the effacing of former brandings of slaves (*Tristia servorum stigmata delet Heros*). Ben Jonson appears to have reference to Martial's *Splenia* and his *Heros*, in the play of the *Poetaster*:

I could stamp

Their foreheads with those deep and public brands,

That the whole company of barber-surgeons

Should not take off with all their art and *plasters*.

Becker concludes his *Excursus* on the subject of Roman slavery with observing, that whoever wishes to have a more intimate acquaintance than he has afforded with the dark side of *slave-life* at Rome, may find it in the pages of Juvenal and Martial; an observation which the above epigrams may suffice to confirm.

CXVIII.

MANUMISSION.

THAT amanuensis, once faithful to my studies, and a source of happiness to his master, whose penmanship was known also to the Cæsars, my Demetrius, has been taken away in his first green years. His age was three lustres and four harvests (nineteen years). But, that he should not descend in the condition of a slave to the Stygian shades, when pestilence should have consumed its victim,

was my especial care. I remitted to him on his sick bed all the rights of ownership; he was worthy to have been cured by my gift. Fainting as he was, he felt sensible of his reward, and, when on the point of departure for the infernal waters in the condition of a freedman, he called me by the name of *Patron*.—*Lib. i. Ep. cii.*

Barrington, in his *Observations on the Ancient Statutes*, in treating of a statute of Richard II., which enacts that all *manumissions* made during the insurrections of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade to villeins should be void, adverts to the strict forms observed by the Romans in their manumission of slaves. He observes that “the Romans had a custom of enfranchising their slaves just before their death, which, I believe, has not been taken notice of by those who have written in illustration of the civil law;” and he quotes the last six lines of the above epigram.

Martial has an epigram on the advantages of a slave, Condylus, over his master Caius, a light in which Condylus appears not to have viewed the matter: he has also another epigram, showing the reasons why a fever would not quit a master to lodge with his slave.

CXIX.

A SLAVE-FOOL.

(I.)

HE was called a natural Fool (*morio*); I bought him as such, for twenty thousand sesterces. Give me back my money, Gargilianus, “this fellow is no fool.”—*Lib. viii. Ep. xiii.*

(II.)

HIS stupidity is not from art, but from nature: whoever is not over-wise, is wise.—*Lib. xiv. Ep. ccx.*

Becker, in his *Disquisition on the Slave Family*, observes that the *Moriones* were originally Crétins; at least the term compre-

hends not only absurdity but deformity; and Martial (vi. 39) describes one with sharp head and long ears, which moved like the ears of asses; but their absurdity was the chief point, and the stupider they were, the more valuable, as affording most opportunity for laughter. He mentions that Seneca kept several *moriones* in his house; and he cites the above epigram in proof of the price of a Roman *morio*. This price may be supposed to have varied with the use made of the *morio*. In one instance Martial mentions that a little *morio* was the bearer of kisses, whilst wet, between lovers, when incommoded by the presence of a *de trop*.

The second epigram, of which the last line of the original is,

Quisquis plus justo non sapit, ille sapit,

may possibly have suggested Gray's paradox,

Where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.

CXX.

SATURNALIA.

(I.)

NOTHING is more dissolute than the conduct of Charisianus: he walks about, during the Saturnalia, in his *toga*.—

Lib. vi. Ep. xxiv.

(II.)

Now the chap-fallen youth is obliged to relinquish his nuts, on his recall to school by his clamorous master; and the inebriated gambler is seized in some secret tavern, where he is betrayed by the rattling of his dice-box to the ædile whom he is beseeching. The whole Saturnalia are past. And yet, Galla, you have not sent me any small little gifts, not even such as are less than those which you were in the habit of sending. Thus, indeed, may my December fly away:

but you will not forget that *your* Saturnalia (season for making presents to *women*) are now approaching, then Galla, I will return to you what you have given. (Pay you in your own coin.)—*Lib. v. Ep. LXXXV.*

(III.)

To have sent a six-ounce weight, or a gaudy toga worth ten scruples of silver, is deemed luxury, and puffed up Reges call it a donation. There is, at most, one in Rome who rattles gold coins. Be you a friend, O Cæsar, since this sort of people are not; surely no virtue of a Prince, can, in its exercise, be sweeter. Long before I have said so much, you smile, *Germanicus* (a name by which Domitian liked to be called), with a tacit nose, signifying that *my advice tends to my own benefit.*—*Lib. v. Ep. xx.*

Concerning the first of the above epigrams, Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse upon Christ's Sermon on Humility*, after quoting Martial's lines, observes, "Charisianus walked in his gown in the feast of Saturn; and, when all Rome was let loose in wantonness, he put on the long robe of a senator and a severe person, and yet nothing was more lascivious than he." Jeremy Taylor further remarks, that "the devil Pride prevails sometimes over the spirit of lust." It may be doubted whether Jeremy Taylor has apprehended the point of the epigram, by which it would seem to be insinuated that, whereas upon occasions of ceremony or official business Roman citizens (and not merely *senators*) would be deemed dissolute (*lascivi*) if they did not wear the *toga*; so a Roman who wore his *toga* when the rest of his fellow-citizens walked about in their *tunics*, might be called dissolute (as Raderus has it, *quasi per lasciviam contra morem incederet*), not with reference to his previous character, but because he *did not do as they did at Rome*. Martial describes Rome, during the Saturnalia, as wearing the cap of liberty, *pileata Roma*; it appears from this epigram that it was also *tunicata*.

With regard to the second of the above epigrams, Jeremy Taylor, after quoting from Seneca, that pleasure sneaks up and down to

baths and sweating-houses, and places that fear the presence of the *Ædile*, writes, "which we learn from Martial,

Arcana modo raptus a popina,
Ædilem rogat udus aleator.

The dice-player, half drunk, newly snatched from his tavern or ordinary, beseeches the *ædile* *for money*." It must be recollected that games of mere chance were prohibited by law (*vetita legibus alea*), except only during the Saturnalia. The commentators appear to have conceived that the moistened (*udus*) gambler asked for pardon, and not for *money*: it may be thought that to have asked the *ædile* for money, he must have been very drunk.

In reference to the third epigram, Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Conscience*, writes, "*That* determination is to be suspected which does apparently serve an interest, and but obscurely serves a pious end.

Utile quod *nobis* do tibi consilium.

The propositions of the Church of Rome do evidently serve the ends of covetousness and ambition, of power and riches, and therefore stand vehemently suspected of contrivance and art, rather than piety, or truth of the articles, or designs upon heaven."

Sir E. Lytton, in his *Last Days of Pompeii*, makes his *Ædile* pretend to turn aside his face at a dinner-party in August, when dice are introduced out of season.

CXXI.

DINNER CHARTS.

(I.)

THE *eighth* hour is being announced to the Pharian Heifer (Isis) by her bare-headed priests, who, after their daily search for Osiris, are at this prescribed time re-entering their temple in the Campus Martius. At this hour of the day the public baths are of a fit temperature for bathing; at the seventh hour they emit too much vapour; at the sixth, the heat of Nero's baths is

intolerable. Stella, Nepos, Canus, Cerealis, Flaccus, come to dine with me! My *Sigma* (dinner-couch in the fashion of, the Greek letter Sigma) has room for seven; we are six, add Lupus. My bailiff's wife has brought me mallows to aid digestion, and other treasures of the garden; among which is the sedative lettuce (*lactuca*, of which there were five sorts) and leek for slicing, mint good for wind on the stomach, and stimulative rockets. Slices of eggs shall cover anchovies dressed with sauce of rue, and there shall be sow's paps moistened with the saline liquor of tunny-fish. Then shall be served up a small kid snatched from the mouth of a savage wolf, of a size for one table, and one supper; cutlets which do not stand in need of the carver's knife; beans cooked with herbs; and sprouts dressed plain. To these a chicken shall be added, and a flitch of bacon which has survived three suppers. When your appetites are satiated, I will place before you mellow apples. You shall have a flagon of Nomentanian wine without dregs, which was new in the second consulship of Frontinus. To crown all, there shall be sallies of wit without gall, liberty of speech, not creating fear on the next morning, and no discussion in which you could afterwards wish you had not taken a part. My guest may express his candid opinion of Prasinus and Venetus (rival factions of the Circus); nor shall my cups bring on any one a criminal accusation.—*Lib. x. Ep. XLVIII.*

(II.)

CEREALIS, you may have a good dinner with me to-day; if you are not otherwise engaged, come! You will be able to keep the *eighth* hour, when we will just go to the same Baths. You know how near the Baths of Stephanus are to my house. My *bill of fare* is as follows: in the first course will be served lettuce and leek-strings for whets to the appetite; next will come tunny-fish, of an

age to be bigger than a small anchovy, and which will be smothered with eggs and leaves of rue: neither will there be wanting other eggs lightly boiled, nor cheese hardened on Velabrian hearths: and there will be olives which have felt a Picenian winter. I have said enough for the *gustus*, do you want to know the rest? I will exaggerate, if it will tempt you to come: there will be great fishes, shell-fish, sow's paps, plump birds both from the poultry-yard and from the marshes;—dainties which Stella does not place before his guests except on rare festivals. I promise more—I will recite nothing, even though you should recite to me over and over again your poem of the Giants, or your Georgics, second only to those of immortal Virgil.—*Lib. XI. Ep. LIII.*

It may be observed, in explanation of the above epigrams, that, according to Becker, a complete Roman *cæna* consisted of the *gustus*, or whet, the *fercula* or courses, consisting of the *prima*, *altera*, or *tertia cæna*, and the *mensæ secundæ*, or desert. Becker derives most of these details from an epigram of Martial on a host who gave a supper consisting of a multitude of fanciful dishes, all manufactured out of gourds. Most Englishmen would agree with Martial's sentiment on the *gustus*, expressed in the terms of the civil law touching divorce:

Dum pinguis mihi turtur erit, lactuca, *valebis*,
Et cochleas *tibi habe*, perdere nolo famem.

Ben Jonson's *Invitation of a Friend to Supper* is a close imitation of the above epigrams; so close, and so Roman-like, that some of the lines may be thought mere imitations, not intended to express realities:

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else would hope for no esteem.

It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
 The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
 An olive, capers, or some better salad
 Ushering the mutton: with a short-legg'd hen,
 If we can get her full of eggs, and then,
 Lemons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney
 Is not to be despair'd of for our money;
 And, though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
 The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
 I'll tell you of more, *and lie, so you will come:*
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
 May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
 Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my man
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
 Livy, or of some better book to us,
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
 To this if aught appear, which I not know of,
 That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
 Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
 But that which most doth take my muse and me,
 Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
 Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine:
 Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
 Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
 Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
 Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
 Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
 And we will have no Pooly', or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
 But at our parting, we will be, as when
 We innocently met. No simple word,
 That shall be utter'd at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
 The liberty, that we'll enjoy to-night.

Of Prasinus and Venetus, Dryden, in his *Essay on Satire*, writes,
 after observing that Horace, Juvenal, and Persius have each their par-

tisans and favourers, "It is a folly of the same kind with that of the Romans themselves in the games of the Circus. The spectators were divided in their factions between the Veneti and the Prasini; some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green.....I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice." It would seem that Prasinus and Venetus were poetical personifications of factions in the Circus. In the fifth volume of Gibbon, in which the curious history of the factions of the Circus is lucidly detailed, it is stated that the four colours of the charioteers,—white, red, green, and blue,—represented the four seasons, according to some writers, and that *Venetus* was explained by the term *cæruleus*, which is properly the sky reflected in the sea. The colour of the *Prasini*, whose faction was espoused by the emperor, was *green*.

Ben Jonson's *Leges Convivales*, or rules engraven on marble fixed over the chimney-piece in his club-room, called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern (now Child's banking-house), contain the following:

Rule XVII. *Joci sine felle sunt*, which is rendered by Ben Jonson, "Let raillery be without malice or heat."

Rule XXIII. *Neminem reum pocula faciunt*, which he thus translates:

Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine;
Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

Rule XVIII. *Insipida poemata nulla recitantur*, which he translates:

"Dull poems to read let none privilege take."

CXXII.

SUPPER OF PERFUME.

I ADMIT, Fabullus, that you gave good ointment to your guests yesterday; but there was a lack of carving. It is a ridiculous thing to be well perfumed and to starve. The guest who does not sup, but is anointed, appears to me to be treated like a corpse.—*Lib. III. Ep. XII.*

This epigram is cited by antiquarians as showing a practice among the Romans of anointing their dead. Catullus has an invitation to another of the *Fabulli*, in which he promises rare essences. George Lamb, in his poetical translation of Catullus, adopts the *nasal* part of Dr Hodgson's version of this bill of fare, viz. :

Thou'lt pray the Gods, may touch and taste
Be quite in smell alone effaced,
And I become *all nose*!

George Lamb observes, in a note, that "to put off their guests with perfume instead of food, seems to have been a practice usual with the *Fabulli*." Thus, he writes, Martial addresses one :

Faith! your essence was excellling;
But you gave us nought to eat:
Nothing tasting, sweetly smelling,
Is, Fabullus, scarce a treat.
Let me see a fowl unjointed,
When your table next is spread;
Who not feeds, but is anointed,
Lives like nothing but the dead.

It may be observed that Martial is very spiteful against the givers of bad suppers. He complains of one host, that he served golden ornaments on the table instead of meat; of another, that he placed before his guests nothing but a *boar*, and that so small an one that it might have been killed by a pigmy; he desires that this host should never more place a boar before him, but should be placed himself before a boar in the arena; another is compared by him to an imitator of Mithridates, who often drank poison, in order to avoid being poisoned; so this host always supped very badly with a view to escape dying of hunger.

CXXXIII.

WALKING SUPPERS.

ANNIUS has nearly two hundred tables, and a suite of servants for each table. The platters run across each other,

the dishes are all on the wing (*volant*). Ye sumptuous folk, keep this kind of entertainment for yourselves; my taste is disgusted with a supper that walks.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* XLVII.

It is not improbable that Pope may have availed himself of this epigram in his description of a flying dinner at Timon's Villa (Canons), in his *Essay on the Use of Riches*:

But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call,
A *hundred footsteps* scrape the marbled hall.
Is this a dinner, this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
So quick retires each *flying* course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor, and his wand, were there,
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate.

CXXIV.

MIXING WINES.

WHY, O Tucca! do you take pleasure in mixing with old Falernian wine *must* that is stored in Vatican casks? What great good have your worst wines done? What great harm has been done by your best wines? What you inflict on your guests is of little consequence; but it is a crime to assassinate Falernian wine, and to give cruel poison to the juice of the Campanian grape. It is very probable that your guests all deserve to be put to death; but so precious a flagon of Falernian wine did not deserve to die.—*Lib.* I. *Ep.* XIX.

The last line of the above epigram is used by Dr Delany as part of an inscription on a buried bottle of wine, the disinterring of which is commemorated in one of Swift's Birth-day odes to Stella:

Amphora quæ mœstum linquis, lætumque revises
 Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis!
 Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor!
"Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori."

"O Bottle of Wine! that leavest thy master sad, on account of parting with you, but wilt gladden his heart when in thirst he meets you again, may the earth lie lightly on thee! And thou, marble, that coverest this deposit, afford it protection, without crushing it! *So precious a bottle does not deserve to die.*"

The motto of the 131st Number of the *Tatler* is taken from the above epigram:

Scelus est jugulare Falernum
 Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.

The Paper relates to the practice of manufacturing foreign wines from English ingredients, in the year 1710. Becker calls the above lines of Martial an excellent epigram, and, on the strength of it, mixes for his *Gallus*, at an inn, some Vatican wine with old Falernian. Martial compares the drinking of Vatican wine out of a patera adorned with a serpent by Myron, to drinking the serpent's poison.

CXXV.

DRINKING NAMES.

NÆVIA's health must be drunk in a cup charged with six ladles (*cyathis*), Justina with seven, Lycas with five, Lyde with four, Ida with three. Let every mistress be numbered in potations of Falernian wine. But as none of them answer to their names, do thou visit me, O Somnus!—*Lib. i. Ep. LXXII.*

In the 30th Number of the *Spectator*, by Steele, there is a letter giving an account of an *Amorous Club*, at Oxford. It is stated that the members, in their cups, had recourse to the rules of love among the ancients:

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven.

The writer adds "This method of a glass to every letter of a name occasioned, the other night, a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Miss Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabeth*; which so exasperated the club, that, by common consent, we retrenched it to *Betty*."

Dr Nash, in his edition of *Hudibras*, gives the following paraphrase of Martial's epigram:

For every letter drink a glass,
That spells the name you fancy,
Take four, if Suky be your lass,
And five, if it be Nancy.

Hudibras, when making love to the widow, says to her:

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love-knots and flourishes,
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk Champagne become.

Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisitions*, when adverting to the above epigram of Martial, observes that the Delphin editor interprets the invocation to *Somnus*, as that the Romans, "in order to provoke sleep, used to toss off the last cup to Mercury, as the God presiding over that blessing. But the meaning of the poet seems to be, that having no mistress, he will regulate his drinking to five cups, the number of letters in the word *somne*. By this he proposes to declare his moderation, the number being exactly a mean between the tallest and shortest lady toasted by the rest of the company." Dr Malkin mentions a modern humorist, who, having no lady to toast, declared that, like Martial, he would drink to *somnus*, but in the nominative case, and, in accordance, filled six successive bumpers. Sir E. Lytton makes his dinner-party at Pompeii conclude with a parting cup to Mercury.

Jeremy Taylor, in his *Discourse on the House of Feasting*, observes, that the Romans thought that there was no life after this; or if there were, it was without pleasure; in the shades below there was "no numbering of healths by the numeral letters of Philenium's name,

no fat mullets, oysters of Lucrinus, tender lard of Apulian swine, condited bellies of the scarus. They placed themselves in the order of beasts and birds, and esteemed their bodies nothing but the receptacles of flesh and wine, larders, and pantries; and their soul, a fine instrument of pleasure and brisk perception of relishes and gusts, reflexions and reduplications of delight."

Becker, in his *Gallus*, observes, that we derive almost our only information on the ancient custom of drinking by letters, from Martial, referring to several of his epigrams on the subject, and explaining that *cyathus* does not mean a cup or glass, but a measured ladle for filling them. He illustrates the custom by the following scene: "'Bring larger goblets, *Earinos*, that we may drink according to the custom of the Greeks.' Larger crystal glasses were placed before him. 'Pour out for me six *cyathi*,' cried he. 'This cup I drink to you, Gallus. Hail to you!' Gallus replied to the greeting, and then desired the *cyathus* to be emptied seven times into his goblet. 'Let us not forget the absent,' said he. 'Lycoris, this goblet I dedicate to you.' 'Well done,' said Bassus, as his cup was being filled. 'Now my turn has come. Eight letters form the name of my love. *Cytheris*!' said he, as he drained the glass. Thus the toast passed from mouth to mouth, and finally came to the turn of the Perusians. 'I have no love,' said the one on the middle seat, 'but I will give you a better name, to which let each one empty his glass; *Cæsar Octavianus*! hail to him.' 'Hail to him,' responded the other Perusian. 'Six *cyathi* to each, or ten? What, Gallus and Calpurnius! does not the name sound pleasantly to you, that you refuse the goblet?' 'I have no reason for drinking to his welfare,' rejoined Gallus, scarcely suppressing his emotion."

Voltaire, in his *Questions sur l'Encyclopédie*, Article, *Boire à la Santé*, observes of the Romans, "Dans la joie d'un festin on buvait pour célébrer sa maîtresse, et non pas pour qu'elle eût une bonne santé. Voyez dans Martial:

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

Six coups pour *Nævia*, sept au moins pour *Justine*."

Voltaire thinks the drinking of healths a barbarous custom, inasmuch as a person might empty four bottles to a person's health, without doing him any good. He quotes an author, who states that it is not decorous in Germany to drink to the health of a superior in his

presence, upon which he observes, "Il y a moins loin d'un homme à un homme à Londres qu'à Vienne." Voltaire's notions of drinking to the honour of ladies in England may cause a smile: "Les Anglais qui se sont piqués de renouveler plusieurs coutumes de l'antiquité, boivent à l'honneur des dames; c'est ce qu'ils appellent *toster*; et c'est parmi eux un grand sujet de dispute, si une femme est *tostable* ou non, si elle est digne qu'on la *toste*."

CXXVI.

SUPPERS NIGH TOMBS.

(I.)

I AM called *Mica* (*lit.* a crumb); you behold what I am; a small supper-parlour. From my window you behold the mausoleum of Augustus. Shake up the cushions for a banquet (*lit.* break the beds); look for the wine, take a garland of roses, anoint yourself with nard. God Himself (Domitian, who designed the *Mica*) bids you to remember death.—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* LIX.

(II.)

FILL the double-*cyathi* cups with Falernian, pour summer-snow over the wine, let our hair be wet with unstinted perfume, and our temples be loaded with chaplets of roses. The adjacent Mausolea teach us how to live, for they show that even gods can die.—*Lib.* v. *Ep.* LXV.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Considerations preparatory to Death*, says, apparently in allusion to the above epigrams, "Break the beds, drink your wine, crown your heads with roses, and besmear your curled locks with nard; for God bids you to remember death. So the epigrammatist speaks the sense of their drunken principles. At all their solemn feasts they would talk of death, to give a zest to their present drinking, as knowing the drink that would be poured

on their graves would be without relish;" and again, "they threw some ashes into their chalices." At a banquet described by Petronius there was taken round the tables a skeleton made of silver.

CXXVII.

SUPPER-HUNTING AT PORTICOS AND BATHS.

SELIUS leaves nothing untried, nothing undared as often as he perceives a prospect of being compelled to sup at home. He runs to the portico of Europa, and, on his way through the Campus Martius, tries to get a supper out of Paulinus, who is taking his exercise there, by reiterated comparisons of his feet to those of the *swift-footed* Achilles. Europa failing him, he flies to the *Septa* (inclosures originally for voting, latterly filled with shops), in which quarter he looks in at the portico of the Argonauts, and affects to admire the pictures hung up there of Chiron and Jason. Seliu's object not being yet attained, he joins a crowd thronging to the temples of the Egyptian divinities, and takes his seat next yours, O Heifer! who lookest so sad for the loss of Osiris. He quits this place also without result, and resorts to the portico of a 'Hundred Columns;' next he goes to the portico of Pompey and its double grove (containing four rows of columns, and between each pair a grove). He then takes a range of the baths, not despising those of Fortunatus or Faustus, nor even the darkness visible of those of Gryllus, nor the Æolian bleakness of those of Lupus. When he has washed himself over and over again without finding the gods propitious, he returns to the place from which he set out, viz. the box-wood plantations of the portico of Europa, now grown warm with the afternoon sun, in hopes that he may entrap some friend who has protracted his walk till a late hour. A truce to supper-hunting;

I implore you, O Bull, thou lascivious carrier! (the arch-god Jupiter, who, in the form of a bull, carried away Europa) both in the name of thyself and of thy damsel (Europa, in whose portico Selius is supposed to be loitering), do you invite Selius to supper! (for which purpose bull Jupiter would have first to kill him.)—*Lib. II. Ep. XIV.*

Selius's wanderings are applied, in Canina's *Treatise on the Vicissitudes of the Eternal City*, for the purpose of identifying the ancient topography of Rome. The above epigram is particularly noticed as assisting to fix the relative localities of the Septa, the Porticos of Europa, of the Hundred Columns, and of Pompey. Numerous cornices and broken columns have been found on the site assigned in the above epigram to Pompey's Portico. The groves spoken of above in the Portico of Europa are supposed to have given a name to the Church, on the same site, called S. Salvatore *in lauro*; in the garden of which church four draped figures have been found, that are conjectured to have belonged to the decoration of the Portico of Europa. The places visited by Selius are situated in the English quarter of Rome; and it appears from various concurrent authorities that they were in or adjoining the Campus Martius.

The worship of Isis by Romans is a prominent circumstance in Sir E. Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*.

CXXVIII.

SUPPER-HUNTING BY NEWS-TELLING.

PHILOMUSUS! you are in the habit of earning suppers by the art of relating numerous fictions of your own invention, as if they were true. You know what schemes king Pacorus is contriving in his Arsacian palace: you enumerate the precise forces of the Rhenish and Sarmatian armies; you relate the message of the Dacian king to the Catti just as if you had yourself written his dispatch: you see each victorious laurel

before it arrives. You know how often Syene with its dark inhabitants is watered by Egyptian showers; you know how many ships set sail from the coast of Africa. You know for whose head the Julian laurels are growing; to whom Jupiter (at his games instituted by Domitian) destines his own garlands. Lay aside, O Philomusus! arts such as these; you shall sup with me to-day; but on this express condition, that you relate no news.—*Lib. ix. Ep. xxxvi.*

Martial's epigram is closely imitated by Ben Jonson, in one to Captain *Hungry*:

Do what you come for, captain, with your news;
 That's sit and eat: do not my ears abuse.
 Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
 How great you were with their two emperours;
 And yet are with their princes: fill them full
 Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull.
 Tell them, what parts you've ta'en, whence run away,
 What states you've gull'd, and which yet keeps you' in pay.
 Give them your services, and embassies
 In Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
 In Hungary and Poland, Turkey too;
 What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did do:
 And, in some year, all these together heap'd,
 For which there must more sea and land be leap'd,
 If but to be believed you have the hap,
 Than can a flea at twice skip in the map.

* * * * *

Keep your names

Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
 Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
 For your *next* meal; *this* you are sure of. Why
 Will you part with them here unthriftilly;
 Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
 Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting in.—
 Come, be not angry, you are HUNGRY; eat:
 Do what you come for, captain; there's your meat.

The *Paul's-men*, who, for want of an invitation to dinner, were sometimes constrained to *dine with Duke Humfrey* (whose monument was in an aisle of the cathedral), afforded modern instances of the suffering feelingly expressed by Martial, in another epigram, of *triste domicenium*.

CXXIX.

SUPPER-HUNTING BY CRYING *SOPHOS*.

THAT the gowned multitude, whilst you are speaking, exclaim so loudly *sophos!* (*wisely!* hear, hear!) is not elicited by yourself, but by your eloquent supper.—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* XLVIII.

The motto of the 189th number of the *Rambler* is,

Quod tam grande *sophos* clamat tibi turba togata,

Non tu, Pomponi, cœna diserta tua est;

of which the following version is given:

Resounding plaudits through the crowd have rung;

Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue.

The Paper is on the subject of "false claims to recommendation." Dr Johnson writes, "Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons casually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other."

The above epigram illustrates a letter of Pliny, as translated by Melmoth: "The audience that follow them are fit attendance for such orators, a low sort of hired mercenaries assembling themselves in the middle of a Court of Justice, where the dole is dealt round to them as openly as if they were in a dining-room; and at this noble price they run from court to court. We stigmatize this sort of people with the opprobrious title of table-flatterers; yet the meanness alluded to increases every day: it was but yesterday two of my servants, strip-lings, were hired for this goodly office at the price of three denarii. Upon these honourable terms we fill our benches and gather a circle;

and thus it is those unmerciful shouts are raised, when a man who stands in the middle of the ring gives the word; for, you must know, those honest fellows who understand nothing of what is said, or if they did, could not hear it, would be at a loss, without a signal, how to time their applause."

Martial applies to the exclamation *sophos* the following epithets, *tergeminum*, *inane*, *insanum*; the mobs of Rome, as, according to Persius, its parrots, had learnt Greek.

CXXX.

LEGACY-HUNTING.

(I.)

SILANUS has lost his only son; do you, Oppianus, omit to send presents? O cruel calamity! O malevolent Parcæ! (to leave Silanus without your presents). What vulture will devour this carcase?—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* LXII.

(II.)

You give nothing to me in your lifetime; you say that you will bequeath me something: if you have a grain of sense you must perceive, Maro, what I long for.—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* LXVIII.

(III.)

YOU are childless and rich, and born when Brutus was consul, and have you a belief in true friendships? There are indeed such things as true friendships, but they must be those you may have formed when you were young and poor: a new friend is one who loves you for your death.—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* XLV.

The motto of the 197th number of the *Rambler* is taken from the first of the above epigrams:

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver?

Say to what vulture's share this carcase falls?

The motto of the 198th number of the *Rambler* is the distich which forms the second of the above epigrams, which is thus translated:

You told me, Maro, whilst you live,
You'd not a single penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess.

The motto of the 162nd number of the *Rambler* consists of the four lines which form the third of the above epigrams, thus rendered:

What! old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might, perhaps, to those belong,
To those who lov'd you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the age you have,
They'll love you dearly—in your grave.

The first two numbers of the *Rambler* above adverted to, are on the subject of modern legacy-hunting, and each consists of letters signed *Captator*. The writer observes that “the term *legacy hunters*, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known in ancient Rome by the sonorous titles of *Captator* and *Hæredipeta*.” In the third number of the *Rambler* above adverted to, is a lively picture of a character named Thrasybulus, and of his agent Vafer. Thrasybulus, when he grew old, had “banquetted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance, nor the insipidity of truth.” Vafer “triumphed over all the efforts of Thrasybulus’s family, and, continuing to confirm himself in authority, at the death of his master purchased his estate, and bade defiance to inquiry and justice.”

CXXXI.

SOCIAL GAMES.

IF your game be the warfare of the insidious robbers, you have here your soldier, and your enemy, made out of gems.—
Lib. XIV. Ep. xx.

The above epigram was probably an accompaniment to a saturnalian present of a set of table-men for the game of *ludus latrunculorum* (or, little robbers). Becker, in the *Appendix* to his *Gallus*, when treating of the *social games* of Rome, mentions two games which were at all seasons lawful at Rome, as not depending on chance, viz. the *ludus latrunculorum*, like our chess, or rather a besieging game; and the *ludus duodecim scriptorum*, like backgammon. In illustration of the *ludus latrunculorum*, Becker cites the above epigram of Martial, and others respecting pieces made of glass, the different colours of the pieces, the feat of one piece being captured between two of a different colour, and the names of two persons immortalized by Martial for their fame in playing the game.

In a note appended to Garth's *Ovid* (ed. 1735), with reference to the lines on the *Art of Love*,

When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose,

five epigrams from Martial, illustrative of the subject, are quoted; in Becker's *Excursus*, six. Martial's expression *nequiore talo* has been adverted to (*supra*, *Ep. LIV.*), as to which, Sir E. Lytton introduces coggled dice at Pompeii, where some were, in fact, discovered.

CXXXII.

MULTIPLIED MARRIAGES.

IN three hundred days, more or less, from the period when the Julian law was re-enacted, and modesty was bid to re-enter Roman houses, Thelesina was married to a tenth

husband. A woman who is so often married is not virtually married; she falls within the purview, if not within the letter, of the law. I am less disgusted with a more simple prostitute.
—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* VII.

The point of the epigram seems to be, that there was a mode of evading the Julian law against adultery, by means of the adulterous wife marrying again before any proceeding under the law was instituted against her. The Julian law, in fact, contained a proviso that if a woman left her husband and married previously to any proceeding instituted against her, she could not be prosecuted before the adulterer had first been convicted. Some commentators think that the epigram indicates the prevalence of divorces; that women married again in order to screen the disgrace of being divorced. The epigram is cited with approbation in Murphy's *Notes to his Translation of Tacitus*, where it is introduced as illustrative of that part of the *De Moribus Germanorum* in which Tacitus states that German wives never married a second time.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Woman of Samaria*, quotes from Martial's epigram the lines,

Quæ nubit toties, non nubit: adultera lege est.

Offendor mœchâ simpliciore minus;

on which he observes, that "instead of returning anger and passion to her rudeness, which was commenced upon the interest of a mistaken religion, Christ preached to her the coming of the Messias, unlocked the secrets of her heart, let in His grace, and made a fountain of living water to spring up in her soul which might extinguish the impure flames of lust which had set her on fire, burning like hell, ever since the death of her fifth husband, she then becoming a concubine to the sixth."

CXXXIII.

WIDOWED STEP-MOTHERS.

THERE was a rumour that you were not altogether the son-in-law of your mother-in-law during the time that she

was the wife of your father. This could not be proved in your father's lifetime: but, now your father is dead, and yet your mother-in-law continues to reside in your family house. Though Tully were called back from the shades below, and though Regulus himself were to defend you, an acquittal would be hopeless: for a step-mother who does not cease to be one after the death of a father, was never altogether a step-mother.—*Lib. IV. Ep. XVI.*

In this somewhat obscure epigram Martial seems to regard it as conclusive evidence of an illicit intercourse between a mother-in-law and a son-in-law, that the former, on becoming a widow, continues to reside under the same roof with her son-in-law. The epigram, so understood, indicates a great squeamishness resulting from extreme corruption; though in this point of view it has not, it is believed, been noticed by writers on Roman manners: it is here introduced in consequence of the following remarkable use made of it upon a high question of divinity.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Sin against the Holy Ghost, in what sense it is or may be pardonable?* writes, “‘Impossible’ is not to be understood in the natural sense, but in the legal and moral. There are degrees of impossibility, and therefore they are not all absolute and supreme. So, when the law hath condemned a criminal, we usually say of him that it is impossible for him to escape, meaning that the law is clearly against him:

Magnus ab infernis revocetur Tullius umbris,

Et te defendat Regulus ipse licet;

Non potes absolvi.

That is, your cause is lost, you are inexcusable; there is no apology, no pleading for you; as here, ‘there is left no sacrifice for him.’ So St John’s expression, a ‘sin unto death’ means, without extreme difficulty, and a perfect contradiction to that state in which they are for the present lost.”

CXXXIV.

BEGGING INCENDIARY.

YOU bought your house, Tongilianus, for two hundred thousand sesterces: a calamity too frequent in this city laid it in ashes. The contributions on account of your loss, which you received from your friends, amounted to ten hundred thousand sesterces. I ask, may you not be suspected, O Tongilianus, of having set fire to your own house?—*Lib. III. Ep. LII.*

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, when writing of the tinnerns of Cornwall, notices, "I cannot take my leave of these tinnerns until I have observed a strange practice of them, that, once in seven or eight years, they burn down (and that to their great profit) their own melting-houses. I remember a merry epigram in Martial of one Tongilian, who had his house in Rome casually (reputed) burnt, and gained ten times as much by his friends' contributions to his loss:

Collatum est decies: rogo, non potes ipse videri
Incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum?

Gaining tenfold, tell truly, I desire,
Tongilian! did'st not set thy house on fire?

But here the tinnerns avow themselves incendiaries of their own houses; for during the tin's melting in the blowing-house, divers light sparkles thereof are, by the forcible wind which the bellows sendeth forth, driven up to the thatched roof, on the burning whereof they find so much of this light tin in the ashes, as payeth for the new building, with a gainful overplus."

The above epigram is illustrative of a passage in *Juvenal*, which is parodied in *Johnson's London*, but which, probably, was never very applicable to our metropolis:

See, while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before.
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heaven another fire.

CXXXV.

DANDIES.

(I.)

THIS man, whom you see walking slowly with vague footsteps, who cuts his way through the middle of the *septa* (where the shops are attracting crowds) in a vest of the colour of amethysts; whom my Publius does not surpass in the beauty of his *lacernæ* (garment worn over the *toga*), nor Codrus himself, the *alpha* of the wearers of *pænulæ* (cloak for cold weather); who is followed by a crowd of the gowned (*grex togatus*), and of boys; whose sedan, with its curtains and girths, are all new;—he lately pledged, at the counter of the pawnbroker Claudius, a ring for eight *nummi*, to buy himself a supper.—*Lib.* II. *Ep.* LVII.

(II.)

COTILUS, you are a *bellus homo*. The world says this. I hear it; but what is a *bellus homo*? A *bellus homo* is one who arranges his hair in regular curls; who always smells of balsams and cinnamon; who sings softly Spanish and Egyptian ditties; who moves about his shorn and polished arms in various attitudes; who wastes his whole day among the seats of the women; who is always whispering something in an ear; who is reading letters from various quarters, or writing them to as many; who flies from his neighbour's dress, lest his own should be soiled or ruffled; who knows who loves whom (*quam quis amet*); who runs about to all feasts; who well knows the pedigree of the winning horse, Hirpinus. "What are you telling?" say you. This is the definition of a *bellus homo*. Cotilus, a *bellus homo* is a *man*, or rather *thing*, engrossed by trifling occupations (*res pætriosa*, otherwise *pertriosa*).—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* LXIII.

The *first* of the above epigrams may, perhaps, be thought to have been imitated by Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*:

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes?
'Tis Ruffio: trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met.
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frightened head,
One lock, amazon-like dishevelled (*love-lock*?);
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
Meanwhile, I wonder at so proud a back,
Whiles th' empty guts loud rumblen for long lack.

The *second* of the above epigrams supplied the subject for a Prize at Cambridge, viz. *Bellus homo Academicus*. The prize was obtained by Goodall. It is directed by the deed of foundation, that the Latin epigram shall be "after the model of Martial."

A *Bellus Homo* is thus portrayed by Becker, in the second scene of his *Gallus*: "Lentulus, young, vain, and wealthy, was the exact prototype of those well-dressed, self-sufficient, shallow young men of our own day, so graphically described by a modern French author, as being *belles bourses d'étalage: qu'y a-t-il au fond? du vide*. No one dressed with more care, or arranged his hair in more elegant locks, or diffused around him such a scent of cassia and cinnamon, nard and balsam. No one was better acquainted with the latest news of the city: who were betrothed yesterday, who was Caius' newest mistress, why Titus had procured a divorce, on whom Neæra had closed her doors. The whole business of his day consisted in philandering about the toilets of the ladies, or strolling through the colonnades of Pompeius, or the almost completed Septa, humming Alexandrian or Gadi-tanian songs, or, at most, in reading or writing a love epistle: in short, he was a complete specimen of what the Romans contemptuously called *bellus homo*."

CXXXVI.

THE KISSING NUISANCE.

(I.)

It is impossible to escape the *kissers*; they press, they detain, they pursue, they meet.....They kiss people whether they are cold or hot, and even a bridegroom reserving his nuptial kiss. It will be of no avail, though you cover your head with a hood; nor will you be safe in a *lectica* with its skins and its curtain, or in a *sella* that is usually closed: the kisser will enter through every chink: not the Consular office, nor that of Tribune, nor the threatening fasces, nor the rod of the noisy *lictor* will drive him away; though you are sitting in the elevated tribunal, and are promulgating the law from a curule chair, the kisser will ascend as high as you.....The only remedy for this nuisance is to choose a friend not addicted to kissing.—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* XCIX.

(II.)

It is winter, and horrid December is stiffened, yet you have the audacity to detain every one whom you meet with a snowy kiss, and so to kiss the whole of Rome....If you have any sense of propriety, or any shame, put off your winter-kisses till the month of April.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* XCIV.

Becker adverts to both of the above epigrams in the notes to a passage in which he is conducting his *Gallus* through the Roman street called Subura: "In consequence of so many obstructions which occurred every moment, it was certainly more convenient to allow yourself to be carried through the throng reclining on a *lectica*, although it often required very safe bearers, and, now and then, the sturdy elbows of the *præ-ambulo*, to get well through: by this mode you had also the advantage of not being incessantly seized by the hand, addressed, or even *kissed*, a custom which, of late, had begun to prevail."

CXXXVII.

ROMAN BARBERS.

(I.)

IN this tomb lies Pantagathus, the care and the grief of his master, snatched from him, alas! in early youth; he was skilled in cutting stray hairs with the steel which gently touched them, and in giving a polish to bristly cheeks. Whence, O earth! be placid and light to him; you cannot be lighter than was his artistical hand.—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* LII.

(II.)

PART of the hair of your cheeks is cut, part shaved, part plucked out; no one would believe that this was one head.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* XLVII.

(III.)

WHAT would I do, if a barber, when his drawn razor is held over my head, should ask me to *emancipate* him, or to give him money? I would promise; for, under the circumstances, it is not a barber who asks, but a robber, and fear is imperious. But when his razor should be replaced in its curved sheath, I would have his *legs and his hands broken*.—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* LIX.

(IV.)

DURING the time that the barber Eutrapelus is making a circuit round the face of Lupercus, and is shaving (*otherwise* painting) both cheeks, another beard grows up (*altera barba subit*).—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* LXXXII.

The Roman barbers and their mysteries have been collected, in a great measure from the above and other epigrams of Martial, by Dr Smith, in his *Dictionary of Antiquities*, and by Becker, in the scene of a barber's shop, in his *Gallus*; Becker cites the first of the above epigrams, as showing that persons of wealth had their own barber

among the slave-family, who, if skilful, was much prized: and, in illustration of the various modes of shearing Roman beards, he quotes the joke, in the second of the above epigrams, of a man who shaved his beard three ways. Martial has several severe epigrams against bad shavers. In one he concludes:

Unus de cunctis animalibus hircus habet cor:

Barbatus vivit, ne ferat Antiochum.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Efficient Causes of Human Actions*, writes, "Now, because in contracts we intend some advantage to ourselves, real or imaginary, and, in contracts effected by a great fear, we can design none but the avoiding of a greater mischief, will the law and right reason wholly attribute it to fear, and, therefore, annul the contract? *Martial's* case is pertinent to this inquiry:" he then quotes the lines, in the original Latin, of the third of the above epigrams, observing, "If a barber, when a razor is upon my throat, contracts with me for twenty pounds, if I fear that he will cut my throat on being denied I promise to him, as to a thief, with whom whatsoever contract I make is made in intolerable fear, and therefore, thinks Martial, no law of man doth verify it. But Martial, as to this instance, was no good casuist; for, if it be inquired whether I am obliged, in conscience, to keep my promise to a thief or bandit, I answer that I am." Martial held with Cicero, but the weight of authority with modern Moralists seems to be in favour of the Barber. See on this subject, Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, Lib. II. c. XI. translated and edited by Dr Whewell.

With regard to the last of the above epigrams, Voiture, who was a friend of Vaugelas, often rallied him on the excessive pains he took in his translation of *Quintus Curtius*. He told Vaugelas that he would never finish; for whilst he was polishing one part of his book, the French language was changing, and that, therefore, he would be obliged to alter all the rest; and he applied to him the above epigram. "So," he observed, "*altera barba subit.*"

CXXXVIII.

FALSE HAIR.

YOU collect together a few locks of hair that remain on your temples, and cover with them the wide expanse of your shining bald pate; but no sooner are the locks commanded by the wind than they return to their places; and, as before, they gird, on each side, your naked head; just as if Cidas's statue of the old man were placed between two youths having luxuriant hair. Will you candidly confess your senility? In order that you may appear what you really are, let some barber shave the remnant of your hairs; *nothing is more disgraceful than a bald man wearing hair.*—*Lib. x. Ep. LXXXIII.*

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Human Laws*, observes, "that in the days of Clemens Alexandrinus, the Christians thought it a very horrid thing to wear false hair, and *Calvo turpius est nihil comato*, said *Martial* to Marinus, nothing is more deformed, nothing more unhandsome. Now, although it be not so in itself, yet when the hearts of men are generally against it (for so it was then, though it be not so now), if any law had prohibited the wearing of perukes, the conscience had been greatly obliged; for the law did lay much upon it, even so much as all the evil of the public infamy did amount to. If the matter of human laws be in itself trifling and inconsiderate, yet they are binding on conscience, if they forbid on account of public disestimation." Domitian is said to have written a treatise very elegantly on the subject of preserving the hair, to prevent baldness. *Martial*, in another epigram, compares a plagiarist to a *Calvus comatus*.

CXXXIX.

HAIR-CUTTING.

I WAS unwilling, Polytimus, to violate your hairs (*nolueram, Polytime, tuos violare capillos*) ; but, now, I am glad that I yielded to your entreaties in doing so. Thus, O Pelops! you appeared after your locks had been recently cut, when you shone with shortened hair, in order that your intended bride might behold your whole *ivory* shoulder.—*Lib.* XII. *Ep.* LXXXVI.

Pope's motto to his *Rape of the Lock*, is,

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

In which the first two lines of Martial's epigram are preserved, substituting only *Belinda* for *Polytime*. The latter of these lines is not very appropriate to Miss Fermor's case; for the first hair-cutting was an event which Martial's slave-boy appears to have wished for sooner than his master, whereas the taking of Miss Fermor's *lock*, (which, the poet says, ornamented her *ivory* neck,) was a decided case of *rape*.

CXL.

DYEING HAIR.

YOU simulate youth, Lentinus, with your dyed hairs; so suddenly a crow, who were so lately a swan. You do not deceive every one: Proserpina knows you for a greybeard, she will tear off the masque from your head.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XLIII.

Addison, in his travels, when speaking of the ancient masks, mentions that he saw "the figure of Thalia, the comic Muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about

half the head, and a little friz, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and, sometimes, with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear, at present, these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces:

As wily reynard walk'd the streets at night,
On a tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain.

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus upon the same occasion, but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks:

Non omnes fallis: scit te Proserpina canum,
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

Why should'st thou try to hide thyself in youth,
Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
And laughing at so fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

It may be observed that Virgil mentions as a cause of Dido's difficulty in dying, that Proserpina had not cut off her hair:

Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.

Jeremy Taylor quotes Martial's epigram in his *Discourse on the Remedies against the Fear of Death*; he observes upon it, that "arts of protraction and delaying the significations of old age have the effect, that men, in thinking to deceive the world, cozen themselves. By representing themselves youthful they continue their vanity till Proserpina pulls the peruke from their heads. We cannot deceive God and Nature: a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a pompous veil. They that, three hundred years ago, died unwillingly, and stayed death two days or a week, what is their gain? Where is that week?"

CHAPTER V.

ROMAN HISTORY.

THE history of Rome enabled Martial, on a few occasions, to soar to a higher eminence on Parnassus than was compatible with the subjects of most of his epigrams: there will be found, in the present chapter, some poetry indicative of an elevated genius. The personal history of the emperors is not confined to the present chapter, but may be collected incidentally from the others, and more especially from the succeeding chapter on Mythology, in which several emperors are made to figure as Gods.

The modern uses applicable to the present head have been miscellaneous, though, in general, not differing widely from the purport of the original epigrams. When a good modern history shall be written of the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan, much use will undoubtedly be made of various passages in Martial, which, for want of such use, must, in the present work, be passed over, or only cursorily noticed. For the like reason, many adulatory epigrams on the emperors are omitted, though not for want of plenty of modern *parallel passages*.

CXLI.

ARRIA.

WHEN (chaste) Arria gave to Pætus the sword which she had drawn out of her own bosom, she exclaimed (*si qua fides*), "The wound which I have made is not painful. But I am pained for that which you will make."—*Lib. I. Ep. XIV.*

The poetical versions of this epigram are multitudinous; the following are specimens of translations of it, or of its concluding point:

My wound, said she, but wastes unvalued breath,
'Tis thine, dear Pætus, gives the sting to death.

Hill.

My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
'Tis thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Melmoth.

When Arria to her Pætus gave the steel,
Which from her bleeding side did newly part;
From my own stroke, said she, no pain I feel,
But ah! thy wound will stab me to the heart.

Sir C. Sedley.

'Tis done, and, trust me, not a pang succeeds,
For Arria feels not till her Pætus bleeds.

Stisted.

The story of Arria and Pætus is related in the 72nd number of the *Tatler*, in which the above epigram is praised as "one of the best transmitted to us from antiquity." According to Dio Cassius, Tacitus, Pliny, and other writers, Arria only uttered the expression "*Pæte, non dolet!*" ("Pætus, it is not painful!") In Spence's *Anecdotes* is mentioned a group of Arria and Pætus by a Greek artist; and it is observed that the blow which Pætus gave himself is represented as a "very bold stroke, and takes away the false idea one might have got of him from the well-known epigram of Martial."

Jortin thought it impossible to make a good epigram on the story. He was of opinion that the words *Pæte, non dolet!* could not be paraphrased without losing much of their beauty. He considered that in

the last line of the above epigram was expressed a tenderness and fondness which did not well suit with that heroic love so strongly marked in Arria's words and behaviour. It would seem that, for the purpose of explaining the transaction to his readers, Martial had diluted the expression *Pæte, non dolet!* in the last line but one of his epigram; and, with a like view, in his last line, had expressed what might be implied from Arria's three words.

Montagne, in an essay on the subject of *Three Good Women*, commences with an ungallant remark, that good women are not by the dozen, as every one knows. He observes of Arria, one of his *trio*, that her action was much more noble in itself than the poet could express it: she had in the last gasp of her life no other concern but for him, and of dispossessing him of the fear of dying with her. Pliny, in one of his letters, relates other intrepid actions by Arria, no less heroic than her *non dolet!* concluding that the most famous actions are not always the most noble. The death of Arria is represented in a picture with poetry in the *Galerie des Femmes fortes*.

It is remarkable that Pope, who was familiar with Martial, should have omitted any reference to the above epigram, when, in a letter to Edward Blunt, Esq., he writes, "I think it a fine and natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montagne's giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his, 'Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life.'"

Gray, who excelled in the exquisite mosaic work of his compositions, may, perhaps appear to have interwoven the sentiment which Martial appends to Arria's *non dolet!* in an epitaph on Mrs Clarke, the grief of whose bereaved husband he depicts. Of herself he writes,

In agony, in death, resigned,
She felt the wound she left behind.

CXLII.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA.

THE hand of Scævola, by which he missed the killing of Porsena, by mistaking his attendant for him, was thrust by him into the flames of an altar. The king, though an enemy, could not suffer this marvellous proof of fortitude to be continued, but ordered Scævola to be drawn from the fire, and to be set free. The hand which Scævola could burn in contempt of the flames, Porsena could not look upon without emotion. The fame and glory of that hand was greater for having been deceived; had it not erred, it had performed a less achievement (*si non errasset, fecerat illa minus*).—*Lib. I. Ep. XXII.*

The epigram has been translated by Fletcher, and by Dr Hodgson, late Provost of Eton. The concluding lines of the version by the latter are,

Had it not err'd, that hand had never gain'd
So great a fame, or done a deed so bold.

The conclusion of Fletcher's version is,

The failing hand the greater glory found;
Had it not err'd, it had been less renown'd.

Scaliger has an epigram upon the subject, in which he makes Mucius disclaim his right hand because it had not proved the hand of his country. It was a saying of Horne Tooke, concerning intellectual philosophy, that "he had become better acquainted with the country through his having had the good luck sometimes to lose his way, observing, *si non errasset, fecerat ille minus*."—(Sharpe's *Essays*.)

Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisitions*, observes that Virgil takes no notice of Scævola among early Roman heroes, and that Livy offers an apology for his crime. Sir G. C. Lewis, in his *Inquiry into the Credibility of early Roman History*, gives several curious particulars concerning Mucius Scævola: he observes that the assassination of an enemy in the manner attempted by Mucius is justified by Grotius

and Puffendorf. In the list of Court Revels for 1756, it appears that there was acted before Queen Elizabeth, "The Historie of Mucius Scævola shoven at Hampton Court on twelf-daie at night enacted by the children of Wyndsor and the chapell." Gay, in predicting the fate of certain critics on an opera upon the subject, intimates that they, like Mucius Scævola, will *burn their fingers*.

The motto of the 94th number of the *Tatler* is,

Si non errasset, fecerat *ille* minus.

Had he not erred, his glory had been less.

The Paper contains, in illustration of the motto, a romantic story of modern life, in which a lover saves a *wrong* lady from a theatre which was on fire; and, on finding his mistake, runs back when it is too late to save, but not to meet, his mistress, and they are burnt in each other's arms.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Habitual Sins*, observes that "all holy penitents ought to arise to greater excellence than if they had never sinned.

Major deceptæ fama est et gloria dextræ,

Si non errasset, fecerat *illa* minus.

Scævola's hand grew famous for being deceived, and it had been less reputation to have struck his enemy to the heart, than to do such honourable infliction upon it for missing."

CXLIII.

PORTIA.

WHEN Portia had been told the fate of her husband Brutus, and her grief had made her complain that every weapon had been withdrawn from her, "Have you not yet learned," she said, "that death cannot be denied? I thought that my father (Cato) might have taught you this," she spoke, and with a greedy mouth swallowed the flaming em-

bers, exclaiming, "Go now, troublesome crowd, deny me a sword."—*Lib. I. Ep. XLIII.*

The above epigram may probably have suggested the following, by Flaminio, on Vittoria Colonna :

Non vivam sine te, mî Brute, exterrita dixit
 Portia, et ardentes sorbuit ore faces.
 Davale, te extincto, dixit Victoria, vivam,
 Perpetuo mæstos sic dolitura dies.
 Utraque Romana est, sed in hoc Victoria major,
 Nulla dolere potest mortua, viva dolet.

Lamb, in a note to his translation of Catullus, writes, "Catullus reproaches himself with still surviving under disgraceful rulers. Suicide is scarcely reprobated by the ancients." (See, however, the sixth *Æneid.*) "Martial makes Portia, in a beautiful epigram, assert it as a right not to be refused" (rather that self-destruction cannot be prevented). He gives the following version of the epigram :

When the sad tale, how Brutus fell, was brought,
 And slaves refused the weapon Portia sought;
 "Know ye not yet," she said, with towering pride,
 "Death is a boon that cannot be denied?
 I thought my father amply had imprest
 This simple truth upon each Roman breast."
 Dauntless she gulph'd the embers as they flamed,
 And, while their heat within her raged, exclaimed,
 "Now, troublous guardians of a life abhorr'd,
 Still urge your caution, and refuse the sword."

The epigram is thus rendered by Smart :

When Brutus' fall wing'd fame to Portia brought
 Those arms her friends conceal'd, her passion sought:
 She soon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
 Approves their zeal, but at their folly smiles:
 What Cato taught Heaven sure cannot deny,
 Bereav'd of all, we still have pow'r to die.
 Then down her throat the burning coal convey'd,
 Go now, ye fools, and hide your swords, she said.

CXLIV.

CICERO.

ANTONY! you have no right to upbraid Photinus (Ptolemy's agent in the assassination of Pompey); you, who inflicted a greater injury on your country by the death of Cicero than by your whole proscription! madly you draw your sword against the *mouth* of Rome, a crime with which even Catiline would not have defiled himself. An impious soldier was corrupted by your wicked and profuse gold to procure for you the silence of a single tongue. But what avails you the dear-bought suppression of his sacred eloquence? *the whole world will rise to speak for Cicero.*—*Lib. v. Ep. LXX.*

Dryden, in his *Life of Lucian*, speaking of a Dutch critic who had arraigned Lucian's taste and understanding, writes, "The jaundice is only in his own eyes, which makes Lucian look yellow to him. *All mankind* will exclaim against him for preaching this doctrine, and be of opinion, when they read his Lucian, that he looked in a glass when he drew his picture. I wish I had the liberty to lash this frog-land wit as he deserves; but, when a speech is not seconded in Parliament, it falls of course; and this author has the whole senate of the learned to pull him down: *incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.*"

In Voltaire's *Questions sur l'Encyclopédie*, Art. *Cicéron*, is a defence of Cicero's character and writings against a French author, who had vituperated them. He concludes "Plaignons ceux qui ne lisent pas, plaignons encore plus ceux qui ne lui rendent pas justice. Opposons au détracteur François les vers de l'Espagnol Martial:

Quid prosunt sacræ pretiosa silentia lingua?

Incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.

Ta prodigue fureur acheta son silence; mais l'univers entier parle à jamais pour lui."

CXLV.

ANTONY.

ANTONY committed a crime equal to that of the Egyptian assassin (Photinus, minister of Ptolemy); each sword cut off a sacred head. One head was your glory, O Rome! when you led your laurelled triumphs; the other, when you put forth your eloquence. But the crime of Antony was more heinous than that of Photinus; the Egyptian incurred guilt for a master; Antony for himself.—*Lib. III. Ep. LXVI.*

Grotius, in his celebrated treatise on the *Rights of War and of Peace*, discusses, at considerable length, the question whether a person ought (in point of morality) to obey his government when commanded to do what he considers contrary to rectitude. He observes, that “Disobedience is a less evil than homicide. As the ancients say that the Gods did not venture to absolve Mercury for the death of Argus, though done by the command of Jupiter; so neither does Martial exculpate Photinus the minister of Ptolemy:

Antoni tamen est pejor, quam causa Photini:

Hic facinus domino præstitit; ille sibi.”

It may be thought that the epigram of Martial is entitled to little or no weight as an authority upon the question proposed; and that its import is contrary to the purpose for which it is cited, for it admits the plea of obedience to a master as an extenuating circumstance. In a recent translation of Grotius by an eminent hand, the passage is rendered: “And so Martial condemns Photinus, the attendant of Ptolemy, who put him to death, as worse than Antony, who commanded the act.” This translation gives consistency to Grotius’s argument; but it may, perhaps, be thought that Jeremy Taylor, in his *Discourse on Human Laws*, has reconciled Grotius with Martial in a more satisfactory manner. He writes, after quoting Martial’s epigram, “Though Antony did worse for his own revenge to kill Cicero, yet Photinus did ill too when he killed the brave Pompey; though at the command of his master Ptolemy: Antony was infinitely to be condemned, and Photinus not to be justified.”

CXLVI.

POMPEY.

ASIA and Europe cover the sons of Pompey; Africa covers Pompey himself, if he be covered at all. What marvel if the remains of that family are dispersed over the whole world? So great a ruin could not lie buried in one place.—*Lib. v. Ep. LXXV.*

In a tract on Epitaphs in Hearne's *Curious Discourses*, the antiquary Camden cites an epitaph on Richard I. not exempt from metrical imperfection; with reference to which he writes, "An English poet imitating the epitaph made of Pompey and his children, whose bodies were buried in divers countries, made the following of the glory of this one King, divided into three places by his funeral:

Viscera Cariolum, Corpus fons servat Ebraudi,
Et Cor Rothomagum, magne Richarde, tuum.
In tria dividitur unus, qui plus fuit uno,
Non uno jaceat gloria tanta loco.

"Great Richard! Poitiers has thy entrails, Font Everard thy body, Rouen thy heart—you are divided into *three*, who were more than *one*. Glory like your's cannot lie in a single place." Richard I., by his own testament, directed that his heart should be sent to his faithful city of Rouen, his body buried at his father's feet at Font Everard, and his entrails among his rebellious Poitevins.

A similar imitation of Martial's epigram was made with reference to the heart and brains of Henry I. having been buried in Normandy, and his body in England, by Ronulph, a poet of his day, and who, like the poet of Richard I. was not punctilious in point of metre:

Henrici cujus celebrat vox publica nomen,
Hoc, pro parte, jacent membra sepulta loco,
Quem neque viventem capiebat terra, nec unus
Defunctum potuit consepelire locus.
In tria partitus, sua jura quibusque resignat
Partibus, illustrans sic tria regna tribus.

Spiritui cœlum: cordi cerebroque dicata est

Neustria: quod dederat Anglia, corpus habet.

"The remains of Henry, whose name is celebrated by the public voice, lie, in part, in this place. He was a Prince, whom, when living, one country could not contain: *so, neither, could one place suffice for his burial.* Divided into three parts, he bequeathed to each part its own rights; thus adorning three kingdoms with their appropriate portions. His spirit is resigned to heaven, his heart and brains to Normandy, his body to England which gave it birth."

The following inscription, by Theodore Beza, on a picture of Erasmus at Basle, may, perhaps, be considered as an arrow taken from the same quiver:

Ingens ingentem quem personat orbis Erasmum

Hic tibi dimidium picta tabella refert.

At cur non totum? Mirari desine, lector,

Integra nam totum terra nec ipsa capit.

"This picture represents to you the half figure of the great Erasmus, whose fame resounds through every region of the earth. Why have we not him at full length! Reader, cease your marvelling: the world itself could not contain the whole of Erasmus."

CXLVII.

OTHO, CATO.

WHILST Bellona was *wavering* as to the issue of civil war, and there was a *chance* left for the *soft* Otho (*mollis Otho*) coming off victorious, he condemned the continuance of the sanguinary contest, and pierced his naked breast with an unerring hand. Granted that Cato was superior to Otho in his life, could any one surpass Otho in dying?—*Lib. VI. Ep. XXXII.*

With regard to the above epigram, Montagne, in an *Essay on the Character of Cato*, writes, "Ce personnage-là fut véritablement un homme que nature choisit pour monstrier jusques ou l'humaine ou payenne fermeté et constance pouvoit atteindre: Mais je ne suis pas

icy à mesmes, pour traiter ce riche argument: je veux seulement faire luit ensemble les traits de cinq poetes Latins sur la louange de Caton." The first of these five testimonies is taken from the above epigram:

Sit Cato, dum vivit, sanè vel Cæsare major.

Dryden, in his poem of *Astræa Redux*, upon the subject of the Restoration, has these lines on Charles II.:

He would not, like *soft Otho*, *hope* prevent,
But stay'd, and suffered fortune to repent.

On which Walter Scott observes, that "it was no extraordinary compliment to Charles, that he did not, after his defeat at Worcester, follow an example more classical than inviting." Murphy, in the notes to his translation of *Tacitus*, observes, "Plutarch tells us that he himself visited Otho's tomb at Brixellum. Those perishable materials have long since mouldered away, but the epitaph written by Martial (the above epigram, which he cites at length in the original) will never die."

Martial has another epigram more expressly on Cato, relative to his visit to the Floral Games, from which is taken the motto of the 446th number of the *Spectator*, and that of the 122nd number of the *Tatler* on the appearance of Mr Isaac Bickerstaff at Drury Lane Theatre, viz. *Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?*

CXLVIII.

DOMITIAN'S RETURN FROM THE SARMATIAN WAR.

WHILST the recent glory of the Pannonian War is related, and sacrifices at all altars are kindled for the return of Jove (Domitian), the People, the Knights, the Senate giving frankincense; and, for a third victory, there being a third distribution of gifts among the Latian tribes;—although, Domitian! you accept only a laurel, and decline a public triumph, Rome will celebrate your triumph in secrecy; nor *will the laurel*

of your peace (conceded to the conquered nations) *be inferior to one of war* (nec minor ista tuæ laureâ pacis erit). What, now, do you think of the piety of the nation towards yourself? It is the *first virtue of Princes to know their own*.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. XIII.*

It is possible that Milton may have had this epigram in his view when writing that celebrated passage of his sonnet to Cromwell:

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

Lord Bacon, in his *Essay*, entitled *Of Counsel*, writes, in reference to some inconvenience of counsel which he had stated, "But the best remedy is if Princes knew their counsellors, as well as their counsellors know them:

Principis est virtus maxima, nosse suos."

In an ancient life of *William the Conqueror*, in the *Harleian Miscellany*, the line *Principis est virtus maxima, nosse suos*, is quoted, and applied to that King. In Ben Jonson's *Devices* for the entertainment of King James passing to his coronation, the figure of the Genius of the City of London, in the course of a long speech to his Majesty, says:

Never came man more long'd for, more desir'd,
And, being come, more reverenced, loved, admired.
Hear and record it, "In a Prince it is
No little virtue, to know who are his."

CXLIX.

DOMITIAN LOVED.

(I.)

O CÆSAR! although you make so many liberal donations, and even promise to exceed them, conqueror as you are of princes, and conqueror of yourself, you are beloved by the

people not, surely, on account of your largesses, but they love your largesses for your sake.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* LIV.

(II.)

O THOU chief Governor and Parent of the World! though the wintry North, and the barbarous Peuce (island of the Danube), and the Danube growing warm under the strikings of hoofs, (frozen), and the Rhine, whose rebellious horn has been thrice broken, detain you in conquering the country of a perfidious people, yet you cannot be absent from our vows. Even there, O Cæsar! we are present with our minds and with our eyes; and to such a degree do you engross the attention of every one, notwithstanding your absence, that the crowd itself of the great circus cannot say whether Passerinus or Tigris is running.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* VI.

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Final Cause of Human Actions*, writes, "But even as the serving of God, without intuition of the reward, is virtually a serving God for love of Him; so serving God out of mere love of Him is virtually serving God for reward,

Diligeris populo non propter præmia, Cæsar,

Propter te populus præmia, Cæsar, amat.

For as no man can wisely hope for the reward but he who does love God, so no man loves God purely and for himself, but he knows also that he is most sure of his reward. It is like St Paul wishing himself *anathema* for his brethren; the greater charity he had in so wishing, the further that thing was from being effected."

It may be questioned whether Moore has borrowed an idea from the last of the following lines of another epigram of Martial relative to the phenomenon alluded to in the above epigrams:

Dum te longa sacro venerantur gaudia circo,

Nemo quater missos currere sensit equos.

Nullum Roma ducem, nec te sic, Cæsar, amavit,

Te quoque jam non plus, ut velit ipsa, potest.

Chloris, I swear by all I ever swore,

That from this hour I shall not love thee more.

"What! love no more, oh! why this alter'd vow?"

Because I cannot love thee more than now.

CL.

DOMITIAN A MÆCENAS.

(I.)

THE crowd, O Augustus! that presents petitions to you, and I, also, who offer little books to my Lord, are persuaded that God can attend to the Muses as well as to public affairs, and that he is even pleased with such flowers. O, be favourable to your poets! we are your sweet glory, we your first care, and your delight. The oak and the laurel of Phœbus do not exclusively become you: let there be wreathed for you a civic crown made of our *ivy*.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. LXXXII.*

(II.)

ON my petition, he who alone could do it has granted me the *jus trium liberorum* (the right of the parents of three children). Farewell! (*valebis*, a term of divorce), O wife! the emperor's gift ought not to become superfluous (by having three children in the natural way).—*Lib. II. Ep. XCII.*

(III.)

IF I should receive two supper invitations, one from Jove to the stars, the other from Cæsar to his heaven, although the distance were shorter to the stars than to the imperial palace, I should send back this answer, viz. "Find another guest for the Thunderer; behold, my Jupiter detains me on earth."—*Lib. IX. Ep. XCIII.*

Martial is usually quoted as the authority for the practice of the emperors conferring the right of three children (*jus trium liberorum*) on those who had none. He tells us, moreover, that he was an *Eques*, which was probably by imperial favour, as he could scarcely have been possessed of the requisite income, since he was perpetually paying early and distant salutations, borrowing, or begging for money or clothes.

The third epigram would appear to have been written in return for ambrosia received: so Statius seems to have been transported with enthusiasm at supping with Domitian:

Mediis videor discumbere in astris,
 Cum Jove, et Iliaca porrectum sumere dextra
 Immortale merum: steriles transegimus annos;
 Hæc ævi mihi prima dies, hic limina vitæ.
 Magne Parens, te, spes hominum, te, cura Deorum
 Cerno jacens? datur hæc juxta, datur ora tueri
 Vina inter, mensasque, et non assurgere fas est?

Quintilian and Juvenal have left strong testimony in favour of Domitian's patronage of literature, and they are cited for this purpose along with Martial's epigrams, by Niebuhr. It will probably be concluded that Domitian may have been capable of more refined amusements than the one in which he is said to have taken particular interest, the catching of flies.

CLI.

NERVA'S ACCESSION.

(I.)

NERVA, the most mild of Roman senators, has commenced his reign. We are now admitted to the *full enjoyment of Helicon*. Fear has vanished, and in its place are returned undeviating Faith, cheerful Clemency, and limited Power. This, pious Rome! is the prayer of all your own people, and of your tributary nations, that you may always have such an emperor, and himself a long time! O Nerva! persevere in a character so rare as your own, and in your own manners, which would be approved alike by sage Numa and cheerful Cato. You now exercise the power of indulging in largesses, and in promises, for which the benignant deities have scarcely supplied resources: but you had the will before you had the power, since, under a severe prince, and *in bad times, you had the courage to be good.*—*Lib. XII. Ep. vi.*

(II.)

VAINLY, ye flatteries, you present yourselves to me in a miserable plight, with worn-out lips. I am not going to sing of a *Lord* or of a *God*. Rome is no longer a place for you. Go far away to the cap-clad (*pileatos*) Parthians; and base, humiliated, and suppliant as ye are, kiss the feet of their painted kings. We have not a Lord, but an emperor, but a senator who is a paragon of justice. He it is who has brought back to Rome Truth in a rustic garb and with unperfumed tresses from the mansions of Styx. Under this Prince, O Rome, beware how you repeat your former adulatory language.—*Lib. x. Ep. LXXII.*

The passage in the first of the above epigrams, *Licet toto nunc Helicone frui*, was adopted by Ben Jonson as the motto to his *Panegyre on the happy entrance of James our Sovereign to his first high session of Parliament in this his kingdom*.

In a speech, by Hollis, on the impeachment of the ship-money judges, the last line of the same epigram is thus applied to Sir Randolph Crewe, who dissented from the ship-money judgment: "He kept his innocency when others let theirs go; when himself and the commonwealth were alike deserted; which raises his merit to a higher pitch. For to be honest, when every body else is honest, when honesty is in fashion, and is *trump*, as I may say, is nothing so meritorious. But to stand alone in the breach, to own honesty when others *dare* not do it, cannot be sufficiently applauded or sufficiently rewarded. And *that* did this good old man do; for in a time of general desertion he preserved himself pure and untainted, *temporibusque malis, ausus esse bonus*."

Addison, in his *Dialogue on Medals*, gives the following version of a part of the second epigram:

In vain, mean flatteries ye try
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye.
No man a God or Lord I name:
From Romans far be such a shame!
Go, *teach* the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow:

Or on the ground *all prostrate fling*
Some *Pict*, before his barbarous King.

It may seem that Martial sent his tribe of personified flatteries, not to *teach* the Parthians, but to kiss as they did in Parthia: so the flinging of a *Pict* on the ground does not appear to have occurred to any of Martial's commentators, who have construed *Pictorum* as meaning not Picts, but, adjectively, *painted*, rendering it as applied to the splendid robes of the Parthian Kings, which are spoken of by other authors.

Addison, in illustrating an old coin struck in commemoration of a victory of Lucius Verus over the Parthians, writes, "You see on the captive's head the *cap* which the Parthians, and, indeed, most of the Eastern nations, wear on medals. Martial has distinguished them by this *cap* (*pileatos*), as their chief characteristic."

Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, when treating of the kissing of the Emperor's and Pope's feet, observes, that "Martial, in Nerva's time, rejected those base flatteries which had been paid to Domitian, for he saith

Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque, supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum."

The conversers in Addison's *Dialogue on Medals* are very severe on Martial for his strictures on Domitian, in this epigram: "I cannot hear, says Cynthio, without indignation, the satirical reflection which Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an Emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he did not deserve them of Martial. I must confess I am less scandalised at the flatteries the epigrammatist paid him when living, than the ingratitude he showed him when dead."

Martial's tergiversation animadverted on by Addison may have supplied Swift with thoughts on the same subject, though it is not necessary to suppose that he went back to the ancients for incidents of very common modern occurrence:

A Prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r.

* * * * *

But, once you fix him in the tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
 His panegyrics then are ceas'd,
 He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast.
 As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell.

CLII.

TRAJAN'S RESTITUTION.

PRINCE Trajan! may the Gods grant you all the rewards due to your deserts and ratify in perpetuity whatever they grant! especially for your act of restitution to despoiled patrons, whereby they will enjoy again the right of succession and other benefits and powers of patronage, of which they had been deprived by Domitian, who exiled them from their own freedmen. You were worthy to have an unimpaired Roman citizen for your own client, a boon which, if the claim of patronage be established by any exile, you will not fail to ratify.—*Lib. x. Ep. XXXIV.*

The commentators are at variance concerning the import of the above epigram, some thinking that it had reference to all patrons, all having been deprived of some of their rights over their freedmen by Domitian. With regard to a modern use of the epigram;—Upon the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits, for the Gunpowder Plot, the Earl of Northampton, who was a member of the commission for his trial, addressed to him a speech after the peers had found him guilty, and before sentence was passed: the Earl afterwards published his speech, which is an extraordinary specimen of the pedantry of the times; he concludes his exhortation to Garnet, thus, "Withal, as Martial did for Trajan, do thou wish for the *best* of *Majesty*, to whom you meant the *worst* of *malice* :

Di tibi dent quicquid, Princeps *Auguste* (*Traiane*, orig.) mereris,
 Et rata perpetuo, quæ tribuere, velint."

CLIII.

TRAJAN'S ENTRY INTO ROME.

HAPPY they to whom the urns containing the lots of life have given to behold the Emperor glittering with Northern suns and stars! When will come that day on which the fields, and the trees, and every window shall shine adorned by the fair sex of Latium, and there shall be delays in the end productive of pleasure, and the dust of Cæsar's cavalcade shall be seen from afar; and the whole of Rome shall be visible to all on the Flaminian way (leading from the North), and you, O Cæsar, shall lead the procession in the garb of a Roman Knight, and accompanied by a retinue of painted Africans, habited in their native costume, and there shall be but one word of the people, "*venit*" (he comes)?—*Lib. x. Ep. vi.*

This epigram seems to bear upon the point whether Roman windows usually looked into the streets (which those at Pompeii very rarely did), though Becker does not notice it in his remarks on that controversy (*Lucebit Latia culta fenestra nuru*). It is stated by Pliny that Trajan on the occasion alluded to entered Rome on foot, and Dio mentions that he always accompanied his armies on foot. Raderus and Becker infer from the above epigram that Rome was *illuminated*, and they adduce other instances of Roman illuminations. Ben Jonson, in his description of King James's procession to Parliament, which has a motto from Martial, outvies him in the same strain of adulation:

Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaim true joys.
Others on ground, run gazing by his side,
All as unwearied as unsatisfied:
And every *window* *grieved* it could not move
Along with him, and the same trouble prove.

The happiness of those whose *urns* gave them the joy of seeing the Emperor is paralleled, if not imitated, in Cowley's eulogy on Charles II., whose entry into London resembled that of Trajan into Rome:

Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign!

Cowley transcends Martial in the description of noises and illuminations:

Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations, come!
Come, yon triumphant exile, home!
He's come, he's safe on shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice.
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
And swells up every sail:
The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all,
Th' artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.
All England but one bonfire seems to be,
One Ætna shooting flames into the sea.
The starry worlds that shine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a star.

CHAPTER VI.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE epigrams of Martial relating to the mythology of the Romans are chiefly connected with adulation to the emperors, of the extent of which adulation they afford some striking examples. The epigrams of this class, moreover, bring forward several of the most remarkable attributes and insignia of the Pagan divinities; whilst they suggest interesting reflections arising from the undisguised manner in which a popular poet treated the superstitions of the vulgar. Some of the following epigrams on rivers and cities exemplify the mythological halo with which the ancient poets invested the scenes of Nature, as Gray describes it:

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound.

The modern uses of the epigrams comprised in the present Chapter are principally to be found in Addison's *Dialogues on Medals*, Spence's *Polymetis*, and in treatises on Roman antiquities. Addison undertook the *unriddling*, as he calls it, of ancient medals by the aid of the Latin poets, observing that "there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of Roman medals, especially those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn from the poets." And, in speaking of the personifications of the Virtues (of which several have been

already noticed in this work) as “imaginary persons inhabiting old coins,” he says that they are “generally shown in petticoats, and that, although they are a little fantastical in their dress, they have not a single ornament for which the poets cannot assign a reason.” The design of Spence, in his *Polymetis*, is to compare the descriptions and expressions in the Roman poets that can in any way relate to imaginary beings, with the works that remain to us of the old masters, and to examine the mutual lights which they cast on each other.

The classical poets were frequently put into requisition during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the proper functions and costume of allegorical personages in masques and pageants. Sir John Harrington, for instance, has left us an account of a number of allegorical personages getting intoxicated at Theobalds on the occasion of the banquet given there to James I. and the king of Denmark; when, he writes, that *Peace*, “much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.” It would be impossible to filiate such imaginary beings that occur in pageantry on any particular ancient poet, except where their paternity is expressly referred to. This kind of modern use has been nearly exploded, unless in a few recent statues, medals, and works of fiction, not forgetting Britannia, who continues to preside over our copper coinage.

CLIV.

JUPITER.

WHO is the artist that, in imitating the imperial visage, has surpassed the ivory of Phidias in Latian marble? Such

is the aspect of the universe, such the look of the serene Jupiter: thus he thunders, when he thunders without a cloud.
—*Lib.* IX. *Ep.* XXV.

Spence, in his *Polymetis*, has pointed out the distinctions between the mild and the terrible Jupiter, adducing the above epigram as descriptive of the former. He says that the mild Jupiter was generally represented in a sitting posture, and of white marble; and he describes three kinds of lightning which were employed by ancient sculptors to be held in Jupiter's hand, according to the temper in which he was exhibited. Martial, in one epigram, describes the Thunderer under a still milder form than in the imperial visage, his hand not holding any thunderbolt, the god being, as the poet says, *in love*:

Dic mihi quem portas, volucrum regina? Tonantem.

Nulla manu quare fulmina gestat? amat.

CLV.

MINERVA.

(I.)

ACCEPT, O Cæsar! the impenetrable breastplate of the war-like Minerva, in which the head of Medusa swells with rage: when you have not occasion to use it, people may call it a breastplate; but, when fixed on thy sacred breast, it is an ægis.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* I.

(II.)

TELL me, fierce virgin! since you have your helmet and your spear, why you have not your ægis? Cæsar has it.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* CLXXIX.

Spence observes, in his *Polymetis*, that it was “a very common thing among the Romans to transfer the distinguishing attributes of their divinities to the statues of their emperors: this species of flattery was carried by the old artists in no point further than in the

gorgon on Minerva's breastplate. I doubt not but one might make a series of emperors from Augustus to Gallienus, from the perfection to the absolute fall of the arts in Rome, with this attribute of Minerva on their breastplate." The head of Medusa on the ægis is sometimes represented as a most beautiful, and at others a most horrible, object; there is a poem by Shelley on Leonardo da Vinci's picture of Medusa's head. There was a statue of Minerva in the capitol without her ægis, which suggested to Martial the last of the above glozing epigrams. Spence mentions that he saw, at Florence, a statue of Domitian with an ægis for his breastplate, which, he observes, was the very same turn of flattery used by the artist in marble, which is expressed in words by Martial; as to which he quotes at length the above two epigrams. Martial elsewhere calls Minerva *Pallas Cesariana*; but he contrives to have a sly hit at her inferiority to Venus in their contest for the prize of beauty:

Qui pinxit Venerem tuam, Lycori,
Blanditus, puto, pictor est Minervæ.

"Whoever painted your Venus, Lycoris, must have been flattering Minerva."

CLVI.

APOLLO.

O APOLLO! Parthenius makes to you this offering of frankincense from a full casket (*acerra*); supplicating you, at the same time, that his child Burrus, who is now just completing his first *lustrum*, may fill innumerable olympiads. Ratify, we beseech you, his parents' vows. So doing, may you be beloved by your wife (Daphne); and may your sister (Diana) enjoy undisturbed chastity, and yourself shine in the flower of perpetual youth; and may your hair be longer than that of Bacchus!—*Lib. IV. Ep. XLV.*

Spence observes that Apollo is commonly represented as more handsome than Mercury and less effeminate than Bacchus; but that,

in the collections of ancient statues, one is apt now and then to take a Bacchus for an Apollo, both being characterized by very long hair, such being a curious method of typifying perpetual youth: he quotes from the above epigram,

Perpetuo sic flore mices; sic denique non sint
Tam longæ Bromio, quam tibi, Phœbe, comæ.

Augustus had an affectation of being compared to Apollo. Martial, it has been seen, in an elegy on Glaucia (which Spence refers to for this purpose), speaks of him,

Aut quis *Apollineo* pulchrior ore fuit.

The *acerra*, or casket, for holding frankincense, is shown by Addison on the reverse of a coin of Faustinus; it is there placed in the hands of an allegorical figure of Piety: for the use of the *acerra* he quotes the first line of the above epigram, *Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ*.

CLVII.

BACCHUS.

(I.)

THE satyr loves me (*a calathus*, or drinking cup), Bacchus loves me, I am loved by the drunken tiger, who has been taught to lick the overflowing wine with which his master's feet are wet.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. CVII.*

(II.)

THE huntsman of the Ganges (*Gangeticus*), in flight on his swift horse, has not dreaded so many tigers, as your Rome has recently beheld, to its inexpressible delight. Your arena, O Germanicus, has surpassed Bacchus's triumph from the shores of the Red Sea, and all the spoils and treasures of the conqueror of India: for when Bacchus led behind his chariots the vanquished Indians, he was content with a pair of tigers.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. XXVI.*

Spence notices that “the *cantharus*, *calathus*, or *scyphus*, in the hands of Bacchus, and the tiger that one so often sees in one fond posture or another, at the feet of his statues, indicate his character as being the god of wine and jollity.” He refers to the authority of Martial, that the Roman poets wore ivy crowns in honour of Bacchus more frequently than laurel crowns in honour of Apollo, (as in the epigram on *Domitian a Mæcenas*,) and that Bacchus was next to Apollo for the beauty of his face, and the length and flow of his hair, indicative of perpetual youth (as noticed in the epigram on Apollo). He quotes, at length, the first of the above epigrams, (which was an accompaniment to a saturnalian present of *calathi*,) for Bacchus’s tiger-companion, viz.

Nos Satyri, nos Bacchus amat, nos ebria tigris,
Perfusus domini lambere docta pedes.

Dryden, in his *Alexander’s Feast*, alludes to Bacchus’s perpetual youth and beauty, and his triumph:

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.

CLVIII.

MERCURY.

O MERCURY, named Cyllenius! the glory of heaven, the eloquent messenger, whose golden wand (*caduceus*) is tinged with green of serpents twisted round it; may you have ever plenty of amorous thefts, and your Mother’s (Maia’s) *Ides* be honoured with sacred leaves, and your grandfather (Atlas) be pressed with a moderate weight on his shoulders (of the heavens), on condition, that Norbana with her husband Carus may always celebrate in joy their wedding-day. Carus, as a pious priest, here dispenses his gifts of wisdom (of which

you are the god), and here invokes you with frankincense, as, like yourself, conspicuous for fidelity to Jupiter (*i.e.* the one to Domitian, the other to Jove above).—*Lib. VII. Ep. LXXIII.*

Spence quotes the above epigram in illustration of Mercury's *caduceus*, or wand for conducting departed spirits to the shades below. He observes, that the descriptions of it are so perfect in the Roman poets, that one might instruct a painter from them how to colour every part of it; it was of a gold colour, with two serpents twined round it, of a greenish colour, which colour was reflected on the gold. In several antiques the caduceus has wings, which are not mentioned by the poets.

Addison, in his *Dialogue on Medals*, gives two reverses, the one of Tiberius, the other of Lucius Verus, bearing the caduceus with two serpents. He quotes two lines from the above epigram, which he thus versifies:

Descend, Cyllene's tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

He says that the caduceus stands on old coins as an emblem of peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *virga somnifera*. The introduction of two heads of the Emperor's children in the coin of Tiberius, and of two heads joined together in that of Lucius Verus, may, perhaps, have some reference to the male and female serpents round the caduceus; for the like reason Mercury with his caduceus may, in the above epigram, have been specially invoked on the occasion of a marriage.

In Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Penates*, Mercury accosts James I. and his Queen; in the course of a long speech, he says, "The place whereon you are now advanced is the Arcadian hill *Cyllene*, the place where myself was both begot and born, and from which I am frequently called *Cyllenius*." Mercury introduces his Mother *Maia* to the King and Queen. At the entertainment on the occasion of the delivery of Theobalds by the Earl of Salisbury, Mercury announces to the Genius of the House the impending change: he descends in a flying posture, holding in his hand the *caduceus*.

CLIX.

HERCULES.

(I.)

O APPIAN Way! the most famous of the ways of Italy, thou hast now a temple consecrated by Cæsar therein to be venerated under the semblance of Hercules (Domitian having erected a temple on the Appian Way to Hercules, in which he was himself to be worshipped, his own statue representing the figure of the demi-god). Do you wish to know the exploits of the more ancient Hercules? They are as follows: he subdued the Libyan giant Antæus; he took away the golden apples of the Hesperides; he ungirdled (*discinxit*) the Amazonian Queen, though protected by a shield fastened with a Scythian belt; he slew the Nemæan lion and the Arcadian wild boar; he dragged from the woods the brazen-footed stag, and the Stymphalides (birds that fed on human flesh) from their lakes; he brought with him the dog Cerberus from the Stygian stream; he prevented the Hydra from renewing its heads after they were cut off; he dragged the oxen of Geryon from Spain to the Tyber in which he washed them. All these feats were performed by the *lesser* Hercules; now listen to the achievements of the *greater* Hercules, henceforth to be worshipped near the sixth milestone from the Albanian tower (the eighth from the city). He, it was, who defended (*unsuccessfully*) the palace when occupied by a bad Prince (Vitellius); whilst a boy he fought his first battle for his Jove (*taking refuge in the Capitol*). When he had won the imperial reins, he resigned them to his father, and retained only the third place in the empire (after Vespasian and Titus); three times he broke the perfidious horns of the Sarmatian river Ister (the Danube); he thrice bathed his sweating steed in Getic snow. Being often denied an opportunity of triumphing over the Parthian, he brought home

in triumph a new name from the Hyperborean world (Germanicus); he gave temples to the gods, morals to the people, a truce to swords, stars to his family (the temple of the Flavian family where his father, mother, and wife were worshipped as gods); laurel crowns to Jupiter. The divinity of Hercules is not ample enough for such great actions; instead of being worshipped under his image, Cæsar would be more appropriately represented by the Tarpeian Father (Jupiter).—*Lib.* IX. *Ep.* CIV.

(II.)

HERCULES was raised to the heavens and the stars, notwithstanding the resistance of his stepmother Juno, for his exploits in subduing the Nemæan lion, and the Arcadian boar, and the anointed giant Antæus, and Eryx laid low in Sicilian dust, and Cacus, who fraudulently dragged stolen cattle by their tails into his cave. How small a part of your arena, O Cæsar, are these feats of Hercules! Each new day exhibits there greater conflicts. How many lions larger than the Nemæan fall there! How many Mænalian boars does your spear transpierce! If the thrice-conquered Spanish shepherd (Geryon) should be restored, you, Cæsar, are prepared with one (Corporphorus, *Spect.* XXVII.) who could conquer him again. If the Lernian hydra should be multiplied, how can it be compared to the monsters exhibited by you from the Nile? The gods, O Augustus! gave an early admission into heaven for Hercules's deserts, they reserve for you a later apotheosis.—*Lib.* V. *Ep.* LXVI.

(III.)

THE infant crushes two snakes, and does not look upon them: already the Hydra could fear his tender hands.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* CLXXVI.

The demi-god Hercules is one of the most interesting characters in classical mythology. He is the type of a life dedicated to active virtue; his *choice* is to this day an edifying lesson of morality. Con-

cerning Hercules's *labours*, Spence makes particular reference to the above epigrams, distinguishing between the twelve ordinary labours performed through the malignity of Juno, and the extraordinary labours undertaken of his own accord. Spence says that Martial mentions seven of the ordinary, and two of the extraordinary labours; Virgil two of the former, and six of the latter; Ovid ten of the former, and four of the latter. There is in the Capitoline gallery an ancient altar on which the twelve ordinary labours are represented. In the Louvre there is an antique statue of Hercules carrying away in triumph the Erymathian boar on one of his shoulders. In representations of the conquest of the Amazon, Hercules is usually seen in the act of carrying off her girdle (*discinxit*). The Stymphalides have taxed the ingenuity of modern artists, especially on cameos: in some gems the birds are left to the imagination, on account of their height, but Hercules is seen shooting with his bow, and one of the birds lies dead at his feet: in other gems, Hercules is represented kneeling, in order to allow of a greater intervening distance.

The merits which Martial ascribes to Domitian, in the first epigram, are open to much impeachment; in addition to those enumerated, he, elsewhere, mentions Domitian's expulsion of informers, the restoration of contests in the arena with fists instead of lethal weapons, and a *cæna recta*, where only a sportula had been promised. Martial also extols Domitian's games, but, in an epigram to Trajan, he calls them *graves lusus*. He disparages Hercules, in comparison with Domitian, still more in his description of the female gladiators and beast-fighters:

Prostratum Nemees, et vasta in valle, leonem,

Nobile et Herculeum fama canebat opus.

Prisca fides taceat: nam, post tua tempora, Cæsar,

Hæc jam feminea vidimus acta manu.

With respect to the last of the above epigrams on the subject of the infant Hercules killing the serpents, Spence observes, that "the old artists seem to have shown a great deal of fancy in representing this story. As Hercules was at the time of the occurrence so absolutely an infant, they express his ignorance of what the serpents were very plainly. Sometimes he has a little smile on his face, as if he was pleased with their fine colours, and their motions; sometimes he looks concerned that he has killed them, and so put an end

to the diversion that they gave him; sometimes they show the courage and steadiness of this infant hero in his strong gripe of the serpents, and in killing them with so much ease, that he scarcely deigns to look upon them. A nurse is occasionally introduced, with his twin-brother, the little Eurystheus, in her arms, and in a state of fright. All these different ways I have seen in gems or marble, and I think there is not any one of them that the poets have not touched upon, as well as the artists." He then quotes from the last of the above epigrams:

Elidit geminos Infans, nec respicit, angues.

Cowley, in his *Pindarics*, has described the scene of the "bold babe" and his "gaily gilded foes."

CLX.

JANUS.

(I.)

JANUS! although you give commencements to the swift coming years, and recall, by your retrospective face, the long ages which are past; although you are supplicated with frankincense and saluted with vows; whilst the purpled Consul (assuming his office in January) and Magistrates of every degree worship you, yet you prefer to these honours the glory arising from the event which has happened to this city, to have beheld its returning God (*Deum*, viz. Trajan) in your month.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. VIII.*

(II.)

O BEAUTIFUL progenitor of the world and of years, the first in order celebrated in public vows and prayers! Aforetime you inhabited a small temple, through which was a thoroughfare trodden by a great part of the inhabitants of Rome. Now, your threshold is encircled with imperial gifts, and you have as many faces as you can number forums (four). But you, sacred Father! in gratitude for such great rewards,

keep your iron gates closed with a perpetual bolt.—*Lib. x. Ep. xxviii.*

(III.)

JANUS, the author and parent of the Roman Fasti, when he had just beheld the conqueror of the Danube, he thought that, numerous as were his faces, they were not enough for the occasion, and he wished for more eyes. Then addressing the Lord of the Earth, and the God of Nations, he made the same announcement in every known tongue, viz. promising the Emperor four times the old age of Nestor. Janus! be so propitious, we implore you, as to add to your promised term of life your own immortality.—*Lib. viii. Ep. ii.*

Spence, in his *Polymetis*, refers to the above epigrams; observing, that the two-faced statues of Janus indicated his presidency over time, as those with four faces over space. He says that there are medals existing in which Janus is represented with four heads; he adds that he saw a figure of Janus Quadriformis on a bridge at Rome, which, from that circumstance, was called *Quatre Capite*. The shutting of the temple of Janus alluded to in the second epigram is illustrative of several passages in the ancient poets, as of Roman history and customs.

Ben Jonson, in the "King's entertainment on passing to his coronation," had prepared, as a spectacle for King James, at Temple-Bar, a temple, which, as an inscription upon it notified, was sacred to *quadrifrons* (four-headed) Janus: "which title," writes Jonson, "is said to be given to him, as he representeth all climates and fills all parts of the world with his majesty; which Martial would seem to allude unto in that hendecasyllable:

Et lingua pariter locutus omni."

Around the four heads of the figure of Janus was twined a wreath of gold, in which was engraved a verse from Martial slightly varied:

Tot vultus mihi nec satis putavi.

"Signifying," as Ben Jonson writes, "that though Janus had four faces, yet he thought he had not enough to behold the glory of that day."

CLXI.

R O M E.

ROME, the goddess of regions and of nations, to whom there is nothing equal or second, when it had computed, in its joy, the long series of years reserved for the life of Trajan, and had contemplated the bravery, youth, and martial spirit of so great a Prince, spoke thus with pride inspired by his presiding authority: Ye nobles of the Parthians, generals of the Scythians, Thracians, Sauromatans, Getans, Britons (*Britanni*), I am able to show you Cæsar: come!—*Lib. XII. Ep. VIII.*

“The Roman poets,” observes Spence, “call Rome the Martial City, the Eternal City, the Mistress of all Cities, the Goddess that presides over all countries and nations.” The *globe* which was given to personified Rome in medals was a significant emblem of universal monarchy, as to which he quotes the first line of the above epigram,

Terrarum Dea, gentiumque Roma!

Addison, in his *Dialogues on Medals*, gives a coin of the emperor Trajan, in which Rome is represented with a wand in her hand, as a symbol of her divinity, and a globe under her feet, which betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth, in reference to which Addison quotes the first two lines of the above epigram, with a version,

O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

Martial, a Spaniard, notices Rome in a very pretty way, in an epigram to an absent friend,

Si tibi mens eadem, si nostri mutua cura est,
In quocunque loco Roma duobus erit;

and in another epigram to his wife, residing in Spain,

Tu desiderium dominæ mihi mitius urbis
Esse jubes; Romam tu mihi sola facis.

CLXII.

THE RHINE.

O RHINE, the sire of nymphs, and of all the rivers that drink the northern snows! restore Trajan to his people, and to Rome! on which condition, may your waters ever flow uncongealed; may no contumelious heifer, dragging a wheeled vehicle, trample on your ice-bound surface: may you flow through your horns (two principal channels) all golden into the sea, and may you be Roman on both your banks (*cis et trans*). The dominant Tyber requires this of you.—*Lib. x. Ep. vii.*

Spence, in his *Polymetis*, observes that the Rhine is spoken of personally by several Roman poets: they describe her, as conquered by the Romans, sometimes wounded; at others, a captive; at others, received into favour upon submission; in all which cases, he says, "it is remarkable that they never speak of the Rhine without putting us in mind, at the same time, of their own conquests and their own vanity." In confirmation of these remarks, Spence quotes the above epigram, concluding with the line, *Et Romanus eas utraq̃ue ripâ.*

Promises to rivers of future prosperity are to be found in Milton's *Comus*, and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*: the expression *aureus* in the epigram may be thought analogous to Milton's,

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the *golden* ore.

CLXIII.

BÆTIS (THE GUADALQUIVER).

BÆTIS! (a river in Spain, near the birthplaces of Martial and Lucan) whose hairs are encircled with a chaplet of *olive*-leaves, in whose glittering streams the fleeces of the neighbouring flocks are tinged with gold, whom Bacchus, whom

Pallas loves, to whom Neptune opens an egress into the hoary seas, may Instantius enter upon the government of your region under favourable auspices, and may its inhabitants enjoy in the present year the felicity of the last! Instantius is not ignorant of the great burden he undertakes in succeeding so excellent a predecessor as Marcus. One who duly appreciates the responsibility he incurs, is the more capable of sustaining it.—*Lib. XII. Ep. c.*

Addison, in his *Dialogue on Medals*, adduces a series of medals representing cities, nations and provinces under the shapes of women; and he writes, "What you take for a fine lady at first sight, when you come to look into her, will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world." As a particular instance, Addison mentions the reverse of a coin of Adrian, representing Spain as a recumbent female figure, with a rabbit at her feet, and a branch of the *olive-tree* in her hand; above the figure is the word *Hispania*, below the letters *S. C. (senatûs consulto)*. As illustrative of the type of the olive, he says Martial "has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in Spain:

Bætis *oliviferâ* crinem redimite coronâ
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis;
Quem Bromius, quem Pallas amat.

Fair Bætis! *olives* wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloth'st the neighb'ring flocks;
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil."

Martial thus conjoins the waters of Bætis and Castalia:

Hæc meruit, cum te terris, Lucane, dedisset,
Mixtus Castaliæ Bætis ut esset aquæ.

With reference to the last line of the above epigram, Dryden, in his *Observations on the Art of Painting*, writes, "*Qui sua metitur pondera, ferre potest*; in order that we may undertake nothing beyond our forces, we must endeavour to know them; on this prudence our reputation depends: a man ought to cultivate those talents which make his genius." In *Comus* we find,

Sabrina fair!

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted *braids of lilies* knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.

CLXIV.

PRIAPUS.

PRIAPUS! you are not the guardian of a garden, or of a fertile vineyard, but of a grove with a few trees out of which you were born, and may be born again; I admonish you to keep off the hands of thieves, and to preserve wood for its master's fire: if this should fall short, remember that you are wood.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. XL.*

Voltaire, in an article entitled *Idolâtrie*, cites the above epigram, with another not so pertinent which he renders, "L'artisan ne peut faire des Dieux, c'est celui qui les prie," together with other passages from the ancient poets, observing, "on ferait volumes de toutes les passages, qui déposent que des images n'étaient que des images." He concludes, "Les Grecs et les Romains étaient des gentils, des polythéistes, et n'étaient point des idolâtres."

Martial would probably have reckoned Priapus among the *plebeian* gods with whom Jupiter condescended to sup after his victory over the giants.

Qua bonus accubuit Genitor cum *plebe* Deorum,
Et licuit *Faunis* poscere vina Jovem.

The above epigram is thus translated by George Lamb in the notes to his *Catullus*:

Priapus, thou the placed defence
Of no fair garden or rich vine;
But of this thin plantation, whence
Thou'rt sprung, and may'st prolong thy line.

I warn thee from all theft protect,
 And save this strong and growing brood
 To serve my hearth. Should'st thou neglect,
 I'll make thee know thyself art wood.

CLXV.

SACRIFICES.

Do you wonder, Severus! that I send you verses, and ask you to supper? Jupiter is satiated with ambrosia and lives upon nectar, yet we give to him victims, and frankincense, and wine. Since the gods have bestowed on you every imaginable possession, if you will not have any thing you have already, what will you accept?—*Lib. XI. Ep. LVIII.*

Dr Malkin, in his *Classical Disquisitions*, observes that Martial's allusion to the meat and drink of the gods, and their acceptance of more humble fare in their sacrifices, is "in the true spirit of epigram."

In another epigram of Martial there are some expressions about the sacrifice of a goat, which afford a case of suspicion that they may have furnished materials to Prynne's celebrated *Stigmata Laudis*, written upon his return to prison after being branded at the instigation of Archbishop Laud. Martial's lines are,

Vite nocens rosa stabat moriturus ad aras
 Hircus, Bacche, tuis *victima grata* sacris.
 Quem Tuscus mactare Deo cum vellet haruspex.

Prynne's distich, called his *Stigmata Laudis*, is,

Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis,
 Exultans remeo *victima grata* Deo.

CLXVI.

BANKRUPTCY IN OLYMPUS.

IF you, O Cæsar, should assume the rights of a *creditor*, and *call in* all you have bestowed on heaven, though there were a public sale in Olympus, and the gods were compelled to part with every thing they possessed, Atlas, who sustains the skies, would be obliged to make his load over to you, and there would not be an ounce in the As with which Jupiter could compound for your claims. What equivalent, indeed, could be given for the restored Capitol? What for the laurel of the games of Tarpeian Jove instituted by you? What could Juno pay for her two temples which you have erected? I pass by Minerva, for that goddess may plead in exemption of payment that she is always labouring in your service. Why should I make mention of Hercules, Apollo, Castor and Pollux? why of the Flavian temples added to the Latian sky? You must give the gods time for payment, O Augustus, and suspend your claim; for, to pay you forthwith, there is not enough in the whole treasury of Jove.—*Lib. ix. Ep. iv.*

Gibbon, in his history, has the following note on a passage in which he mentions the destruction of the ancient Capitol of Rome: "The new Capitol was dedicated by Domitian: the gilding alone cost 12,000 talents (about two millions and a half). It was the opinion of *Martial* that if the emperor had called in his debts, Jupiter himself, even though he had made a general auction of Olympus, would have been unable to pay two shillings in the pound."

In an adulatory epigram, addressed to Trajan on the occasion of his having dedicated to Jupiter the drinking cups of Domitian, *Martial* cries shame on his benefactor to Olympus for having kept Jove in indigence, so as to have the balance of account on his side:

Omnes cum Jove nunc sumus beati,
At, nuper, pudet, at pudet fateri,
Omnes cum Jove pauperes cramus.

CHAPTER VII.

TOPOGRAPHY.

THE epigrams of Martial which have been arranged under the head of Topography, contain some pleasing descriptions of ancient scenery and edifices. Part of the objects described remains in its ancient grandeur or beauty; several are to be found in ruins; and many have been effaced by the convulsions of nature. An insight is given into the amenities of villa-life among the Romans, which exhibits one of the principal features of ancient luxury and refinement as it is portrayed by an intelligent eye-witness.

With regard to the modern uses of epigrams of this class, Addison, in the Preface to his *Travels in Italy*, observes, "I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient poets which have any relation to the places or curiosities I met with. It was not one of the least entertainments I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes which the poets have given us of it." Eustace's *Classical Tour in Italy* is conducted very much after the model of Addison's *Travels*. It will be found that, in both these esteemed works, Martial has contributed his share, with other authors, towards their embellishment.

There is another modern use to which epigrams falling under the present head have been applied, which is strictly

topographical. It will be found in Canina's work, (recently translated by Mr Whiteside,) that there are at least a dozen passages of Martial which are used by that celebrated antiquary, to identify the sites of ancient forums, streets, temples, porticos and other public places or edifices at Rome. This kind of use of Martial must be highly interesting to any visitant to the *Eternal City* (so Canina's book is called), but it can only be briefly adverted to consistently with the scope of the present work, as it does not often afford matter of general interest.

CLXVII.

VESUVIUS.

YONDER is Vesuvius, lately verdant with the shadowy vines; there a noble grape under pressure yielded copious lakes of wine; that hill Bacchus preferred to the hills of Nysa; there lately the Satyrs led their dances; there Venus had a residence more agreeable to her than Lacedæmon; that spot was made illustrious by the name of Hercules. Now, every thing is laid low by flames, and is buried under the sad ashes. Surely the Gods must regret that they possessed so much power for mischief.—*Lib. IV. Ep. XLIV.*

Addison, in his *Travels in Italy*, gives the following poetical version of the epigram:

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
 Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine.
 Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
 And his own native Nisa less admir'd:
 Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
 The frisking Satyrs on the summits danc'd,

Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
 Nor lov'd her favourite Lacedæmon more!
 Now piles of ashes, spreading all around
 In undistinguish'd heaps, deform the ground.
 The gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan;
 And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

Perhaps the last line of the epigram:

Nec superi vellent hoc *licuisse* sibi,

which Addison translates, "And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done," has more point than he attributes to it; it probably referred to a famous saying of Nero, to which Martial frequently alludes, that no Emperor before himself had been aware of the extent of his own power (*quantum sibi liceret*); thus, in an epigram on Lucian's birth-day, Martial writes:

Heu! Nero crudelis, nullaque invisor umbra,
 Debut hoc saltem non *licuisse* tibi.

Addison observes, that "the prospect of the Bay of Naples, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio; that mountain, probably, which, after the first eruption, looked like a great pile of ashes, was, in Tiberius's time, shaded with woods and vineyards: for I think Martial's epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus." The epigram may also afford an illustration of Statius's invitation of his wife to Naples.

Rogers, in a note to his poem on *Italy*, in adverting to the death of the elder Pliny owing to an eruption of Vesuvius, and the destruction of Pompeii, observes, in conformity with Martial's description, to which he expressly refers, "In the morning of that day Vesuvius was covered with the most luxurious vegetation; every elm had its vine, every vine (for it was in the month of August) its clusters." And so Sir Edward Lytton, in his *Last Days of Pompeii*, takes two of his characters, a short time before the catastrophe of that city, a drive on Mount Vesuvius, where, as he describes, "the grapes, already purple with the smiles of the deepening summer, glowed out from the arched festoons which hung pendant from tree to tree."

CLXVIII.

BAIÆ.

(I.)

BAIÆ, the golden shore of blissful Venus ! the bland gift of superb nature ! If I were to sing the praises of Baiæ in a thousand verses, I should fall short of adequately praising Baiæ. But I prefer the company of my friend Martialis even to Baiæ. It were too exorbitant a prayer to beg for both at the same time : but, if it were possible for the gods to confer this double blessing upon me, how happy should I be with Martialis and Baiæ.—*Lib. XI. Ep. LXXXI.*

(II.)

WHILST you indulge in the enjoyment of happy Baiæ, and swim in its waters *whitened with sulphur*, my convalescence is improved by residence at my Nomentanian farm, in a house not disproportionate to the moderate size of my estate. Here are my Baian Suns (*Baiani Soles*) and the soft air of the Lucrine lake (*mollis Lucrinus*): here is my equivalent for your wealth. Time was, that I would have hastened from any part of the world, to baths of repute ; I never feared the length of way. But now, I delight in the neighbourhood of the city, and in a place of retirement which is easy of access. It is enough for me, if I am allowed to be idle.—*Lib. VI. Ep. XLIII.*

(III.)

LÆVINA who, in point of modesty, yielded not to the ancient Sabine wives, and who looked more doleful even than her care-worn husband, whilst now she trusts herself on the Lucrine lake, now on the Avernus, and is often warmed by the Baian waters, is caught by a flame. She

deserts her husband, and elopes with a stripling; she came to Baïæ a Penelope, she returned a Helen.—*Lib. I. Ep. LXIII.*

Eustace writes concerning the temple of Venus, which he supposes to have been situated on a projection of the shore between the Lucrine lake and Baïæ, and where there stands at present an edifice called *Templo di Venere*, that, “no situation is more appropriate to the temple of such a presiding divinity than this little promontory, whose jutting point commands the whole bay, with all its scenery of hills, towns, lakes and villas.” He then quotes from the above epigram:

Littus beatæ aureum Veneris!
Baïæ, superbæ blanda dona naturæ!

which is rendered:

Land of Venus! golden coast!
Nature's fairest gift and boast,
Happy Baïæ!

Becker has made use of all the above epigrams in his *Gallus*. He refers to the first for an eulogy on Baïæ; to the second, as an authority that the warm springs of Baïæ were of a muddy whiteness; and to the third, as showing that parties of pleasure used to be made on the Lucrine lake, and for the expression *mollis Lucrinus*. Upon the strength of this last epigram Becker makes Lycoris and Gallus take an excursion on the tranquil mirror of the Lucrine lake in a decorated galley, with purple sails: on their excursion, they catch and eat Lucrine oysters, which Martial and other authors strongly recommend: he refers also to this epigram in proof of the prevalent Helen-like morals at Baïæ.

As to the Baian Helen, Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on Growth in Sin*, observes, that “Lævina, who was chaster than the elder Sabines, and severer than her philosophical guardian, was well instructed in the great lines of honour, and of cold justice to her husband: but, when she gave way to the wanton ointments and looser circumstances of Baïæ, and bathed often in Avernus, and thence hurried to the companies and dressings of Lucrinus, she quenched her honour, and gave her body and her virtue as a spoil to the follies and intemperance of a young gentleman.”

Martial has an epigram expressing an entirely Roman notion of the Baian baths:

Dat Baiana mihi quadrantes sportula centum:

Inter delicias quid facit illa fames?

Redde Lupi nobis, tenebrosa que balnea Grylli;

Tam male cum cœnem, cur bene, Flacce, labor?

Anstey took for the motto of his *Bath Guide* the passage, *nullus in orbe locus* (sinus, orig.) *Baiis præluet amœnis*.

CLXIX.

BAIÆ AND TIBUR.

WHILST I am detained in the enervating region of the Lucrine lake, amid caves of pumice, through which tepid fountains exude, you, Faustinus, indulge in the delights of Tivoli, near to the twentieth mile-stone from Rome. It is, indeed, now, the fervid season of the constellation Leo, which imparts to Baiæ a heat greater than what is ordinary even in that hot place. Therefore, ye consecrated fountains, and holy sea-shores, the abodes of Nymphs and Nereids, farewell! In frosty winter you are to be preferred to the hills of Tivoli, but, at this season, you must yield to it, in point of coolness.
—*Lib. IV. Ep. LVII.*

The above epigram is thus translated by Addison:

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
I draw the sultry air and gasp for breath,
Where steams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where, nearer home,
The twentieth pillar marks the miles from Rome:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And Baiæ with redoubled fury burns.
Then briny seas, and tasteful springs farewell!
Where fountain-nymphs compared with Nereids dwell;
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

Addison observes concerning this epigram, that “Baïæ was the winter-retreat of the old Romans, this being the proper season to enjoy the *Baiani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as, on the contrary, Tibur (Tivoli), Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajetta, Mons Ciræus, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories were their retirements during the heats of summer.” The aspect of the Lucrine lake was much altered by an earthquake in 1583.

Warm springs, Addison mentions, abound in the neighbourhood of Baïæ, and that there is scarcely a disease which has not a bath adapted to it. One bath was still shown to travellers as that of Cicero, and the same which was celebrated by his grateful freedman, as being good for the eyesight, which the universal reading of Cicero’s works made the eyes of mankind stand in need of :

Ut, quoniam totum legitur sine fine per orbem,
Sint plures, oculis quæ medeantur, aquæ.

On the other hand, most of the cool retreats of the ancient Romans are now, in summer, Eustace says, deserted, on account of malaria.

CLXX.

TIBUR (TIVOLI).

WE may all resort, at the summer solstice, to the warmest spots of Italy, to Ardea, Pæstum, and Baïæ, fervid with the heat of the constellation *Leo*, since Curiatus condemned the air of Tivoli, when he was on the point of being transported from its extolled waters to those of the Styx. Fate is not to be diverted by localities: when death comes, the pestilent Sardinia is to be found in the middle of the healthy Tivoli.—*Lib. iv. Ep. lx.*

Ben Jonson, in an elegy on Sir John Roe, after enumerating foreign perils which he had escaped, concludes :

Which shows, wherever death doth please t’appear,
Seas, serenest, swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

The following French epigram is founded on a similar turn of thought with the preceding; the expression being closer to that of another epigram of Martial, concerning a dark lady, who was sent to Tibur to be made fair, the poet asks, with what result? She returned dark as she went:

L'asthmatique Damon a cru que l'air des champs
 Reparerait en lui le ravage des ans.
 Il s'est fuit, à grands frais, transporter en Bretagne,
 Or, voyez ce qu'a fait l'air natal qu'il a pris!
 Damon seroit mort à Paris:
 Damon est mort à la campagne.

Catullus thought that the locality of Tibur was medicinal; for he wrote a letter of thanks to his Tiburtine villa, for recruiting his health after catching a bad cold at a tedious recitation in Rome; and Mæcenâs was sent to Tivoli by his physician, for the benefit of the sound of falling water.

CLXXI.

ANXUR (TERRACINA).

(I.)

Now the constellation of Taurus (April) looks back on the Ram (March), and winter flies from the Gemini (May), the country smiles, the ground is covered with grass and flowers, the trees with leaves, the Attic nightingale laments for Itys:—At this season, Faustinus, what days does Rome deprive you of! O ye suns, and thou quietude from business (*tunicata quies*), O grove, and fountains, and un-sinking shore of moistened sand, with splendid (*splendidus*) Anxur shining above the sea, and a couch commanding a view both of a river and the ocean with their ships! But there is not to be seen at Anxur a theatre of Marcellus, nor one of Pompey, nor three *thermæ* (public warm-baths), nor

four forums, nor the lofty temple of Capitoline Jupiter, nor that of the Flavian family shining in close proximity to the heavens. How often do I imagine you, in your moments of fatigue, to say to Quirinus (founder of Rome), Keep what is your own, give me back what is mine (*inuendo*, why do you stay at Rome during this season, instead of repairing to your villa at Anxur, where you may give back to Romulus his fine edifices, throw off your *toga*, and wear only your *tunic*).—*Lib. x. Ep. LI.*

(II.)

WHILST I devoted myself to the agreeable recesses of Anxur, and the neighbouring Baiæ, and a dwelling-house on the sea-shore (*litoream domum*), and the fresh-water lakes, and the groves, in which inharmonious grasshoppers never sing during the season of Cancer (July), I then had leisure, along with you, Frontinus, to cultivate the learned Muses. Now great Rome wears me out. Here, where I feed on the produce of suburban fields, and place my lares near yours, sacred Romulus! when have I day of my own? I am tossed to and fro by the waves of the city; and my life is wasted in profitless toil. Love is not testified solely by frequenting the mansions of the rich by day and by night; nor is such an occupation worthy of a poet. I swear by the sacred Muses, and all the divinities of heaven, that I love thee, Frontinus, not the less, because my present distance from you (of Rome from Anxur) disables me from displaying my attachment by officious salutations.—*Lib. x. Ep. LVIII.*

Addison, in his *Travels in Italy*, has thus translated part of the first of the above epigrams:

Ye warbling fountains and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies cover'd with a smooth unsinking (*solidum*) sand!

He observes that "the ruins of Anxur mark out the pleasant situation in which that town formerly stood; it was planted on the mountain where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans."

The first part of the last of the above epigrams is thus rendered by Addison; among the numerous reasons that have been assigned for the singular conduct of the grasshoppers, he alone has ascribed it to the *untainted air*; his *cool shore* may appear not to express Martial's *litoream domum*, which seems to have reference to those structures that, Horace says, made the fishes think that the sea was growing too small for them, and the ruins of which are now rowed over, as described by Rogers, in his *Italy*.

On the *cool shore*, near Baia's gentle seats,
I lay retired in Anxur's soft retreats;
Whose silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around.
The grasshopper avoids the *untainted air*,
Nor, in the heat of summer, ventures there.

Eustace makes the following allusions to the ancient town of Anxur: "The rocky eminence of Anxur now rose full before us, and, as we approached, presented to our view a variety of steep cliffs. On the side of one of these craggy hills stands the old town of Terracina; the new town descends gradually towards the beach and lines the shore. On the ridge of the mountain stood the ancient *Anxur*, and on the summit, immediately over the sea, rose the temple of Jupiter (*Jupiter Anxuris*). On this pinnacle still remain two vast squares, consisting each of a number of arches, and forming, probably, the substructure of the temple of Jupiter and that of Apollo. The colonnades of these two temples, the colour of the rock which supported them, and the lofty walls and towers of the city which enclosed them and crowned the cliff, gave Anxur the *splendour* and majesty so often alluded to by the poets." He has thus translated the lines on the double prospect of sea and river, *Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, inde maris*:

Ye groves, ye fountains, and thou sea-washed strand,
And Anxur glittering in the glassy tide,
Whence the tall barks are viewed on either hand,
Or on the salt sea's wave, or river smooth that glide.

CLXXII.

NARNI (NARNIA).

NARNIA ! situate on an almost inaccessible hill, and encircled by a white river fed from sulphurous streams, why does it delight you so often and so long to detain from me my friend Quinctus ; whereby, through the loss of such a neighbour, my Nomentanian villa is of no service to me, its value consisting in the society of my friend ? But, now, at length, spare Quinctus to me, nor abuse your possession of him : so may you never be deprived of the enjoyment of your *bridge* !—*Lib. VII. Ep. XCII.*

Addison, in describing *Narni* (which is situated on the site of the ancient Narnia), mentions Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and which, he says, is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy ; he notices that there was, when he visited the spot, an arch unbroken, the broadest he had ever seen. He considers that, "without doubt, these ruins belonged to the bridge of Narni, which Martial mentions." Of the concluding couplet of Martial's epigram, Addison gives the following version, with an indifferent rhyme :

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend,
So, Narni, may thy *bridge* for ever stand !

Eustace, in his description of Narni, writes, "The ancient Roman Colony of Narni stands on the summit of a very high and steep hill, whose sides are clothed with olives, and whose base is washed by the Nera (anciently Nar), of a *milky* colour. At the foot of the hill we alighted, in order to visit the celebrated bridge of Augustus : this noble row of arches thrown over the stream and the defile in which it rolls, in order to open a communication between the two mountains, and to facilitate the approach to the town, was formed of vast blocks of white stone fitted together without cement. All the piers and one arch still remain ; the other arches are fallen, and their fall seems to have been occasioned by the sinking of the middle pier." Eustace cites a passage from Claudian illustrative of, what Martial notices, the peculiar colour of the river, which is thus translated :

Hard by a river of unwonted hue,
 From which her name th' adjacent city drew,
 Beneath a shady forest flows; confin'd
 By wood-crown'd hills, its *whit'ning* waters wind.

Lord Coke says that Tadcaster contains nothing worthy of the Muses, except its *bridge*. England is thus anciently described,

Anglia, mons, fons, *pons*, ecclesia, *fœmina*, lana.

CLXXIII.

RAVENNA.

(I.)

A CUNNING vintner at Ravenna lately cheated me; when I asked for wine and water, he sold me sheer wine.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* LVII.

(II.)

I WOULD rather have a cistern than a vineyard at Ravenna; water is so much dearer there than wine.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* LVI.

(III.)

THE soft asparagus which grows at the maritime (*æquorea*) Ravenna is not more pleasant to the taste than the bundle of wild asparagus herewith presented.—*Lib.* XIII. *Ep.* XXI.

Addison, in his *Travels in Italy*, translates the first epigram thus:

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
 So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
 But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
 The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

And the second epigram thus:

Lodg'd at Ravenna (water sells so dear),
 A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

He observes that fountain-water was still very scarce at Ravenna, and that it was probably much more so when the sea was within its neighbourhood: it was, when he travelled, four miles from the Adriatic, but had been formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

With regard to the third epigram, Rabelais makes one of his characters tell another that, by certain quackeries, he would engage to produce the best *asparagus* in the world, not even excepting that of Ravenna. Dr Malkin, in reference to this epigram, observes that Pliny mentions, in more passages than one, the pleasantness and prolific character of the gardens of Ravenna.

CLXXIV.

FORMIÆ (MOLA).

O SWEET shore of temperate Formiæ! Apollinaris, when he is able to fly from the city of ruthless Mars, and can lay aside his wearisome cares, prefers you to every spot on earth. Tibur, Tusculum, Algidum, Præneste, Antium, the promontory of Gaeta, the grove of Lænis, the river Liris, Salmacis near the Lucrine lake, are summer-retreats extolled by many; but Apollinaris prefers Formiæ to them all. Here the sea^s is not tossed by storms, but its surface is placidly rippled by the zephyrs. The air, however, is not so languid, but that it gently wafts the painted galleys: it may be compared to that raised by the fan of a damsel seeking to create an artificial coolness in the heat of the day. Do you wish to enjoy the amusement of fishing, you are not obliged to put out to sea, but, whilst you recline on your couch, you may watch the fishes to a great depth as they drag your line. If ever a storm, though rare, be raised, you have a fish-pond, which may mock it, whilst from a table of its own it supplies you with turbot and pike: delicate lampreys swim to their master; a nomenclator cites your familiar mullets to appear, and they obediently answer his summons. But how rarely does Rome allow of such enjoyments! How few Formian days can any one immersed in the business of the city promise himself!

Happy vine-dressers, and country stewards! these rural luxuries are prepared for your masters; they wait upon you.—
Lib. x. Ep. xxx.

The above description of a villa at Formiæ (which is illustrative of Pliny's and Statius's descriptions of Roman villas) is rendered the more interesting to modern readers from the circumstance that Cicero was assassinated in the walks of a grove when attempting to escape to the sea from his *Formian* villa. Eustace visited the reputed ruins of this villa, which, agreeably to several accounts, stood about a mile from the sea-shore, at which spot close to the road on both sides the remains of ancient walls are scattered over the fields, and are half covered with vines, olives, and hedges. Mola was the spot where Tasso was complimented by banditti, as related in Rogers's *Italy*:

When along the shore,
And by the path, that, wandering on its way,
Leads to the fatal grove where Tully fell,
He came, and they withdrew.

The part of the above epigram which has chiefly been noticed by modern writers, is that relating to the docility of the fish. In an epigram on Domitian's fish-pond, Martial writes that the emperor's fish had names, and each came as it was summoned, and that they licked the emperor's hand:

Qui norunt dominum, manumque lambunt
Illam, qua nihil est in orbe majus.

Melmoth, in the notes to his Cicero *De Amicitia*, after mentioning a store-pond of sea-water constructed by Lucullus, who perforated a mountain for the purpose, contiguous to his villa at Naples, observes, "Martial, in describing the elegant villa of Apollinaris, on the sea-coast, among other voluptuous accommodations with which it was furnished, celebrates, with particular encomium, his *piscinæ*, or store-ponds:

In vain rude Æolus deforms
Old Ocean's brow with rising storms;
Thy splendid board, secure, defies
The angry main, and threat'ning skies.
Within thy ample bason see
Each nobler fish that swims the sea.

The stately sturgeon, Ocean's pride,
 The mugil, fond in sands to hide,
 The turbot, and the mullet old,
 Are pastur'd in the liquid fold.
 Trained to the summons, lo! they all
 Rise at the feeder's well-known call."

It may be suspected that Ben Jonson, in the following passage of his poem on *Penshurst*, was imitating Martial rather than describing what he had actually seen :

And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
 Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish.
 Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
 And pikes now weary their own kind to eat,
 As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
 Officiously at first themselves betray ;
 Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
 Before the fisher, or unto his hand.

Mr Hoare, the continuator of Eustace, in noticing the ancient *Via* leading from Formiæ (Mola) to Caieta (Gaeta), writes, that it "affords a continual succession of antique fabrics, and proves the very great population of this delightful bay, so well described by the poet Martial,

O temperatæ dulce Formiæ littus?"

CLXXV.

JANICULUM.

THE few acres of Julius Martialis which are more productive than the gardens of the Hesperides, lie on the slope of the long brow of the Janiculum hill: secluded recesses of ample extent hang over the adjacent eminences, and the summit of the ground, which is level, save where there is a small hillock, enjoys an unusually pure atmosphere; it shines with a brightness peculiar to itself, whilst a mist covers the valleys under-

neath. The handsome turrets of a lofty villa gently approach the serene stars. *Hence may be seen the seven dominant hills, and a panoramic view may be taken of the whole of Rome.* Also there may be hence discerned the Albanian and Tusculan hills, and all the cool suburbs of the city, ancient Fidene, little Rubra, the orchard of Perennæ, stained, according to tradition, with a virgin's blood; and hence may be viewed the travellers of the Flaminian and Salarian ways, the chariots only not being heard, lest the noise of the wheels should interrupt bland slumbers. Neither is sleep broken by nautical bawlings, nor by the clamour of the rowers of barges, although the Milvian bridge is nigh, and ships are seen flying along the sacred Tiber. This, whether you call it a country-seat, or rather, a mansion, is improved by its owner; you will suppose it *your own*, such is the owner's liberal, ungrudging, and courteous hospitality. You would believe that you were admitted to the pious penates of Alcinous, or of Molorchus lately enriched by the emperor with a temple. You, now, who despise small possessions, cultivate Tibur or Præneste with a hundred spades, and deliver the sloping Setia (for profit alone) to a single cultivator, whilst, in my judgment, the few acres of Julius Martialis are to be preferred to them all.—*Lib. IV. Ep. LXIV.*

Pope, in his imitation of Horace's *Satire*, Book II. *Satire II.*, in which there is nothing about a man supposing his friend's house to be his own (*tuam putabis*), may not improbably have had reference to Martial's climax of hospitality:

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
 I'll hire another's, is not that my own?
 And *your's, my friends?* through whose wide opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late.

The passage in the above epigram relative to a panoramic view of Rome,

Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
 Et totam licet æstimare Romam,

is taken as a motto for a map of Ancient Rome restored; a copy of which map is affixed to the wall of one of the school-rooms of Eton College.

Eustace, in describing the residence of Queen Christina at the Corsini Palace, mentions that the garden runs along and almost reaches the summit of the Janiculum. He observes that the garden was open to the public, "who, as they wander over it, may enjoy a *complete view of Rome* extended over the opposite hills; a view as classical as it is beautiful, because remarked and celebrated in classic times." He then cites a portion of the above epigram with the following version:

My Martial's small, but lovely lands
On the green slope that wide expands,
Of fair Janiculum recline;
Th' Hesperian gardens less divine.
There many a cool retreat is found,
Far rais'd o'er all the hills around;
The level summit, mounting high,
Enjoys an ever tranquil sky;
With suns their own those regions glow,
Though clouds may hide the vales below,
Thy beauteous villas toward the skies
With gentle elevation rise;
Hence the sev'n hills, and hence is seen
Whate'er great Rome can boast, the world's triumphant Queen.

CLXXVI.

COLISÆUM.

LET barbarous Memphis be silent concerning her miraculous pyramids; nor let Babylon boast of what can be achieved by assiduity of labour; nor let the effeminate Ionians vaunt the honours of the temple of Diana of Ephesus; nor let the frequented altar of Jupiter Ammon display its horned Deity;

nor let the Carians extol to the skies their mausoleum hanging in the empty air. Let every achievement of human industry yield to Cæsar's amphitheatre. Let Fame henceforth talk of a *single* work instead of all others (*unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus*).—*Spect.* 1.

Eustace, after describing the Colisæum as it appears in the present day, observes, "Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprise and delight." Then, after conducting his reader through the vast mass of ruins, he writes, "Martial prefers, perhaps with justice, this amphitheatre to all the prodigies of architecture known in his time." He then quotes the above epigram, (written, probably, more in a spirit of flattery than from any judgment on the subject), with the following version :

Why sing the wonders of th' Egyptian shore?

Let far-famed Babylon be prais'd no more;

Let not Ionia vaunt Diana's fane;

* * * * *

Nor let the Carian town exalt so high

Its mausoleum, hanging in the sky;

In Cæsar's amphitheatre are shown

Those rival glories all combined in one:

Let Fame henceforth her clam'rous tongue confine

To sing the beauties of that dome divine.

The learned reader will judge whether the distich sent by the Public Orator at Cambridge to King James, in return for his present of the *Basilicon Doron*, may, possibly, have been suggested by Martial's epigram; the Orator sets a single book above the Vatican and Bodleian libraries.

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumque objicis, hospes?

Unicus est nobis bibliotheca liber.

In a like strain Santeuil compliments Paris on its buildings:

Jam non invidendos

Objiciat tibi, Roma, colles.

CLXXVII.

PALATIUM.

SMILE, Cæsar! at the miraculous pyramids of Egyptian kings; let barbarous Memphis be silent about its eastern edifices. How small a proportion do such Mareotic structures bear to the Palatium, than which the Sun beholds nothing more conspicuous in the whole world! Its seven towers appear to rise aloft together, like seven mountains; Ossa, though augmented by the weight of Pelion, was smaller. Your Palatium has its pinnacles encircled by the bright stars, and raised so high in the air as to continue serene, whilst thunders roll from clouds below: they are suffused with the rays of Phœbus before the rest of the world is illumined, and earlier even than Circe (a mountain called Daughter of the Sun) beholds her father at his uprising. Yet, Augustus! this palace, which strikes the stars with its head, is equal to Heaven, but is less than its Lord (*Par domus est cælo, sed minor est domino*).—*Lib. VIII. Ep. xxxvi.*

Ben Jonson, among his devices for the king's entertainment on passing to his coronation, has for an inscription on the frieze over the gate of Fenchurch, where the king entered the city of London, on his way from the Tower to Westminster,

Par Domus Hæc Cælo,
Sed Minor Est Domino.

As to London being the *house* of the *king*, Ben Jonson explains this inscription by two others which accompany it, viz. *Londinium* and *Camera Regis*, with regard to which he notices that Camden says, in his *Britannia*, that London acquired the title of *Camera Regis* immediately after the Conquest, which "by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued."

Extravagant as the description of the Palatium may appear, it is rivalled by Martial's eulogy on the temple *Flaviæ Gentis*, erected by Domitian for the deification of his family. Martial says of this build-

ing, *Invicta quidquid condidit manus, cælum est.* Waller writes in a like vein of royal edifices, as on the rebuilding of Somerset House,

But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This, *like the first creation*, shows
As if at your command it rose.

And on the restoration of St Paul's Cathedral,

Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges Heaven.

Santeuil, the most eminent writer of Latin poetry among the French, would seem to have transferred a compliment in the above epigram from Domitian to Louis XIV.: in an inscription for the Louvre the poet writes,

Attonitis inhians oculis quam suspicis, hospes,
Magna quidem, *Domino non tamen æqua domus.*

"Stranger to Paris! you gape and stare at this large mansion; yet, it is not equal to its Lord."

CLXXVIII.

NERO'S PALACE.

HERE, where the Colossus, adorned with rays, takes a near view of the stars, and the lofty theatrical machines are elevated in the middle of the way, shone formerly the envy-moving palace of the savage Nero; the whole city thus appearing as if one house. Here, where the venerable pile of the conspicuous amphitheatre is erected, was formerly Nero's lake. Here, where we admire the hot-baths so rapidly built by the emperor Titus, a proud pleasure-ground had deprived the poor of their dwellings. Where the Claudian portico spreads its broad shade, was the last remnant of the falling

palace. Rome is restored to itself; and, under your presidency, O Cæsar! what was the exclusive delight of the emperor has become that of the people.—*Spect.* II.

It is related that Nero erected his own statue for the Colossus, spoken of in the above epigram, and that Vespasian struck off Nero's head, and put on one of Apollo with rays. The pegmata or machines which were made to rise and to sink again, were dragged up and down the *via sacra* on public occasions. Nero, in this epigram, is called *ferus*; in one on the banishment of Seneca, *furens*; in another, on Lucan's death, *crudelis*. His *Golden House*, and colossal statue, 120 feet in height, have been described by Suetonius, who mentions an early *pasquinade* made upon the *Domus Aurea*:

Roma domus fiet; Veios migrate Quirites!

Si non et Veios occupat ista domus;

which his translator renders,

Rome will be all *one* house; to Veii fly!

If that house move not thither by and by.

In Canina's *Vicissitudes of the Eternal City* (by Whiteside), there are several references to the above epigram of Martial, as explaining the topography of ancient Rome. He writes of the Colisæum, "This amphitheatre was placed on the site of the celebrated lake of Nero, as is proved by the well-known lines of *Martial* on the spectacles." In a note, in which four lines of the above epigram are quoted, he refers to passages from Suetonius and Tacitus, which they illustrate.

Canina states that there exist traces of a portico reaching from the Colisæum to the baths of Titus mentioned in the above epigram: this communication is shown by ancient medals. He observes that Suetonius takes notice of Titus having built his baths, which he presented to the Roman people, in a short space of time (*velocia munera*): various ruins of these baths, he says, are found in the vicinity of the Colisæum. He refers to Martial as showing that Titus's baths occupied part of the splendid plain that formed a portion of the Golden House of Nero. It was among the ruins of Martial's *velocia munera* that the statue of the Laocoon was discovered.

CLXXIX.

STREETS OF ROME.

THE audacious huckster had abstracted the whole city, and had left no place outside of his own threshold for walking. Germanicus! (Domitian, conqueror of Germany) you commanded the attenuated streets to amplify in size; and thus what was recently a narrow passage has become a highway. There are no longer columns around which flagons are chained. The Prætor is not compelled to walk in the middle of the mud; nor is the encased razor any longer drawn out in the middle of a crowd; nor does the smutty cook's-shop entirely block up a street. The barber, the victualler, the cook, the butcher, confine themselves to their own premises. That is now Rome which lately was a large tavern.—*Lib. VII. Ep. LX.*

Becker, in a note to his *Gallus*, writes of the above epigram, that the *tabernæ* built up against the houses in Rome had, by degrees, so narrowed the streets, that Domitian caused a decree to be issued against them, and every inhabitant was confined to the area of his own house: and he says that "Martial, his ever-ready flatterer, had immortalized the interdict by an epigram *interesting to us*, as it contributes so much towards a picture of the appearance of the Roman streets. We see from it, he observes, that wine was sold not only inside the *tabernæ*, but also in front of them; and that, probably, at the pillars of the porticos tables were placed with bottles, fastened by chains, to prevent their being purloined." Of the throngs in the streets, in the reign of Augustus, he writes: "This motley multitude kept passing through streets which were rendered disagreeably narrow by a numerous cluster of shops choking them up. For hucksters and merchants of all sorts, artists in hair and salve-sellers, butchers and pastry-cooks, but above all, vintners, had built their booths far into the streets, so that you might even see tables arranged along the piers and pillars, and covered with bottles, which were, however, cautiously fastened by chains, lest perchance they might be filched."

Martial takes many walks through the streets of Rome, with his saluters, supper-hunters, and even his own books, in which his descriptions are sufficiently minute, both of localities and of their sojourners and frequenters, to furnish ample materials to an antiquarian Gay, for a Roman *Trivia*. A visitor at Rome, with Martial as his cicerone, might doubtless trace all the principal streets of the ancient city, and re-people them in imagination with the peculiar classes of persons who lived in them, or resorted to them, respectively, at the several hours of the day, what times they frequently observed to one another, as Martial passed along, "*Hic est.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

MOVEABLES.

THE classical antiquary is indebted to Martial more than to any other ancient writer for the particulars of the moveable property of the Romans; in his epigrams will be found a multitude of details on this subject that are often blended with wit, or with interesting information concerning Roman manners. All the books of Martial afford contributions applicable to this head; as, for instance, where he charges a man with fraudulently increasing the apparent value of his house, by gaudeously furnishing it; or wishes a thief would steal a lady's pearls, which she called her brothers and sisters, and by which she swore. But it is chiefly in the thirteenth and fourteenth books that we are to look for the ordinary contents of Roman houses and shops, pet animals, works of art or curiosity, the products of markets, farms, dairies and vineyards.

The thirteenth book of Martial is entitled *Xenia*, consisting of one hundred and twenty-seven distichs sent to friends or returned by them, and accompanying presents during the Saturnalia, or on birth-days, new-year's day, recovery from sickness, or other like occasions. Martial, throughout his books, is witty upon the subject of such presents; as, for instance, in one epigram, he protests that a particular individual must have been born at least twice; in another, that a patron had sent him Saturnalian gifts which were carried by eight tall Syrian slaves, but the value of which might have

been brought by a little boy, in his pocket. In a prefatory epigram to the *Xenia*, Martial confesses that he himself commonly sent the distichs, without the presents:

Hæc licet hospitibus *pro munere* disticha mittas,
Si tibi tam rarus, quam mihi, nummus erit.

The *fourteenth* book is entitled *Apophoreta*, consisting of two hundred and twenty-three distichs, accompanying presents to guests at entertainments, which were determined by lot; this was a species of diversion used chiefly during the Saturnalia. Martial calls his distichs, in this and the preceding book, *nuces*, or nuts for amusement, during the five days when all Rome was like a school-boy in his holidays.

The modern uses of the epigrams in the present Chapter have been various, but have principally had reference to the subject of Roman antiquities. Were all the instances to be noticed in which Martial has been quoted by modern Roman antiquarians for the elucidation of that portion of their inquiries which relates to *moveables*, this work would be increased to an inconvenient size, besides waxing tedious to the general reader. It is only a particular class of readers who would feel an interest in Martial's enumeration of the various uses of the mantle called an *endromis*, or in his information concerning the materials of Roman toothpicks. A reader must, indeed, be ingenious in the discovery of "sermons in stones," who could draw, with Dr Malkin, a moral from Martial's distich on an ivory box, which, the poet says, ought to be used for gold, a wooden box being good enough for silver; or could perceive that Martial is "happily lashing the vicissitudes of fashion," where, in a distich accompanying the present of a lettuce, he asks, as if of some editor of *Notes and Queries*, why it then came at the beginning, instead of, as anciently, the end of a feast:

Claudere quæ cœnas *lactuca* solebat avorum,
Dic mihi, cur nostras inchoat illa dapes?

It has been endeavoured to select epigrams appertaining to Roman moveables, of which a modern use has been made, and of which the original epigram, or at least the modern use of it, may be interesting to other persons than antiquarians and auctioneers.

CLXXX.

APOPHORETA.

WHILST the Knight and the governing Senator are delighting in their *syntheses* (having laid aside the *toga*), and a *cap* becomes our Jupiter (Domitian), and whilst the slave, as he rattles his dice-box, has no fear of the ædile, since he observes that the pools of water are nearly congealed (in December), accept *lots* designed alternately for a rich and for a poor man, that each may give suitable prizes to his guests. That my verses for this purpose are trifling and ludicrous, who does not know, and who would have the effrontery to deny? But what, O Saturn, could I do better on your banqueting days, which your son gave you in exchange for heaven? Do you wish me to write of Thebes, of Troy, of the wicked Mycenæ? You reply, "Sport with nuts; I am unwilling to lose my nuts." Reader! you can finish a book of this nature wherever you are; each subject is completed in two verses.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. 1.*

The details of the Roman Apophoreta may, perhaps, appear to have suggested to Sir E. Lytton his representation of the drawing of lots for presents among the guests at a dinner *à la mode* at Pompeii: he writes that Clodius, the host, "motioned to one of the *ministri*, and whispering him, the slave went out and presently returned with a small bowl containing various tablets carefully sealed, and apparently exactly similar. Each guest was to purchase one of these

at the nominal price of the lowest piece of silver, and the sport of this lottery (which was the favourite diversion of Augustus who introduced it) consisted in the inequality and sometimes the incongruity of the prizes, the nature and amount of which were specified within the tablets. For instance, the poet, with a wry face, drew one of his own poems (no physician ever less willingly swallowed his own draught); the warrior drew a case of bodkins, which gave rise to certain novel witticisms relative to Hercules and the distaff; the widow Fulvia obtained a large drinking-cup; Julia a gentleman's buckle, and Lepidus a lady's patch-box. The most appropriate lot was drawn by the gambler Clodius, who reddened with anger on being presented with a set of cogged dice. A certain damp was thrown upon the gaiety which these various lots created, by an accident that was considered ominous: Glaucus drew the most valuable of all the prizes, a small marble statue of Fortune, of Grecian workmanship; in handing it to him, the slave suffered it to drop, and it broke to pieces."

Among Martial's *Apophoreta* are, in accordance with the above scene, several statuettes, varieties of dice, golden and other bodkins, buckles, drinking-cups: he also furnishes precedents of personalities in the shape of presents, provided, as was probably the case, the lots were sometimes packed; as thus, a distich on a *dentrifice*, signifying that it was not meant for *false* teeth:

Quid mecum est tibi? me puella sumat,
Emptos non soleo polire dentes.

So one on a *Rhytium*, addressed to a bow-legged man, signifying that he might wash his feet in it; for which species of drinking-cup the reader must be referred to the pictures of two vessels of this kind found at Pompeii, resembling horns, in Dr Smith's *Dictionary*:

Cum sint crura tibi simulent quæ cornua lunæ,
In rhytio poteras, Phœbe, lavare pedes.

And one upon a pauperized lawyer who scribbled verses, accompanying the present of a bullock's heart, an emblem of stupidity:

Pauper causidicus nullos referentia nummos
Carmina cum scribas; accipe cor quod habes!

Becker, in his *Gallus*, gives many quotations from Martial respecting the *synthesis*; he says that it was never worn in public

except during the *Saturnalia*. For the use of this dress during all seasons, at meals, and an affectation in wearing it, he refers to a witty epigram of Martial, in which it is said that Zoilus, at a supper he gave, changed his *synthesis* eleven times, complaining of perspiration, whereupon the poet observes, that a single *synthesis* (being all he had) was very conducive to coolness. *Frigus enim magnum synthesis una facit.*

CLXXXI.

B A Z A A R.

(I.)

MAMURRA wandered much and long among the shops near the *Septa* where golden Rome tosses about her wealth. He gazed on the slaves, not those exposed for sale to people of my condition in the open shops, but kept for rich connoisseurs in private apartments. Satisfied with this sight, he called for the round tables (*orbes*) to be uncovered, and those of ivory to be taken down from their high shelves, and to be displayed to him. Measuring four times a *hexaclinon* (dinner-couch for six persons), made of tortoiseshell, he lamented that it was not of a size large enough for his cedar table (*citro*). He consulted his nose as to whether vessels were of true Corinthian brass, and he picked out faults even in your statues, O Polyctetus! He complained that the crystalline vases had a small alloy of glass; he took a marked notice of the myrrhine cups (*myrrhina*), and laid aside ten of them. He pondered long upon ancient vases, particularly such as he found ennobled by the hand of Mentor. He numbered the green emeralds embossed in gold, and whatever jewels that hang from a white ear (pearls) are in higher estimation. He sought for real sardonyxes on every table, and asked the price of large jaspers.

At the eleventh hour, when he was on the point of departing, he purchased two cups for the price of an *as* (two farthings and an eighth), and (not being attended by a slave) took them home in his own hands.—*Lib. IX. Ep. LX.*

(II.)

EROS grieves as often as he beholds cups of spotted *myrrha*, or noble citron tables, and groans from the bottom of his breast, that he cannot buy the whole *septa*, and take them home. How many do the same as Eros, but with dry eyes! Most people laugh at his tears, yet cry inwardly.—*Lib. X. Ep. LXXX.*

The first of the above epigrams is closely copied, and the second alluded to, by Becker. "Gallus strode proudly through the streets, and, careless of the crowds that beset the forum, entered the shops where all the valuables that streamed into Rome from the most remote regions lay stored up in rich profusion. These *tabernæ* never lacked a number of visitors; they were frequented not only by such as really intended to make purchases, but also by those who, *full of repining* at not possessing all the costly articles, devoured them with greedy gaze, demanded to see every thing, made offers for some of the goods, and ordered others to be put aside, as if chosen; whilst others pointed out slight defects, or regretted that they did not quite suit their purpose, and after all went away without purchasing any thing beyond mere trifles. In the *tabernæ* of the slave-merchants especially, there were persons who, under pretence of becoming purchasers, penetrated into the interior, where the most beautiful slaves were kept in order that they might be out of sight of ordinary visitors. Passing these *tabernæ*, Gallus entered one where costly furniture was exposed to sale. Expensive cedar tables, carefully covered, and supported by strong pillars, veneered with ivory; dinner-couches of bronze, richly adorned with silver and gold, and inlaid with costly tortoiseshell. Some one who hardly meant to be a purchaser was just getting the covers removed from some of the cedar tables by the attendant, but he found that they were not spotted to his taste. A *hexaclinon* of tortoiseshell seemed, however, to attract him amazingly, but after measuring it three or four times, he said with a sigh, that 'it was,

alas! a few inches too small for the cedar table for which he had intended it.' Gallus, in his turn, looked over the stock, but seeing nothing adapted to a present for Lycoris, left the shop, and went into another, where precious vessels of Corinthian brass, statues by Polycletus and Lysippus, and similar objects were displayed. He thence proceeded to that of a merchant, who kept for sale the best selection of gorgeous trinkets. Beautiful vessels of gold and silver, goblets of precious stones, or genuine *myrrha*, ingenious manufactures in glass, and many other precious wares, were exhibited in such profusion that it was difficult to choose."—Some details in Becker's *septa* are here omitted, because inapplicable to Martial's epigrams, which he mentions, in a note, are the groundwork of his description. He also praises Martial's notice, in the second of the above epigrams, of the sorrowful feelings which arose in the minds of many on beholding these displays of finery.

Milton may seem to have had in view Martial's enumeration of Roman articles of luxury in the above and other epigrams, where he draws a tableau of Rome in his *Paradise Regained*, thus :

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falern,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
And studs of pearl.

Some of Milton's commentators say that there is no authority for Atlantic *stone* being used for tables, but that the poet was probably misled by an imperfect recollection of Martial's distich on a table made of *wood* from Mount Atlas :

Accipe felices, Atlantica munera, *sylvas*,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

In reference to tables of this description, Becker, in his description of the furniture of Gallus's house, writes : "No less were the Tricliniarch and his subordinates occupied in the larger saloons, where stood the costly tables of cedar-wood, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs, which had, at an immense expense, been conveyed to Rome from the primeval woods of Atlas." It would appear that Milton had made another mistake, and that the *citrum* used for tables

was not the wood of the citron tree, but was of larger magnitude, and brought from Mount Atlas.

As to the *embossed* and *studded* cups; mentioned above by Martial and Milton, Martial has another epigram, in which he expresses astonishment at the number of fingers a cup so adorned must have denuded of their gems:

*Gemmatum Scythicis ut luceat ignibus aurum,
Aspice, quot digitos exuit iste calix!*

CLXXXII.

ANTIQUES.

NOTHING is more odious than the antiques of old Euctus, to which I prefer *cups* made of Saguntan clay. Thus he prates about the smoky images on his silver vessels, leaving the wine in them to get vapid, owing to his many words: he says, "These were the cups used at the table of Laomedon, the obtaining of which for a reward induced Apollo to build the walls of Troy with his lyre. With this goblet the fierce Rhætus fought against the Lapithæ; you observe that the workmanship has been a little damaged by that encounter. This double cup is known to have been cast by the orders of Nestor: a dove sculptured on one of its handles looks rubbed by his thumb. This is the tankard in which Achilles (*Æacides*) ordered wine to be mixed largely for his friends, and out of which he drank it himself unmixed. With this large cup the beautiful Dido pledged Bytias at the famous supper she gave to her Trojan husband. When you have much admired all this anciently-embossed silver, you will be made to drink Astyanax (Priam's grandson) in the cups of Priam (new wine in old cups).—*Lib. VIII. Ep. VI.*

Sir Henry Spelman, in his Latin treatise on *Icenia* (Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire), mentions a tradition, that King John had given to the town of Lynn a sword from his side, and also a silver cup, gilt inside, the outside of encaustic, much to be admired, and adorned with figures of real gold. The town's-men, he writes, consider it "a sacred rite to drink from it wine, though not of the choicest kind; they drink, indeed, and do not make libations. Many more fall by the cup than by the sword. I may say with Martial,

Hic scyphus est in quo misceri jussit amicis
Largius *Henricides*, et bibit ipse merum."

Henricides is used by Spelman to denote King John, son of Henry II. Martial, as is seen, using the word *Aecides* to denote Achilles.

Becker has introduced the articles of antiquity mentioned in the above epigram, among the furniture of Gallus's house, on the authority of Martial.

CLXXXIII.

RELIC.

THE fragment which you deem a vile and useless piece of wood was a part of the keel of the *Argo*, the first ship that sailed on the theretofore untried sea. The Cyanean rocks and the storms of the Scythian Ocean could not wreck it. Ages have conquered it; but, although it has yielded to the force of years, this little relic is more sacred than any ship, however safe and entire.—*Lib. VII. Ep. XVIII.*

It is probable that the fragment of the ship *Argo*, mentioned in the above epigram, the Ramenal tree, mentioned by Tacitus, which sheltered Romulus and Remus, Romulus's cottage, and similar relics, may have assisted in suggesting those relics of the Roman Catholic Church, such as pieces of the holy cross, of which Voltaire writes,

Ami, la Superstition
 Fit ce présent à la Sotise,
 Ne le dis pas à la Raison,
 Ménageons l'honneur de l'Église.

Becker, in his *Gallus*, after mentioning several objects at Rome that were curious on account of their antiquity, writes, "But the most remarkable of all was a relic of the keel of the *Argo*, only a chip, it is true; but who did not transport himself back to the olden days, when he saw before him, and could feel this portion of the most ancient of ships, and on which, perhaps, Minerva herself had placed her hand?" In a note, Becker observes that, in other epigrams, Martial ridicules the credulous simplicity which could place faith in similar relics, but that he speaks quite seriously on the subject of the *Argo*, which might have been owing to its belonging to some patron of distinction, perhaps Domitian. Cowley has several poems on a parallel subject, the conversion of part of Drake's ship into a chair.

CLXXXIV.

TABLE HERCULES.

I LATELY asked Vindex, whose workmanship and happy labour had sculptured his statue of Hercules? He answered, with a smile, as he is wont, and a slight nod, "Poet, don't you understand Greek?" The base of the statue has an inscription, which indicates the name of the artist, I read, "Of Lysippus," I took it for a work of *Phidias*.—*Lib. ix. Ep. xlv.*

The above epigram may have suggested the inscription on a pedestal of a statue, which Addison saw at Milan, of St Bartholomew, newly flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders. "They have inscribed," he writes, "this verse on the pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman:

Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus fecit Agrati.

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
 'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles."

The statue which is the subject of the above epigram is elsewhere celebrated by Martial in a different spirit from that in which he ridicules the antiques of Euctus. He tells us that it had belonged to Alexander the Great, then to Hannibal, and afterwards to Sylla, whom it compelled to lay down his dictatorship. Statius has a long poem on the same statue, which he calls *Epitrapezios*. The figure was seated on a lion's skin, was of bronze, holding, in one hand, a goblet, in the other a club; the face was very cheerful; the size of the statue was not quite a foot high; it was placed on Vindex's supper-table:

Hæc inter, festæ Genius tutelaque mensæ,
 Amphitryoniades.

Sir E. Lytton has observed, in his *Last Days of Pompeii*, that "the modern ornaments of epergne and plateau were, among the Romans, supplied by images of the gods wrought in bronze, ivory and silver."

CLXXXV.

MENTAL PORTRAIT.

CÆCILIUS! you ask whose countenance is represented in that picture, which is worshipped with violets and roses? Such was Marcus Antonius Primus, in his middle age. Now, in his old age, he beholds, in this picture, what were his youthful features. Would that art could have represented the mind and the morals of my friend: for thus the world could not exhibit a picture of more beauty!—*Lib. x. Ep. XXXII.*

The reader may, probably, be of opinion, that the above epigram was the model of Ben Jonson's verses written under the engraved picture of Shakspeare in the first edition of his collected works; particularly when Jonson's familiarity with the writings of Martial is considered:

This figure which thou here seest put
 It was for gentle Shakspeare cut.
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature to outdo the life:
 O, could he but have drawn his wit
 As well in brass, as he has hit
 His face! the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in brass.
 But since it cannot, Reader, look
 Not on his picture, but his book!

There are many epigrams of Martial on statues and pictures, which, for want of any modern use, are omitted in this work, but which are by no means destitute of modern interest, as, for instance, the epigrams concerning Polycletus's Juno, the bust of Socrates, an encaustic painting of Phaethon. In Martial is to be found an expression which has been made, by a modern Italian poet, the point of an admired epigram on Timomachus's picture of Medea, ending *Vult, non vult, natos perdere et ipsa suos*. Martial has it:

Vult, non vult, dare Galla mihi: nec dicere possum,
Quod vult, et non vult, quid sibi Galla velit.

CLXXXVI.

PICTURE OF A LAP-DOG.

ISSA is more frolicsome than the sparrow of Catullus: Issa is purer than the kiss of a turtle-dove: Issa is more bland than every damsel: Issa is more precious than Indian gems: Issa is the delight of Publius. If her master complains, Issa murmurs an echo to his voice; grieving when he is sad: rejoicing when he is merry. She lies couched upon his neck, and there slumbers with a noiseless breath. Lest fatal destiny should snatch her entirely away, Publius has had a picture taken of her, in which you may behold

a likeness of Issa as true as nature itself. Only place Issa and her picture side by side, you would declare that both must be real, or both must be painted.—*Lib. i. Ep. cx.*

Becker writes, in his *Gallus*, “You know, *Issa*, Terentia’s lap-dog, I have had the little imp painted, sweetly reposing upon a soft cushion; it was only finished yesterday, and the illusion, I assure you, is quite complete: place it by the side of the delicate little animal, and you will think either that both are painted, or both alive.” Becker notices that Martial mentions as other pets of the Roman ladies, *bubo*, *cercopithecus*, *ichneumon*, *pica*, *draco*, *lusciniæ*; the *draco* took the place of a necklace.

Si gelidum collo nectit *Glacilla draconem*,
Lusciniæ tumulum si *Thelesina* dedit.

Waller has a poem on a lady who beatified a pet *snake*:

Contented in that nest of snow
 He lies, as he his bliss did know.

CLXXXVII.

SWAN.

THE swan modulates sweet songs with a faltering tongue; itself a singer at its own funeral.—*Lib. XIII. Ep. LXXVII.*

Lord Coke, in his *Case of Swans*, in his 7th *Report*, has a ridiculous passage concerning the vulgar error above echoed; he lays it down that, “by the Common Law, cygnets belong to the owners of the cock and hen as tenants in common, and the law thereof is founded on a reason in nature; for the cock swan is an emblem of an affectionate and true husband to his wife above all other fowls; for he holdeth himself to one female only. For this cause nature hath conferred on him a gift beyond all others, that is to die so joyfully, that he sings sweetly when he dies; upon which the poet saith:

Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator, Cygnus, funeris ipse sui.

And, *therefore*, this case of the *swan* doth differ from the case of kine, or other brute beasts (to whom the rule applies of *partus sequitur ventrem*)."

George Lamb, in a poetical preface to his translation of *Catullus*, in which he commemorates poet-lawyers, says that Lord Coke taught the law of *swans* by the aid of poetry :

As how to swans, their truth's reward, belong
A joyful death, and sweet expiring song.

CLXXXVIII.

MAGPIE.

A TALKATIVE magpie, I salute you, my master, with my articulate voice. So long as you do not see me, you will persist in declaring that I am not a bird.—*Lib. XIV. Ep. LXXVI.*

The above epigram is referred to by Becker, in illustration of the subject of a Roman house: it shows that it was the practice to suspend a bird over the door to give salutations. Rogers notices, in his poem on *Italy*, that it appears from the ruins of Pompeii, an *Ave* was often drawn in Mosaic upon the lower threshold of houses:

But, lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy so sacred once,
Hail!

In another epigram, Martial uses the expression, *pica salutatrix*; in another, he has parrot, which says *ave*, in another he represents the magpie saluting ploughmen:

Inde salutatus picæ respondit arator.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* on the subject of magpies, the writer, after observing on the bird's wonderful imitation of the human voice, mentions Martial's mean opinion of it as an article of food, at least, if it dies in its cage, where he is speaking of

not being permitted to partake, as Ben Jonson says, "of my lord's own meat:"

Aureus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet,
Ponitur in caveâ mortua pica mihi.

CLXXXIX.

A BIRD-CAGE.

IF you have such a bird as the one lamented by Lesbia, the mistress of Catullus, here it may dwell.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* LXXVII.

The above epigram, in conjunction with others of Martial, has been quoted to negative the opinion of those who consider Catullus's *Sparrow* as a licentious myth, and to show that Martial understood Catullus's poem in a literal sense. George Lamb thus renders the epigram:

E'en such a bird, so fond, so gay,
As Lesbia loved so well,
And mourn'd in sweet Catullus' lay,
In thee might happy dwell.

CXC.

TUMBLER.

THE keen tumbler (*canis vertagus*) does not hunt for himself, but for his master; he will bring you a hare uninjured by his teeth.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* CC.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, compares his hero to a tumbler, in the matter of matrimony:

Like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,

Until he seize upon the coney,
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain: her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out.

Dr Nash, in his edition of *Hudibras*, describes a *tumbler* as a sort of dog that rolls himself in a heap, and tumbles over, disguising his shape and motion till he is within reach of the game: he refers to the above epigram of Martial for the use of the term *vertagus*, importing a *tumbling*, as applied to a dog.

CXCI.

RABBIT.

THE Rabbit (*cuniculus*) delights in inhabiting caves dug in the earth: he instructed enemies in the art of making secret paths.—*Lib. XIII. Ep. LX.*

According to Vegetius, a subterraneous passage in warfare was called a *cuniculus*, from its resemblance to a rabbit's burrow. It is possible that Martial's epigram may have suggested the following passage in Pope's *Essay on Man*; especially considering that Pope was very much in the habit of adopting ideas from other poets, which he expanded and adorned: the personification of Nature, and the putting of a lecture into her mouth, seems manifestly borrowed from Lucretius.

Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake;
 Go, from the creatures thy instructions take,
 * * * *
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
 * * * *
 Here subterranean works, and cities see.

CXCII.

INSECTS IN AMBER.

(I.)

WHILST an *Ant* wandered in the shade of poplars (*Phærontea*), their juicy gum entangled the little animal; thus, although despised during life, it became precious by its funeral.—*Lib.* VI. *Ep.* XV.

(II.)

WHILST a *Viper* was creeping among the weeping branches of the daughters of the Sun (*Heliadum*, poplars into which they had been metamorphosed), their juicy gum flowed over the struggling animal: when it was astonished at such an impediment, it suddenly grew stiff, as if by congelation. Take no longer a pride, O Cleopatra! in your royal sepulchre, since a viper is more nobly entombed.—*Lib.* IV. *Ep.* LIX.

(III.)

A BEE is buried, and yet shines in the juice of the poplar-tree, as though it were inclosed within its own nectar: such was a reward worthy of its signal industry; it may be supposed that it would have chosen this kind of death.—*Lib.* IV. *Ep.* XXXII.

Becker, in his description of the furniture of *Gallus's* house, referring to Martial, writes, "between these were several smaller vessels of amber, and two of great rarity; in one of which a bee, and in the other an *ant*, had found its transparent tomb."

Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Laws of Jesus Christ*, observes that, "Our obedience which Christ exacts is a sincere obedience of the will, and is not satisfied with an outward wish; a fair tomb of amber was too beauteous and rich an inclosure for Martial's viper."

Considering Pope's familiarity with Martial (*supra Ep.* XXXIX.) it is not improbable that the above pretty epigrams may have suggested the well-known comparison of certain critics on Shakspeare and Milton to insects in amber:

Pretty, in amber, to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or grubs, or dirt, or worms;
 The things, we know, are neither rich, nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Cowley may be thought to have had an eye to the second of the above epigrams, where he writes of nightingales expiring upon the conquering lyre (called, by Crawshaw, Music's Duel):

Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus! envied by thee!

CXCH.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

(I.)

LEST your exotics should feel the winter, and the cold air should bite your young plants, your coverings of pellucid stone, that are opposed to the windy quarter, admit the sunshine without snow, rain, or dust. But you assign me a chamber not completely fenced from the air by any window, in which Boreas himself would decline to dwell. Is this the habitation you think fit for an old friend? I had rather be the guest of one of your rose-trees.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* XIV.

(II.)

WHOEVER might have seen Alcinous's gardens, would have preferred yours, Entellus! Lest the envious winter should destroy your purple clusters, and the sharp frost nip the gifts of Bacchus, your vintage flourishes under a covering of transparent gems; the grapes being protected, and, yet, not concealed. Thus the shape of woman shines through her silken attire, thus pebbles are numbered in a pure stream. What limits has Nature assigned to the power of human genius? The barren winter has been commanded to produce the fruits of autumn.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* LXVIII.

(III.)

WINTER, O Cæsar ! gives you forced (*festinatas*) chaplets ; formerly the rose was a flower of the spring, now it is of your bidding.—*Lib.* XIII. *Ep.* CXXVII.

(IV.)

Go, fortunate Rose ! (*I, felix Rosa*) and with your delicate garland gird round the hairs of my Apollinaris ; which remember to encircle when they shall become white after many years from this time : so may Venus ever love you.—*Lib.* VII. *Ep.* LXXXIX.

(V.)

WHY do you send me, O Polla, untouched chaplets ? I prefer Roses that you have much handled, (*vexatas*).—*Lib.* XI. *Ep.* XC.

Becker, in an *Excursus* on the *Gardens*, in his *Gallus*, quotes, at length, the first three of the above epigrams, with reference to the use of greenhouses by the Romans ; and he refers to several others of Martial relating to fruits and flowers, directly or incidentally : as thus, in the course of one, the poet speaks of *lilies* in greenhouses :

Conditæ sic puro numerantur *lilia* vitro,
Sic prohibet tenuis gemma latere rosas.

Santeuil's inscriptions for the Orangery at Chantilly are similar in idea, and, possibly, may have had reference to the above epigrams : they were, *Hic hyemes nil juris habent* (Here winters have no dominion), on one side of the building, and, on the other, *Alienis mensibus æstas* (Summer in strange months).

With regard to the fourth epigram, it would be an honour to Martial, if we could, as it may be thought we may, attribute to it any share in the origin or execution of Waller's beautiful ode, commencing, "Go, lovely Rose !" In both the Rose is personally addressed ; in both, is sent upon an errand, the command to execute which is, in both, made the inception of the poem or epigram.

Some expressions in the fourth epigram (*sed olim*) may seem to indicate that the rose mentioned in it was of wax. The roses in the

fifth epigram were natural. Drummond has a sonnet, in which he attributes the excelling hue and fragrance of a rose to its having been worn and kissed by his mistress.

CXCIV.

ONION.

As often as you eat the shreds which smell of the Tarentine onion, give kisses with your mouth shut.—*Lib.* XIII. *Ep.* XVIII.

In the epigrams on Roman suppers it has been seen that the onion (*porrum*) was in great request for sharpening the appetite in the *gustus*. Swift, if he did not borrow from Martial, has regarded onions in the same points of view, both as regards kissing and eating, in one of the ditties he wrote for market-women :

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer,
You'll feed like a farmer;
For it is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion.
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

CXC.V.

PORCELAIN.

(I.)

IF you drink your wine warmed, porcelain (*myrrha*) is of an excellence suitable to the fiery Falernian, and improves its flavour.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* CXIII.

(II.)

WE, your guests, Ponticus, drink out of glass, you out of porcelain. Why? Lest if our glasses were transparent like yours, they would betray the secret of your drinking a different kind of wine from what you give us.—*Lib.* IV. *Ep.* LXXXVI.

Jeremy Taylor appears to have misconceived the first of the above epigrams; in writing of the death of Christ, he quotes the epigram, observing, "By the piety of his disciples, and, it is probable, of those good women which did use to minister unto him, there was provided some wine mingled with *myrrh*, which, among the Levantines, is an excellent and pleasant mixture, and such as, by the piety and indulgence of the nations, used to be administered to condemned persons." Raderus, who, in reference to this epigram, has a long disquisition on the subject of myrrhine vessels, observes, "Hic tamen prius velim, nihil de vino myrrhato dictum iri: aliud illud prorsus est ab hoc Falerno ex myrrhinis tantum hausto." He says that it was usual to drink Falernian out of gold or silver, and that Martial here puts in a claim to that honour for porcelain.

Sir E. Lytton introduces at Pompeii "vases of that lost *myrrhine* fabric, so glowing in its colours, so transparent in its material, which were crowned with the exotics of the East." Becker has adorned *Gallus's* house with "*myrrhine* vases." Milton, as quoted under the epigram concerning a bazaar, writes of "crystal and *myrrhine* cups."

CXCVI.

CHASINGS OF METALS.

(I.)

WHOSE workmanship is displayed in that *phiale* (a species of cup)? Is it that of the skilful Mys, or of Myron? Have we here the hand of Mentor, or yours, Polycletus? It is not darkened by any spot, and the purity of its metal has nothing to fear from the test of fire. Electrum (four parts gold, a fifth silver) glistens with a less yellow metal, and its beautiful pustules surpass ivory in whiteness. The workmanship does not yield to the material; it may be compared to the full moon encompassing the earth with its rays. There is chased a goat clad with Æolic (golden) fleece, like that of the famous *aries* of Phryxus, but on which his sister Helle might have preferred to have been carried. The Cinyphian sheep-shearer would have forborne to shear such beautiful hair, and you, Bacchus, would have permitted this goat to browse on your vine. A golden Cupid that is riding on the goat flaps its back with two wings, and plays on his Palladian pipe with his tender mouth; like as when the dolphin carried Arion, no mute burden, over the seas. Let no vulgar slave, but your hand, my beautiful cup-bearer, Cestus, imbue this excellent gift with nectar. O Cestus, the honour of my table, mix Setine wine: the lovely boy and the goat he rides both appear to me to be thirsty. Let the letters of *Rufus* assign the number of *cyathi*, for he was the donor of this valued present.—*Lib.* VIII. *Ep.* LI.

(II.)

THE lizard carved on your cup by the magic hand of Mentor seems actually alive, and the spectator starts in alarm at the silver.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XLI.

(III.)

Do you behold yon fishes, a beautiful specimen, in *toreutic* work, of the Phidian art? Give them water, and they will swim away.—*Lib.* III. *Ep.* XXXV.

(IV.)

ALTHOUGH I am ruddy from my material being of noble Callaic gold, yet I have greater pride in my workmanship, for it is that of Mys.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* XCV.

Becker, in his description of the furniture of Gallus's house, writes, "The Egyptian saloon surpassed the rest in magnificence. Not a single silver or golden vessel stood in it that was not made by the most celebrated *toreutæ*, and possessed a *higher value from the beauty of its workmanship* than from the costliness of its material. There was a cup by the hand of Phidias, ornamented with *fishes that seemed only to want water, to enable them to swim*: on another was a lizard by Mentor, and so exact a copy of nature that the hand almost *started back* on touching it: then came a broad bowl, the handle of which was a ram with a golden fleece more beautiful than that brought by Phryxus to Colchis, and upon it a dainty Cupid; the artist's name was unknown, but all were unanimous in thinking that Mys and Myron, Mentor and Polycletus, had equal claims to the honour of its construction."

CXC VII.

BASKET.

I CAME a barbarous (*barbara*) basket from the painted Britons (*pictis Britannis*); but now Rome prefers to call me her own.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* XCIX.

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, remarks that "Martial confesseth baskets to have been a British invention, though Rome afterwards laid claim thereunto:

I, foreign basket, first in Britain known,
And now by Rome accounted for her own."

He mentions, as pertinent to the epigram, the making of baskets in Cambridgeshire, by the splitting of osiers into small threads that were dyed; which, he says, was a manufacture of considerable importance. Dr Johnson, in his Dictionary, cites, for the etymology of the word *basket*, the first line of the above epigram.

CXCVIII.

BELT.

THIS is a decoration of warfare, and a mark of gratifying honour; it is worthy to gird the side of a tribune.—*Lib.* XIV. *Ep.* XXXII.

Sir Henry Spelman, in his *Dissertation on Knighthood* ("De Milite Dissertatio"), has a chapter on the *belting* of knights, wherein he treats of *five* purposes which the belt was to serve (*munire, ornare, distinguere, legionem notare, and arma sustinere*). In the course of his remarks he writes, "Sic a veterrimis sæculis ad nostram ætatem (qua maximè floret) perductum vides *cingendi* hunc morem: De quo dicam, ut Martialis, de Parazonio:

Militiæ decus hoc, et grati nomen honoris;

Arma tribunicium cingere digna latus.

Hinc *Cingulum*, velut militiæ dignitatumque compendium, in eisdem conferendis optatissimum."

CXCIX.

NAPKIN.

HERMOGENES has stolen as many napkins as the thief Massa has stolen sesterces; although you watch his right hand, and hold his left, he will find means to steal your napkin (*mappam*): thus the stag prolongs its life by absorbing

cold snakes; thus the rainbow diverts the showers which fall from the clouds. Lately, when the spectators at the amphitheatre were implored to spare the life of the gladiator Myrinus, who had been wounded, Hermogenes contrived to steal four napkins. When the prætor was recently about to start the horses in the circus by letting fall his chalked napkin (*mittere mappam*), he could not find it, for it had been stolen by Hermogenes. His thefts had become so notorious, that guests ceased to bring napkins to supper; in revenge, he stole table-cloths; driven from those, he committed thefts on the couches, and on the feet of tables. Although the sun is shining with intense heat during a spectacle, the awnings are withdrawn at the sight of Hermogenes. The trembling sailors double-reef their sails whenever Hermogenes appears at any harbour. The bare-headed priests of Isis with their *sistrums* (drums) fear for their linen dresses when Hermogenes is in sight, and run away. Hermogenes never was known to have taken a napkin to a supper; he never was known to have come away from a supper without one.—*Lib. XII. Ep. XXIX.*

Becker holds that each guest at Roman tables brought his own *mappa*; for which he cites as an authority the above epigram, with another by Martial, wherein the poet complains of one of his guests sweeping off a great part of the delicacies, and sending them home, by his slave, in a *mappa*; upon which the poet wittily observes to his guest, that he was not invited for the morrow. *Cras te, Cæciliæ, non vocavi.*

The expression in the above epigram, of *mittere mappam*, explains a passage in Tertullian *De Spectaculis*, wherein he says that when the prætor had dropt his napkin, a thousand voices shouted *misit* ("he has thrown it"), though the people had all seen it drop, so that the information was superfluous. The throwing of the *mappa* has been supposed to have originally signified that the Emperor had finished his supper. Dr Smith attributes the general use of *mappæ* to the circumstance that the ancients had no forks; Becker says that the Romans, in eating, made great use of the *bare finger*.

CC.

TABLE UTENSILS AND ATTIRE.

Do you behold yon one-eyed man? He must not be disregarded, with contempt: Homer's *Autolycus* had never a more pitchy hand (*piceata manus*). Be cautious about inviting him as a guest; on such occasions he appears to see with both eyes. Your troubled waiters lose their cups and their spoons (*ligulas*); he warms many napkins (*mappa*) in the fold of his dress. He is skilled in filching a *pallium* (upper cloak), if it drop from his neighbour's arm, and he often walks from table clad in two surtouts (*lænis duabus*). He does not blush to steal a lanthorn (*lucerna*), though it be lighted, from a sleeping slave. If he has been foiled in every attempt of theft upon his host and the company, he practises some stratagem by which he is enabled to steal his own slippers (*soleas*) from his own boy.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. LIX.*

The motto of the 18th number of the *Connoisseur*, written by the Earl of Cork, is taken from the above epigram.

Nihil est furacius illo,

Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.

Could he have filch'd but half so sly as thee,

Crook-finger'd Jack had scap'd the triple tree.

The paper is on the subject of the dishonesty of *Connoisseurs*, of whose depredations several amusing particulars are related.

Becker, in the *Excursus* of his *Gallus*, concerning *Table Utensils*, and that on *Male Attire*, refers to the above epigrams, and several others in Martial, who has, indeed, supplied him with interesting materials throughout his book. He mentions the practice alluded to in the above epigram, of taking off the *soleas* on reclining for a meal, and putting them on again upon rising from table. It is remarkable that Catullus threatens a guest who had stolen some of his table-linen with his left hand, that, if he does not restore it, he will be punished with three hundred hendecasyllables.

CCI.

ABOLLA.

CRISPINUS did not heed to whom he gave his Tyrian *abolla* (cloak used at suppers) when he changed his dress, and resumed his toga. Whoever has got it, we pray thee, restore it to its proper shoulders. It is not Crispinus, but his *abolla* requires this of thee; for it is not every one to whom a dress dyed with purple is suitable; that colour is exclusively appropriated to luxury. If thou art addicted to theft, and feelest a craving thirst for gain, take a *toga*, not an *abolla*; there will be less danger of detection.—*Lib. VIII. Ep. XLVIII.*

There is not much pith in the above epigram, but its application has been somewhat curious. Dryden was in the habit of prefixing one or more mottoes, generally Latin, to his plays and poems: a motto which he has prefixed to his play of the *Spanish Friar* is,

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.

The principal incident in the play of the *Spanish Friar* turns on a gallant assuming a *friar's* cloak for the purpose of intrigue. This was one of the most popular of Dryden's dramas, and it is remarkable on several accounts. Written during the violence of the persecutions for the Popish Plot, its object is to ridicule and stigmatize Popish priests, the principal character being a profligate friar. Among other sarcasms on the Papists, absolution is called "lulling with church-opium." Hence this play forms a singular contrast to subsequent writings of Dryden, after he became a convert to Romanism. Moreover, this was the only play which James II. prohibited to be acted. After the Revolution, it was the first play represented by order of Queen Mary. Her Majesty was present at the representation, when several passages, specified in Scott's *Dryden*, from the serious part of the play, were applied by the audience in a manner to show their sentiments of the queen's unfilial conduct towards her father, James II. The motto from Martial is particularly noticed by Dr Langbaine, a contemporary of Dryden, who published a treatise on the *English Dramatic Poets*, in 1691, wherein he writes, "Whether Mr Dryden intended his

character of Dominic as a satire on the Romish Priests only, or on the clergy of all opinions in general, I know not; but sure I am that he might have spared his reflecting *quotation* in the front of his play,

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.

But the truth is, ever since a certain worthy bishop refused orders to a certain poet, Mr Dryden has declared open defiance to the whole Clergy."

APPENDIX.

A FEW selected instances of modern uses of Martial are here appended, which have been omitted in the body of the work, owing to various causes.

The following passages from Martial, with English poetical versions, were adopted by Dr Johnson, as mottos for the 51st, 82nd, 164th, 166th and 188th numbers respectively, of the *Rambler*:

Stultus labor est ineptiarum.

How foolish is the toil of trifling cares.

Omnia Castor emit, sic fiet ut omnia vendat.

Who buys without discretion, buys to sell.

Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.

Gaurus pretends to Cato's fame,

And proves, by Cato's vice, his claim.

Pauper eris semper, si pauper es, Æmiliane,

Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.

Once poor, my friend, still poor you must remain,

The rich alone have all the means of gain.

Sic te colo, sexte, non amabo.

The more I honour thee, the less I love.

Addison has adopted the following passages from Martial, (but without giving versions) as mottos for the 47th, 112th, and 260th numbers, respectively, of the *Spectator*:

Ride, si sapis

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.

Jeremy Taylor has quoted, and commented on the following five passages of Martial:

Notas ergo nimis fraudes, deprensaque furta

Jam tollas, et sis ebria simpliciter.

Simpliciter pateat vitium fortasse pusillum,

Quod tegitur, majus creditur esse malum.

Si sapis, utaris, totis, Colline, diebus,
Extremumque tibi semper adesse putes.

Mullorum, leporumque, et suminis exitus hic est,
Sulfureusque color, carnificesque pedes.

Rape, congere, aufer, posside, relinquendum est.

Ben Jonson takes for the motto of his *Underwoods*,
Cineri gloria sera venit.

He quotes, at the end of his *Cynthia's Revels*,
Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit,
Hoc volo, nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

And in his Masque, entitled *Neptune's Triumph*,
Lusus ipse triumphus amat.

Doering's Dedication of his edition of *Catullus* to Ernest Duke of Saxe Gotha, is according to the model of one by Martial; introducing several passages from Martial's works. He appears thus to allude to Martial's epigram on Vindex's statue of Hercules:

Alciden modo Vindicis rogabam,
Æset cujus opus laborque felix?
Risit: nam *solet* hoc, *levique* nutu
Græce numquid ait, poeta nescis?
Inscripta est basis, indicatque nomen.
"Lysippou," lego.

Doering has it,

Dic, vates, pater elegantiarum,
Dic, quo vindice tutus ambularis?
Respondit mihi, *leniter* susurrans?
(*Ut solent* animæ beationum)
"Ernesto, patriæ pio parenti."

The Author of a poem in the *Musæ Anglicanæ* on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, in 1660, appears to have imitated Martial's line,

Vive tuo, frater, tempore, vive meo.

In the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, it is,

Quin demptos fratri superaddite fratribus annos.

Goldsmith has taken the line,

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet,

as the motto of his *City Night Piece*, consisting of lamentations over London at 2 o'clock A.M.

Martial's line,

Hoc rogo, non furor est, ne moriari, mori,
seems alluded to by Sir J. Denham, in his *Cato Major* :

Such madness as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

The well-known line,

Qui nobis pereunt, et imputantur,
may have been referred to by Young, in his comparison of Life to a Sun-dial :

Man must *compute* that age he cannot feel.

George Lamb refers, in a note, to Martial for Silius Italicus's union of poetry with law :

Proque suo celebrat nunc Helicon a foro.

Lamb has it,

To Silius' claim did later times afford
The joint renown of Advocate and Bard.

Fuller, in his *Worthies* of Warwickshire, laments the dearth of Mæcenases, and, in anticipation of the "Farmer's Boy," and the "Ettrick Shepherd," quotes from Martial, with a version :

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones,
Virgiliumque tibi vel tua rura dabunt.

Let not Mæcenases be scant,
And Maros we shall never want ;
For, Flaccus, then thy country field
Shall unto thee a Virgil yield.

As nothing is quoted from Crashaw in the body of this work, his translation of an indifferent Epigram of Martial is here given ; it is his only version from the works of that poet ; his own compositions are chiefly on divine subjects.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes :
Exspuit una duos tussis, et una duos.
Jam segura potes totis tussire diebus ;
Nil istic, quod agat, tertia tussis habet.

Four teeth thou hadst, that, ranked in goodly state,
 Kept thy mouth's gate :
 The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
 The second none.
 This last cough, Ælia, coughed out all thy fear,
 Thou'st left a third cough now no business here.

Rogers, in his poem of *Italy* relies upon a line of Martial,
Pæstano violas, et cana ligustra colono,
 for the scent of violets at Pæstum.

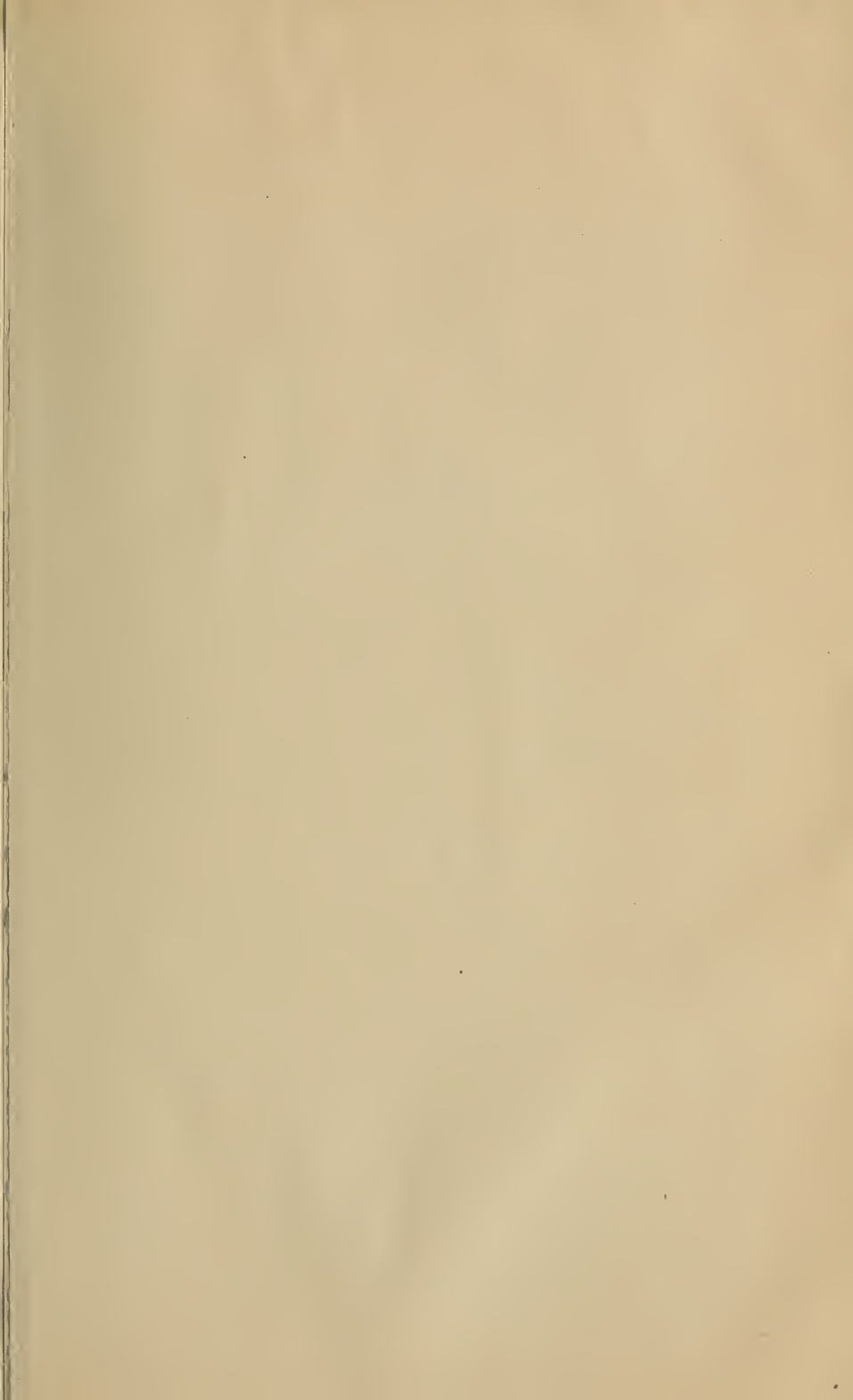
The air is sweet with *violets*, running wild
 'Mid broken friezes, and fallen capitals ;
 Sweet, as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
 Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
 For Athens ; where a ship, if north-east winds
 Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.

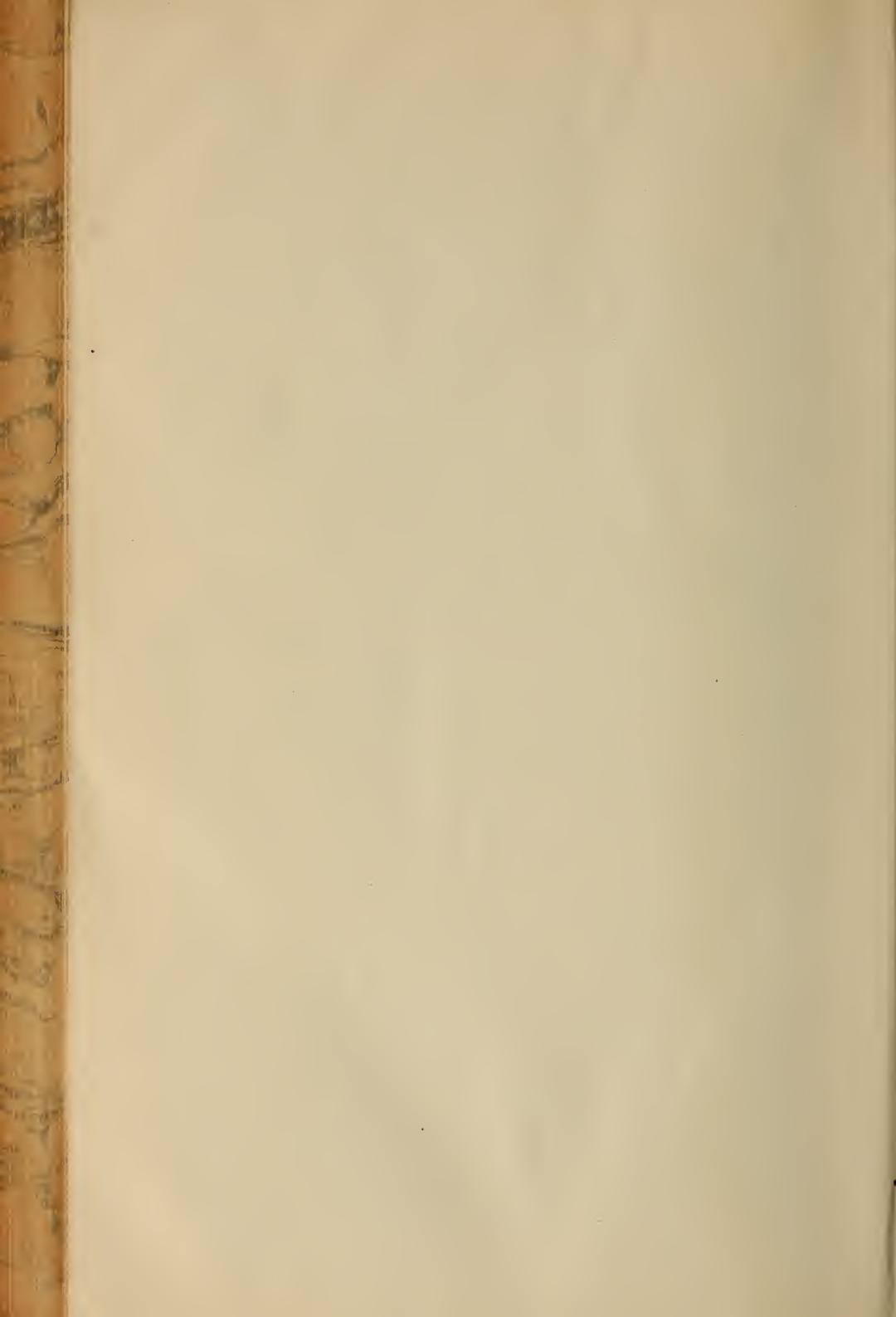
Fuller, in his *Worthies*, when relating the Proverbs of Nottinghamshire, in which county lies the village of Gotham, cites a line from Martial,

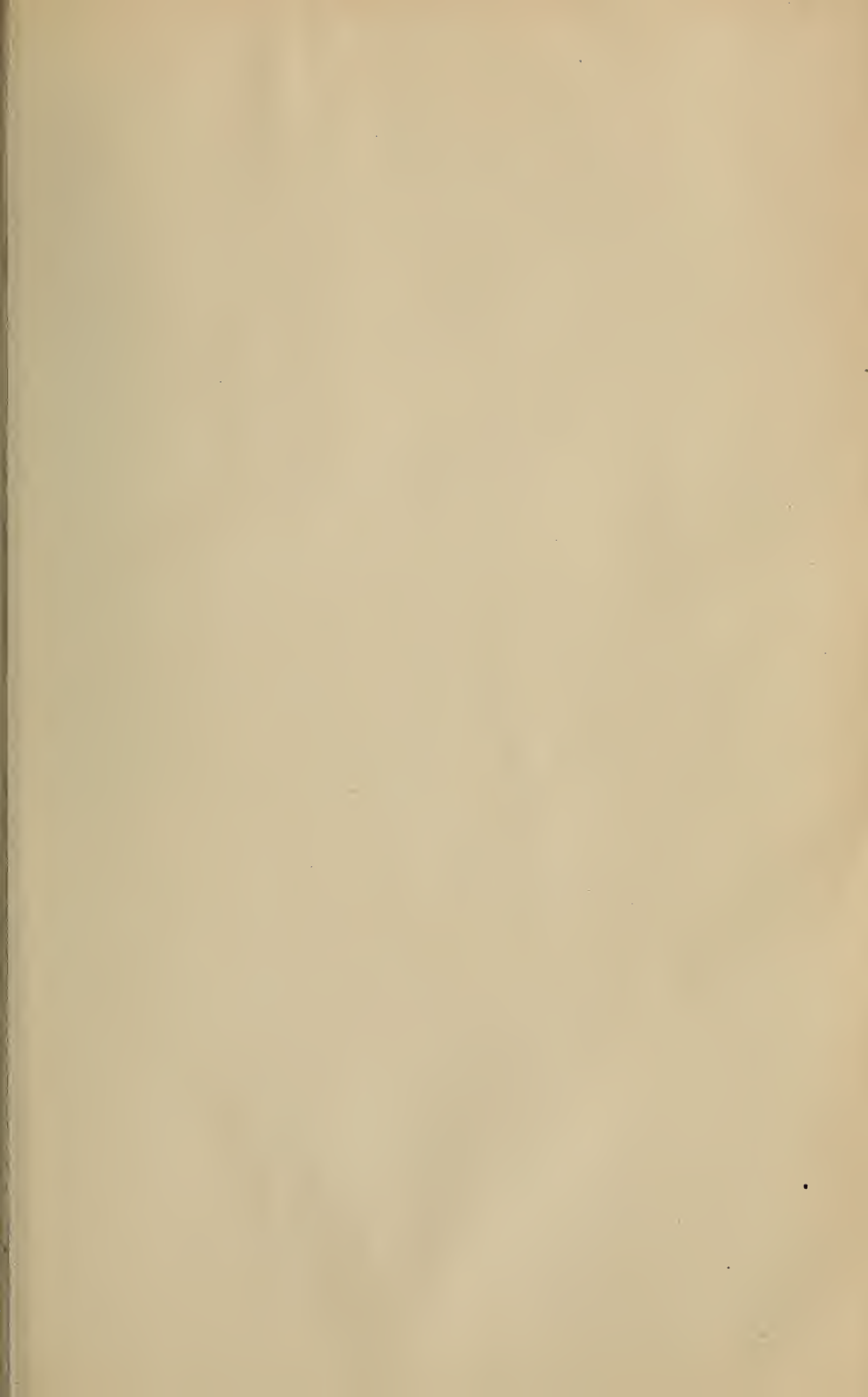
Abderitanæ pectora plebis habes,
 in illustration of a proverbial saying which is well known under several modifications, but which he thus gives,

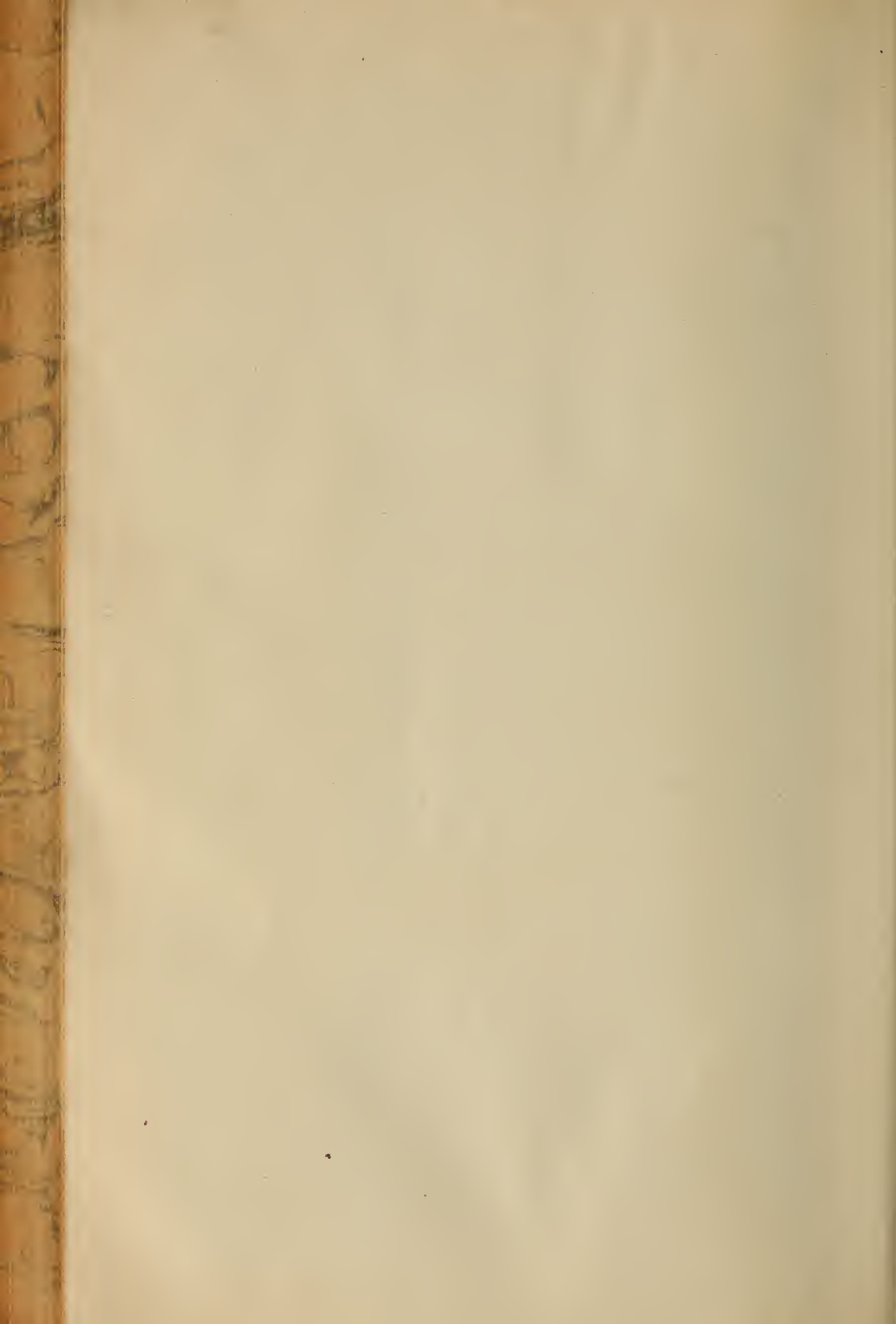
“As wise as a man of Gotham.”

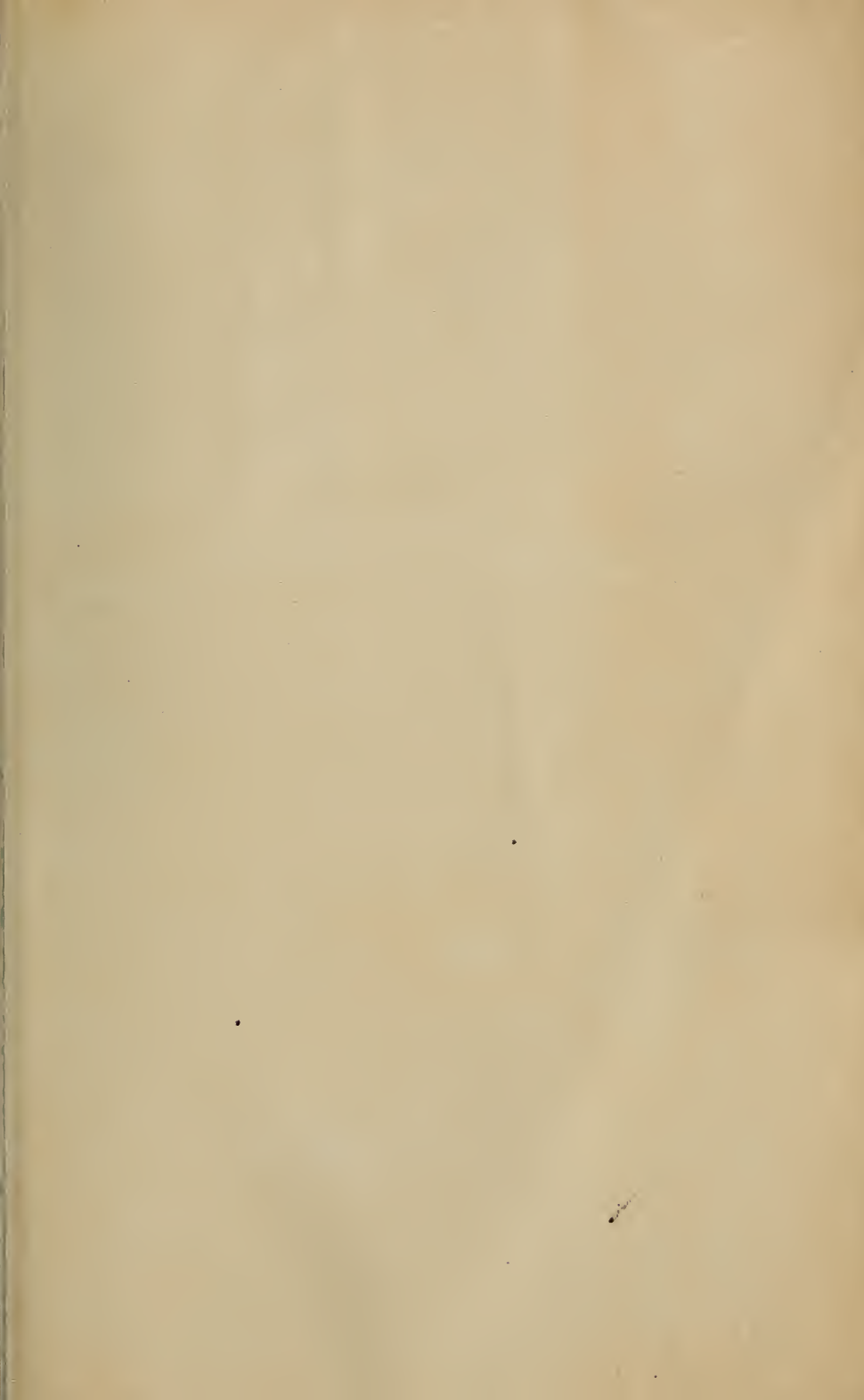
THE END.















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